Aug. 26, 1967

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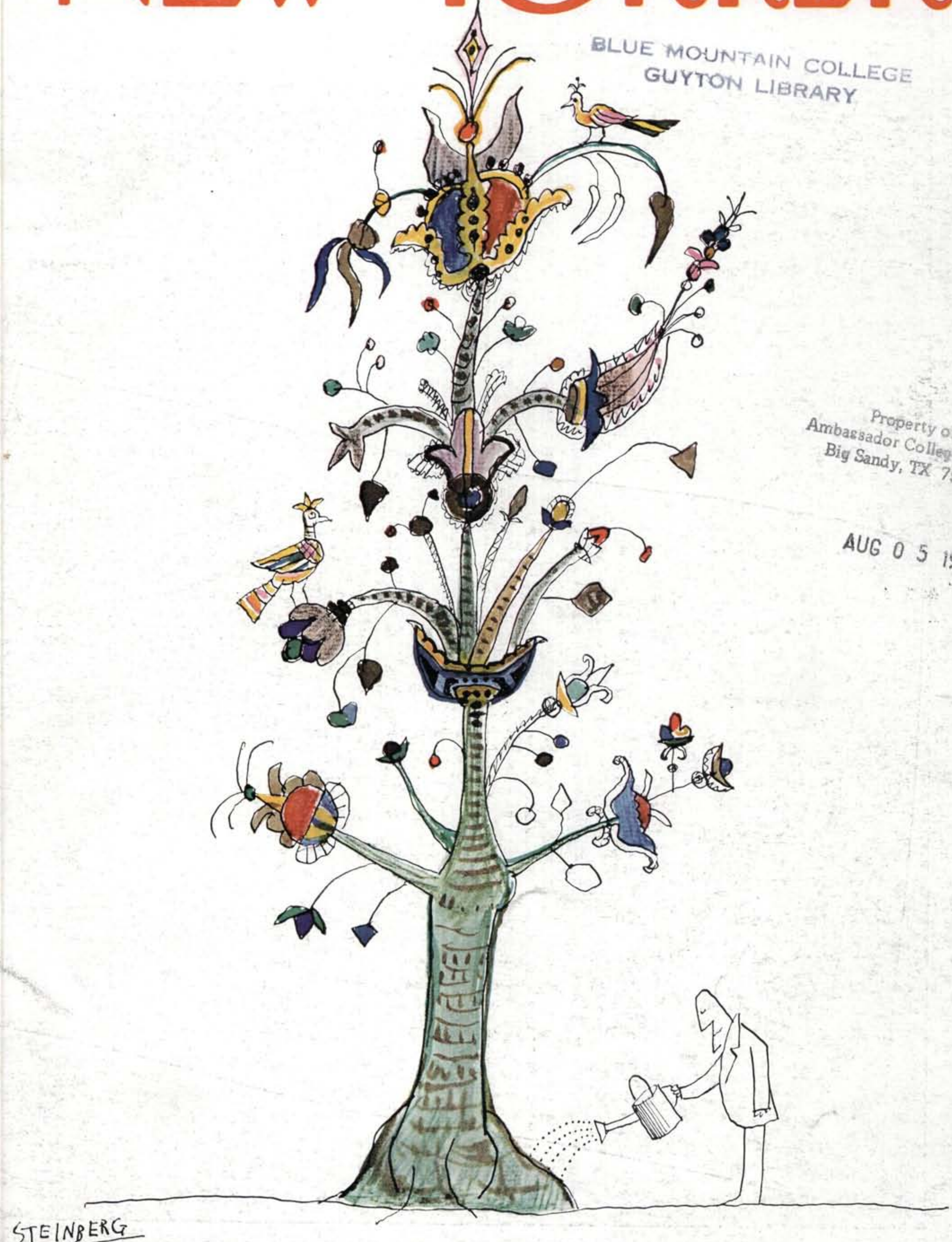

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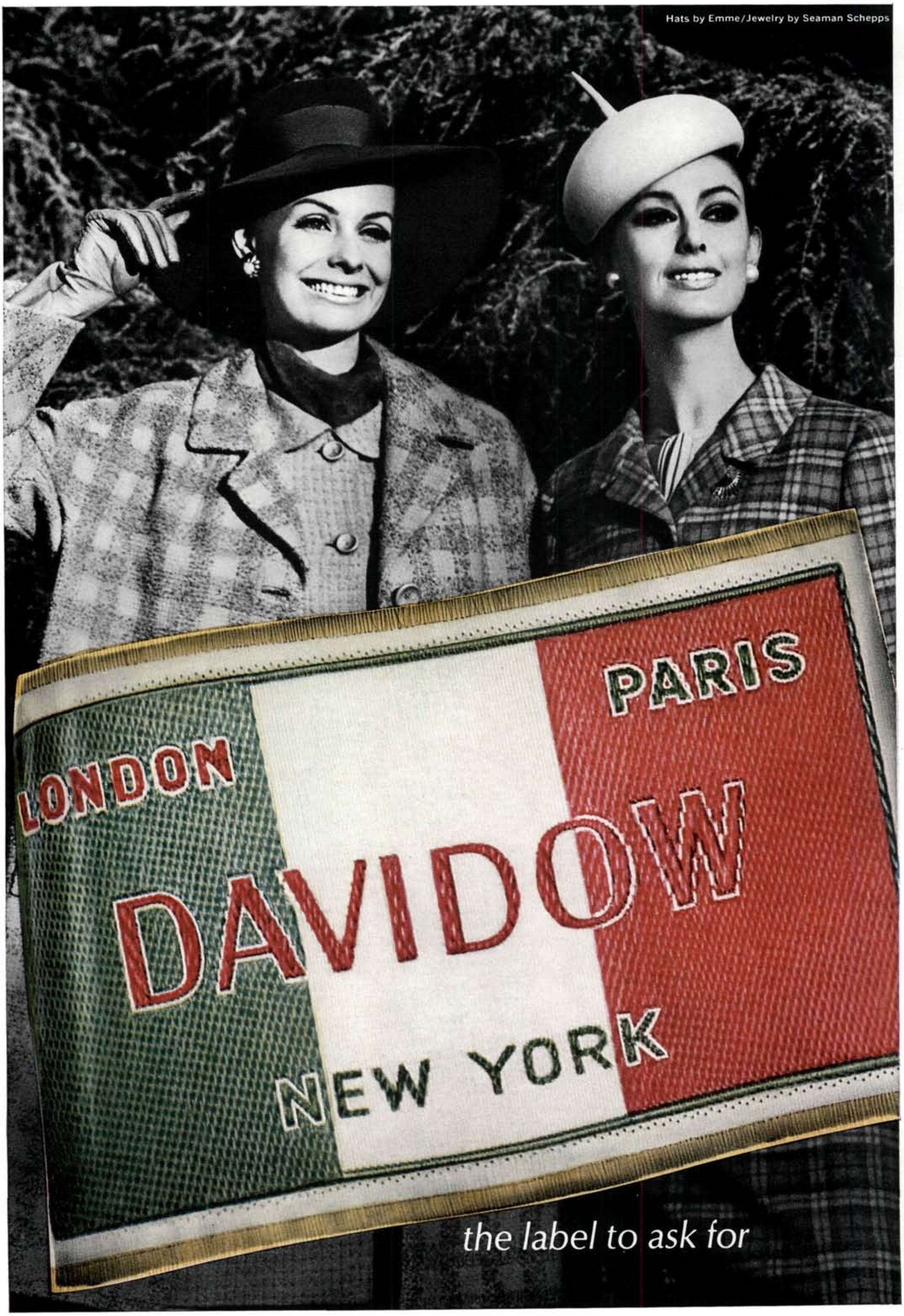
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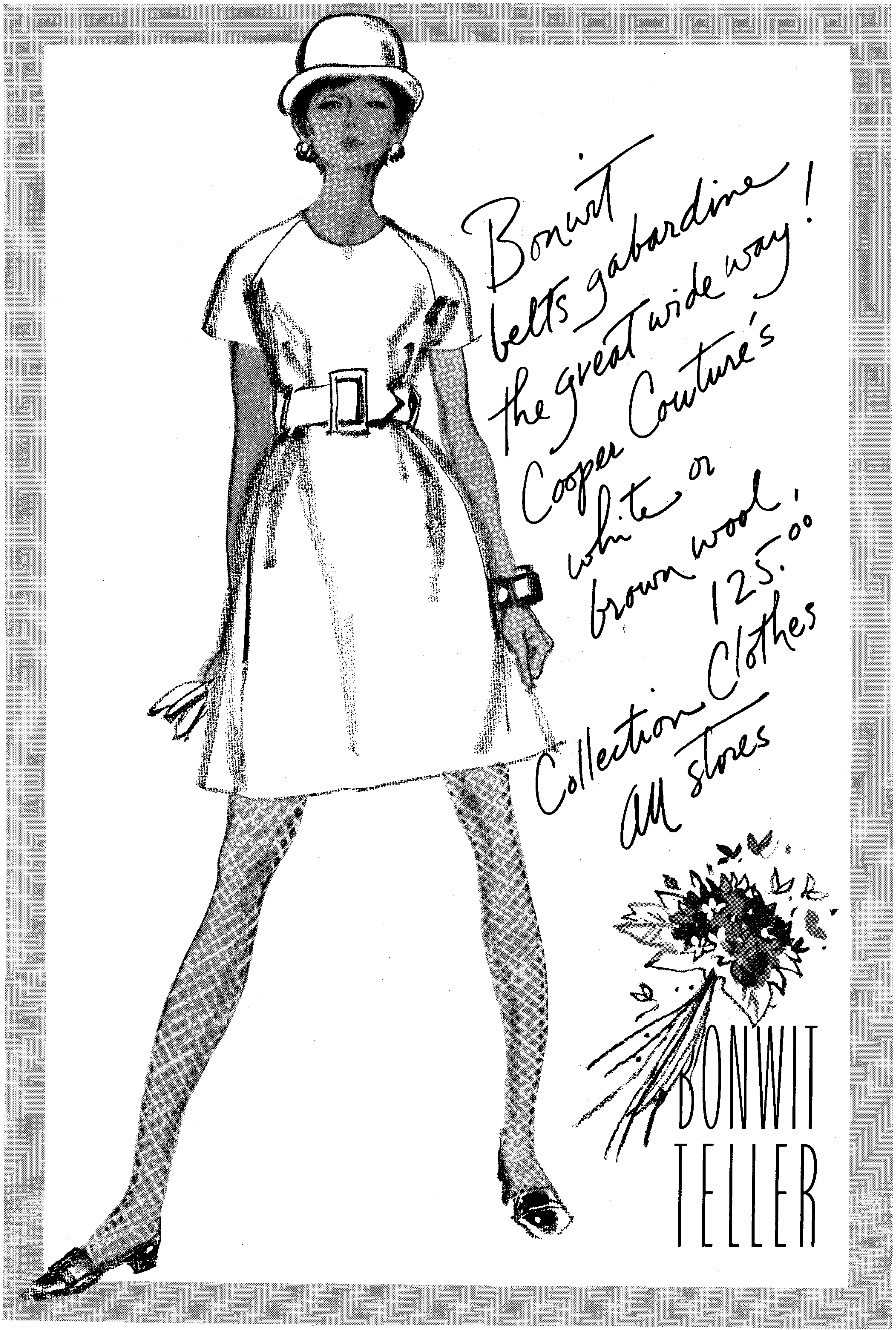
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—A droll business created by Peter Shaffer and having to do with some difficulties that occur in a South Kensington apartment when the lights go out. John Dexter has manipulated the worthy cast very cleverly, but Mr. Shaffer's "White Lies," which serves as a curtain-raiser to "Black Comedy" is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the actors who perform in it are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

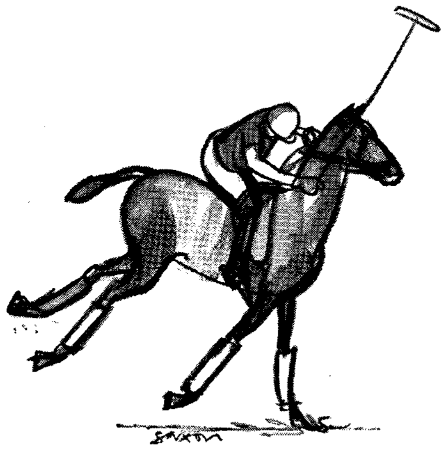
MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Allen Case, and Billy Dee Williams head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE APPLE TREE:** Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer played out by Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz (replacing Herschel Bernardi for a month) in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Emily Brontë. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Celeste Holm (filling in for Angela Lansbury, who will return on Monday, Aug. 28) is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Aug. 27, at 7.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Italie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Grounded out, singled, sacrificed, and walked. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 10.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fri-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIII, No. 27, August 26, 1967. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1967 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Judy Garland—With John W. Bubbles and Jackie Vernon in a variety program. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly at *8:30. Final performance Saturday, Aug. 26.)*

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 30, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 17. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **TITUS ANDRONICUS**, with Olympia Dukakis and Jack Hollander. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's **ARABIAN NIGHTS**, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The first three in a series of five free programs. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 29-31: Lucas Hoving and his company, the Eleo Pomare Dance Company, and Violette Verdy and Michael Maule. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 1: Don Redlich, Cleo Quitman's company, Violette Verdy and Michael Maule, and Mata and Hari. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3: Don Redlich; Cleo Quitman's company; and Carmen de Lavallade, Scott Douglas, Mary Hinkson, and Glen Tetley. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The songs Kaye Stevens gets around to during her dinner and supper stints in the Royal Box are *written on foolscap and sung* that way, too—a capital notion. The jokes narrated by Jerry Shane should be withdrawn behind a veil of silence. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a credit to its chosen profession, is there most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Peace on earth is the principal commodity of the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from a Cliff Hall band, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music plays Tuesdays through Fridays from eight to one, and Saturdays from eight to two.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*One of the last of our real social circles is the* Café Pierre. The society notes are turned out by the hand-picked men of Ben Cutler's best band, which is supplemented, between sets, by Brazilian guitar and song. Business as usual every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is occupied at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper every Friday and Saturday, by Susan Barrett, a personable moppet who, chanting many of her lyrics in what has the sound of Middle Sanskrit and driving her voice at reckless speed around hairpin turns, indicates a need for vocational (and vocal) guidance. Other times, the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do their best. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine Mondays through Thursdays in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—No fiddler on *this* roof. Instead, the sound, bold and contemporary, issues from such Hall of Fame occupants as Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Paul Gonsalves, Cat Anderson, and Lawrence Brown. The music carries on from seven (another group is used for openers) until two, Sundays not included.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—A bird's-eye—or Clyde McCoy's-eye—view of what he knew of the good old days is offered by him and his six teammates. Their notes of cheer, some of them sugar blues, are audible from eight until two every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. *(PL 3-4500)—There's no place to go but* down after one has lived to the full the life after dark that goes on on this altiplano. George Cort's small group of firebrands and Marco Rizo's band pulsate from eight to two every night but Sunday and Monday.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The largest stretch of *rus in urbe* we own, equipped with trees, fireflies, open air, and dance tunes (both Latin and Manhattan) every feasible night of the week, beginning at seven-thirty and lasting until half-past twelve or even later. Everybody into the gym if it rains.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Visiting privileges are freely granted, for everyone seems to have known everyone else in this country club forever. The professors at the cheerful pianos are Goldie Hawkins, proprietor, and his permanent guests—Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Solo music all the time, except when, after the theatre, it evolves into double-or-nothing piano. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): At times, everybody who remembers the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): *Island in the sun. A happy islander chants* those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Outer Mongolian landscape, but from eight-thirty until about one-thirty you *can* hear dance music—a bit roustabout, it is true, except on Mondays, when Billy Rubenstein's triad has the floor. From six to eight, Monday through Friday every week, Allan Haig contributes well-tempered, well-chosen piano études. Sundays everyone is at rest. . . . **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) should do. It encases an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, which retains the engrossing murals it had when it was the Seven Hills, has dance music, nine until two, from Tuesday through Saturday. It's made by a soft-spoken trio led by Joan St. James, whose piano has a neat, meticulous, Juilliard sound. The dining is no more than snack.

ART SHOW
PARKING

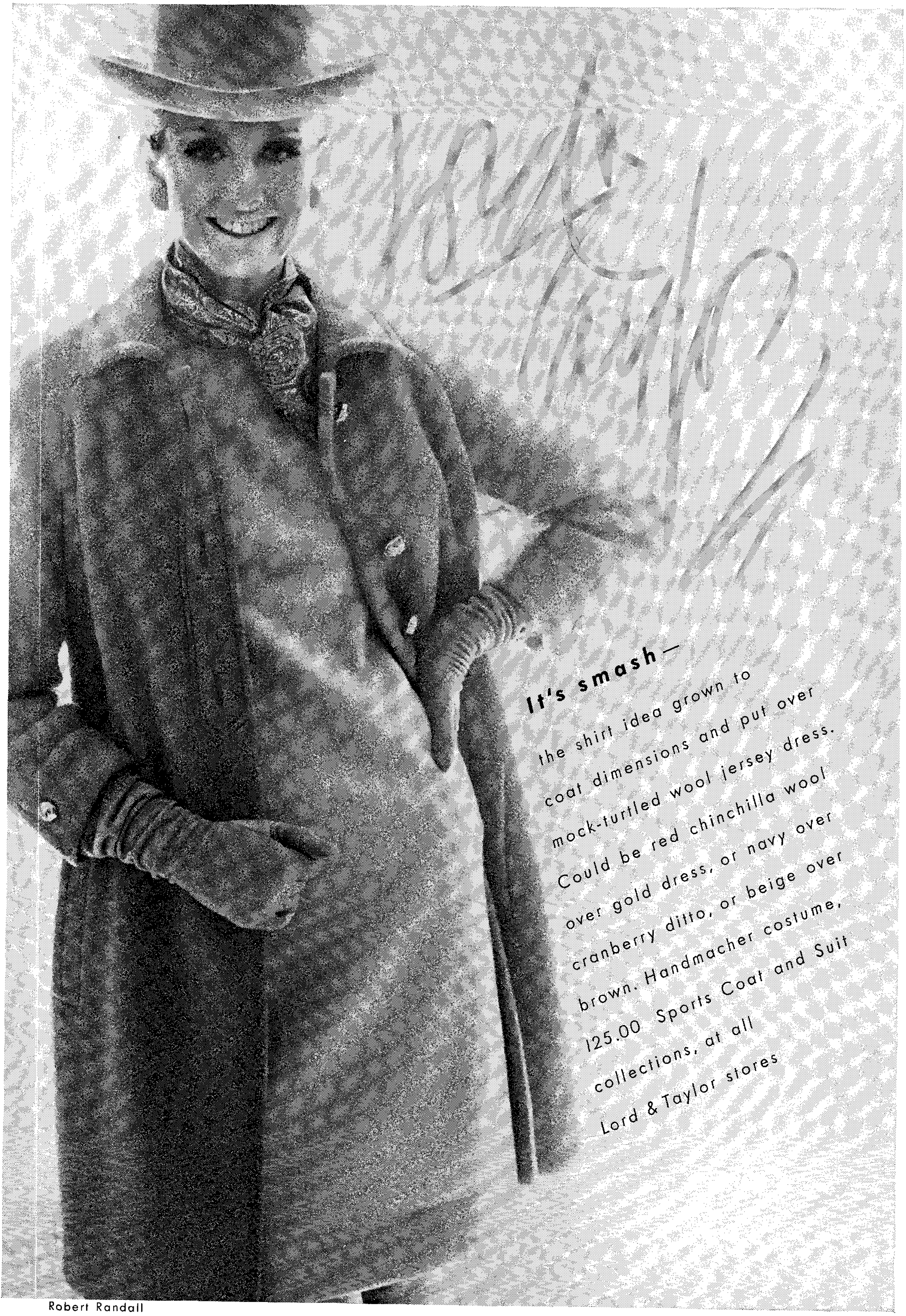
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy *Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters*, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap, from dinner until late, every night but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best *of all possible reasons for believing in the* entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a lusty guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does homework, though, on Mondays and Wednesdays.

DISCOTHEQUES AND SUCH

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing (or standing-room-only) problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, *too, against the music* (the living, breathing Georgie Porgie and the Cry Babies, plus the hot-line ministrations of a disc jockey), for it has the fury of a March wind and the ides of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our *gilded lilies* and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Monday, Aug. 28, is reopening night. The local jockey, who doles out music with a tape measure, will be assisted by the Five Bells, a young Canadian rock-and-folk crew. A set of full-time chefs will be working behind the scene. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a



It's smash— the shirt idea grown to coat dimensions and put over mock-turtled wool jersey dress. Could be red chinchilla wool over gold dress, or navy over cranberry ditto, or beige over brown. Handmacher costume, 125.00 Sports Coat and Suit collections, at all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which young ladies who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The flash in the pans of the very young, the very mini, who inhabit this bold new world comes from the strobe lights that make up the ceiling; the music, never out of sight (it's produced by real people) but definitely out of mind, is ceaseless and chaotic. The clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. No dining, and a bar that believes a soft drink turneth away wrath. . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The wheels within Wheels revolve inscrutably on their sidewall pinions, the turntables spew forth inscrutable rhymes and rhythms, the young customers gather rosebuds, which they may from six until nearly dawn every night. The vaudeville sketches that now and again appear onstage make the art form this enterprise represents distinctly mixed-media. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): That's how the kookie crumbles, and the hippie, too. Music for them to crumble to comes from unearthly spheres; the light in which they disintegrate comes from an aurora borealis that is man-made, man! Dancing, or watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; lofty, cool (in every sense), *alkoholfrei,* and fun. No dining. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Enzo Stuarti, a tenor both stentorian and sentimental, is all eyes for something known as Sunny Italy. There is a garnishing of comedian and ballet, the latter a set of girls kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. Dancing for the customers, too. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The only logistics problem here is bringing on the girls, and it is solved by bringing them on in heaping handfuls. The extravaganza in which they are involved is enlarged by Jan Murray, a humorist who knows Broadway like a book. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk is deploying his main forces like this: Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 24-26, the highly magnetized, highly sensitized words and music of Michael Brown, emissary plenipotentiary from another world; thenceforward, the wry, awry, and agley colloquies of Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, the Cantabridgian baccalaureates and bacchanalians. The steady background all along is made up of Bobo Lewis, a girl who has her carefully reasoned *doubts about a number of things,* and the One Plus Two, a glee club that often sings its folklore and madrigals with its tongue in its cheek—a clever trick, any way you look at or hear it. When these amusers are not at play, Otis Clements and Robert Colston turn their two pianos into a dazzling orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Very warm, even for August, is the weather produced by Los Chavales de España, who (throughout the dinner and supper hours) sing, play, march, and countermarch their sturdy hearts out. Though, as loyal Spaniards, they believe in male supremacy, *they this season* come equipped with a set of activist ballerinas. Dancing, too, for the patrons, who are a match for nearly anyone. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," a fair-enough collection of skits and schizoid situation comedies presented in revue form, occurs at nine-thirty and twelve. The player-offer to watch and listen to is the cool little Judy Graubart. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): In this launching pad are the quintet of Horace Silver, whose quavers are hemi, semi, and demi, and the band of Roland Kirk, who is all things to all instruments. They finish up on Saturday, Aug. 26. Next comes a day of rest. Monday, Aug. 28, is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen vociferous sidemen. On Tuesday, Aug. 29, Bill Evans' trio and George Benson's foursome move in. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): In the grotto half of the duplex dwells the quintet of Miles Davis, a horn that operates by remote control. On Tuesday, Aug. 29, Mongo Santamaria's *caballeros* will replace them. The quartet of Ornette Coleman, which is staying on, is a brilliant exposition of what can be invented—seemingly on the spur of the moment—by a meeting of minds. On the ground floor, a set of three, never before heard in New York, is headed by Johnny Lytle. N.B.: All these hands are absent Mondays, when the grotto hums to the perfervid exultations of this or that band of Latinos. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's threesome has just moved back in behind the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisker breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Fran Thompson gets to the piano. Dining. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—*is the same. Nine to three or four* is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. There's a Sunday session (by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band), four-thirty to nine, as well as the usual Sunday-night din. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Tom Sawyer would have had this old board fence whitewashed; the kids who hang out along it nowadays are intent only on the music, at present the product of the brand-new Jazz Communicators, a device headed by Freddie Hubbard and Joe Henderson. On Tuesday, Aug. 29, Jackie McLean's quartet replaces the incumbents. Sun Ra's squad of ten cabalists fills in on Mondays. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night, and from as early as five on Sundays. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The Elvin Jones quintet (Wilbur Ware is on bass, and Billy Greene is on piano) is the pinup band for many an advanced thinker. It is in business every night but Monday. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The situation could very well be like this: Friday through Sunday, Aug. 25-27, a seventeen-man assemblage involving Donald Byrd, Pepper Adams, Frank Foster, and Duke Pearson; every Monday, a sit-in by this or that collection of wandering minstrels. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): No one is going to get high on the coffee and ice cream, but Jake Holmes and his folk arias, carefully chosen and thoughtfully sung, may be inspiration enough. Neil Diamond, another folk man, and Mr. Holmes depart on Monday, Aug. 28.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures by, *among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein,* and Donatello; through Friday, Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Thirty-four watercolors from the I.B.M. collection, including works by Homer, Demuth, Marin, Burchfield, LaFarge, Shinn, and Wyeth; through Friday, Sept. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey; through Sept. 10.

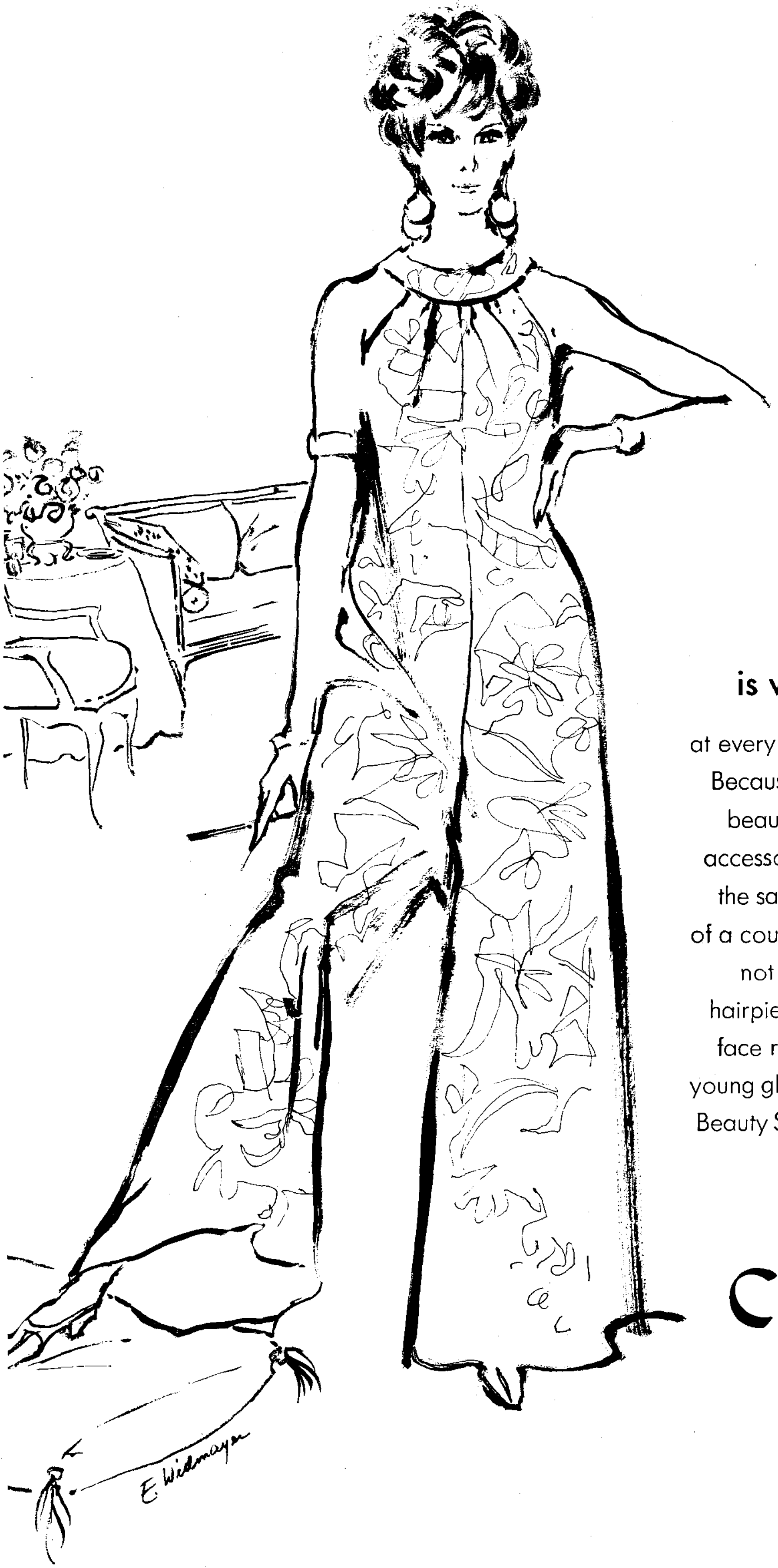
EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslav art gallery here; through Sept. 15. (Adria Art Gallery, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by leading artists, among them Mordecai Ardon and Yaacov Agam, on loan from private collections; through Sept. 10. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St.)

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Woodcuts, silk screens, lithographs, and copper prints by about ninety members of the Japan Print Association; through Friday, Sept. 1. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and thirteen paintings, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the present (Manet, Degas, Renoir, and Monet are included) and borrowed from New York collectors; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collec-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tions of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, consisting of color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Twenty-five collages and drawings by Jim Dine interpreting "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Twenty-two oils, pastels, watercolors, and prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans (including Soutine, Rousseau, Delacroix, and Glackens) from the bequest of Mrs. Albert C. Barnes; through Sunday, Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-three mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 24: Jörg De-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mus, piano.... ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 25-27: Werner Torkanowsky directing the New York Chamber Orchestra in a performance of Mozart's Requiem, with Benita Valente, soprano; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; Kenneth Thompson, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. ... ¶ Monday, Aug. 28: Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting the orchestra, with Claude Frank, piano; Bernard Goldberg, flute; and Gerald Tarack, violin.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 29: A chamber-music program performed by Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Isidore Cohen, violin; the Messrs. Demus and Goldberg; and Charles McCracken, cello.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 30: The Beaux-Arts String Quartet, with Nina Lugovoy, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 31: Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting the orchestra, with Sidney Harth, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**CARL SCHURZ PARK:** Frank Colasanto conducting a band concert. (Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)... **WOLLMAN RINK:** Final performances in a season of pop, rock, jazz, folk singers, and such. This week, keep an eye out for the Jr. Wells Blues Band and the United States Military Band of West Point. (Friday through Sunday, Aug. 25-27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.) ... **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass in a free concert, sponsored by the Rheingold people. (Sunday, Aug. 27, at 8:30.)... **WASHINGTON SQUARE:** Phillip Spurgeon conducting a chamber orchestra, with Henry Schuman, oboe; George Silfies, clarinet; Morris Secon, French horn; and Ryohei Nakagawa, bassoon. The last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 9.)

Jazz—Final concerts of the season—Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Roland Kirk.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8:30: Freddie Hubbard's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season by the Philadelphia Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 24: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Samuel Mayes, cello, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 25: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26: Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Brahms program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Yi-kwei Sze, bass; and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27: Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Miss Boatwright; Lili Chookasian, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Mr. Sze; and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Thursday and Friday.)

Metropolitan Opera at Newport—The last two in a series of Verdi operas in concert form—Friday, Aug. 25, at 8:30 (rain date, Aug. 27): Kurt Adler conducting "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; and Tito Gobbi, baritone.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8:30 (rain date, Aug. 27): Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Irene Dalis, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; Mr. Gobbi; and John Macurdy, bass. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Violette Verdy and Michael Maule, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and the Indo-American Dance Group.... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2: The Jacob's Pillow Dancers, James Clouser, and Sung Hae Oh. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 25, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 27, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Monday, Aug. 28, at 8; Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Washington, Thursday, Aug. 31, at 12:30; Friday, Sept. 1, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 2, at 7.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 24-27.)

Horse Show—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.... **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26.... **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, starting Monday, Aug. 28. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 28, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 2.... **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Oct. 12. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

Soccer—National Professional Soccer League: Generals vs. Philadelphia Spartans. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 26, at 12:30.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Monday, Aug. 28.)... ¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 261-2000. Thursday, Aug. 31, through Sunday, Sept. 10.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Aug. 27.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd—Aug. 24 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Monika" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson.... ¶ Aug. 25 at 2 and 5:30, and Aug. 26 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "A Lesson in Love" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand.... ¶ Aug. 27-28, showings at 2 and 5:30: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson and Eva Dahlbeck.... ¶ Aug. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Dreams" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Eva Dahlbeck.... ¶ Aug. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Call a Cop" (1921), directed by Mal St. Clair.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." Aug. 24: "Broadway Melody of 1938," with Eleanor Powell.... ¶ Aug. 25: "Babes in Arms" (1939), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.... ¶ Aug. 26: "Strike Up the Band" (1940), with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.... ¶ Aug. 27: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), with Ethel Waters and Eddie Anderson.... ¶ Aug. 29: "Girl Crazy" (1943), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.... ¶ Aug. 30: "Du Barry Was a Lady" (1943), with Red Skelton and Lucille Ball. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 6:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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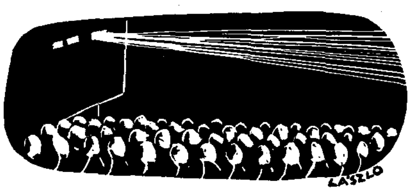


FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon specializes in affixing shiny lines to a gossamer plot, and his adaptation of his Broadway play makes an admirable movie. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Enter Laughing—Comedy about show biz in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer as a histrionic actor-manager and Elaine May as his lanky actress daughter. Miss May's originality and funniness make this trade film worth seeing. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Exterminating Angel—The great Luis Buñuel makes a clumsily acted but engrossing metaphorical comedy about a posh dinner party. The guests mysteriously can't leave, and revert to primal instincts in crumpled evening clothes. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Family Way—Dulled film of a good stage play about the brutish jocularity of the North-of-England working class toward young marrieds. Hayley Mills is said to have grown up in this film, which is a lie, though she plays a bride. John Mills is at his crustiest, roaring sentimental songs at the piano like a Bible-bashing patriarch. The Boulting Brothers produced and directed. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is the superb star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A Guide for the Married Man—An odd little comedy, brought to life by Walter Matthau, who can do no wrong. There are lots of other familiar funny faces on hand. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 29.)

Hawaii—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—David Swift has done a fine job of directing this movie version of the celebrated Broadway musical. With Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 25-27.)

The Jokers—An excellent comic melodrama about the theft of the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. Directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Luv—Murray Schisgal's play, opened out (oh, yuh) for the screen. But Jack Lemmon is comically glum, and Elaine May is riveting, wearing clothes that she deals with as if they somehow had nothing to do with her, like Bea Lillie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Privilege—A jagged vision of England in the grip of show-business idolatry and shady power games. Paul Jones is a pop singer; Jean Shrimpton, as his girl friend, fights for the last vestige of private life in a world of P.R. men, agents, and flesh-trading hacks. Startlingly photographed and edited, and directed by Peter Watkins, with an unmistakable passion for film-making. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—A Negro schoolmaster instills righteousness into a class of London East End teen-agers. The film offers Sidney Poitier, miniskirts, and rock, but not much to rescue the story from priggishness. Directed by James Clavell, who adapted it from a novel by E. R. Braithwaite. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Ulysses—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Whisperers—The melodramatics of the plot are too much for the nature of the film, which is an account of things more inward, but Edith Evans' study of a very old woman living in privation and loneliness is one of the finest performances we could hope to see. Directed by Bryan Forbes, with Eric Portman as her cadging jailbird husband. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Woman Times Seven—Shirley MacLaine changing characters and makeup seven times in a compendium that adds up to someone's notion of Total Woman—someone in a gaggy mood who has spent his life in an igloo reading women's-advice columns. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, without much trace. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

You Only Live Twice—The new James Bond, with the "true" 007, Sean Connery, and the true technological rampaging of the original producers, Saltzman and Broccoli. But there is less implicit self-mockery than before, and the sadism has grown a bit brutish. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 29.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western that makes sport of Westerns. With Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

Day in the Country (1950)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 24.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Eclipse (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 25-28.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 25-27.)

Gertrud (1966)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 24.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 25.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 24.)

Nothing But a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 28-29.)

The Organizer (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 30.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this movie about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 25.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 24.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 29.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Et Alia," page 11.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HAWAII.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Born Losers," Tom Laughlin.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 59th. (PL 7-3100)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Aug. 30 (tentative): "The Love-Ins," Richard Todd, James MacArthur.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 29: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), revival, Birgitte Federspiel.
From Aug. 30: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and "Round Trip," Venantino Venantini.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 29: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**
From Aug. 30 (tentative): "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
PRIVILEGE.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
LUV.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
ENTER LAUGHING.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Aug. 24: **TOM JONES,** revival; and **MORGAN!,** revival.
Aug. 25-27: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING;** and **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM,** revival.
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FAMILY WAY.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
HAWAII.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 24: **GERTRUD** (in Danish), revival; and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (in French), revival.
Aug. 25-28: **ECLIPSE** (in Italian), revival; and "The Youth of Maxim" (in Russian), revival.
From Aug. 29: **THE TRIAL,** revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ACCIDENT.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE JOKERS.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Thief of Paris" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE WHISPERERS.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (in Spanish).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

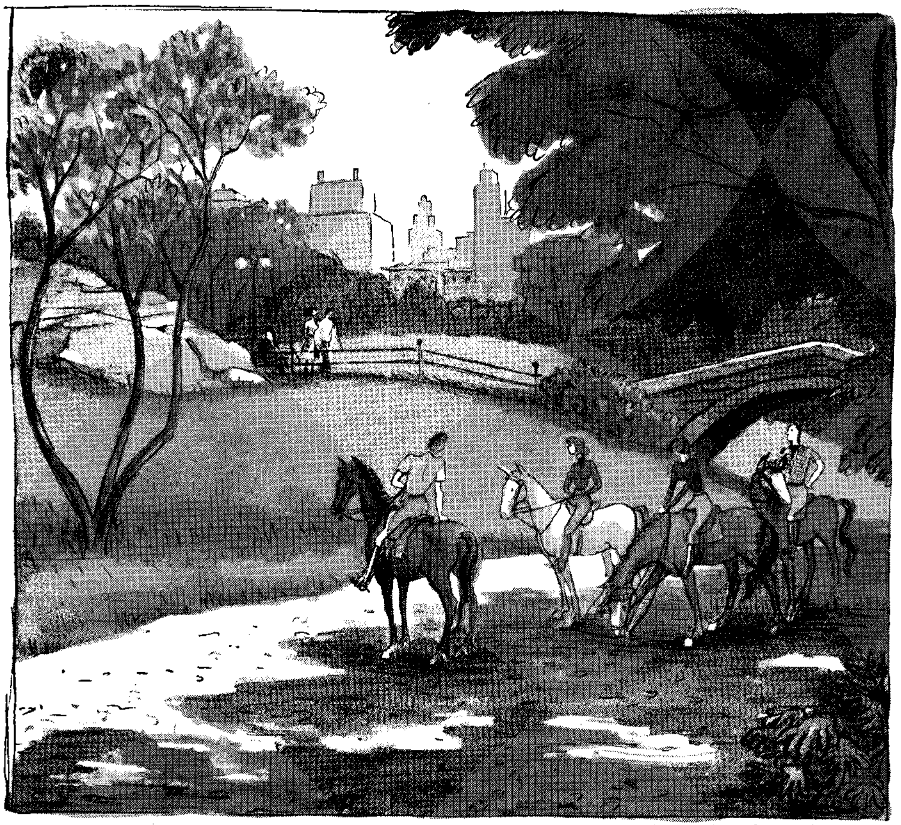
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 25: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
Aug. 26-27: "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "The Incredible Shrinking Man," revival, Grant Williams.
Aug. 28-29: **NOTHING BUT A MAN,** revival; and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.
From Aug. 30: "The Mask of Dimitrios," revival, Peter Lorre, Faye Emerson; and "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE; and **CAT BALLOU,** revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 24: **THE ENTERTAINER,** revival; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES,** revival.
Aug. 25: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French), revival; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.
Aug. 26: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 27: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada; and "Yanco," revival, a Mexican film.
Aug. 28: **THE TRIAL,** revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
Aug. 29: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.
Aug. 30: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.



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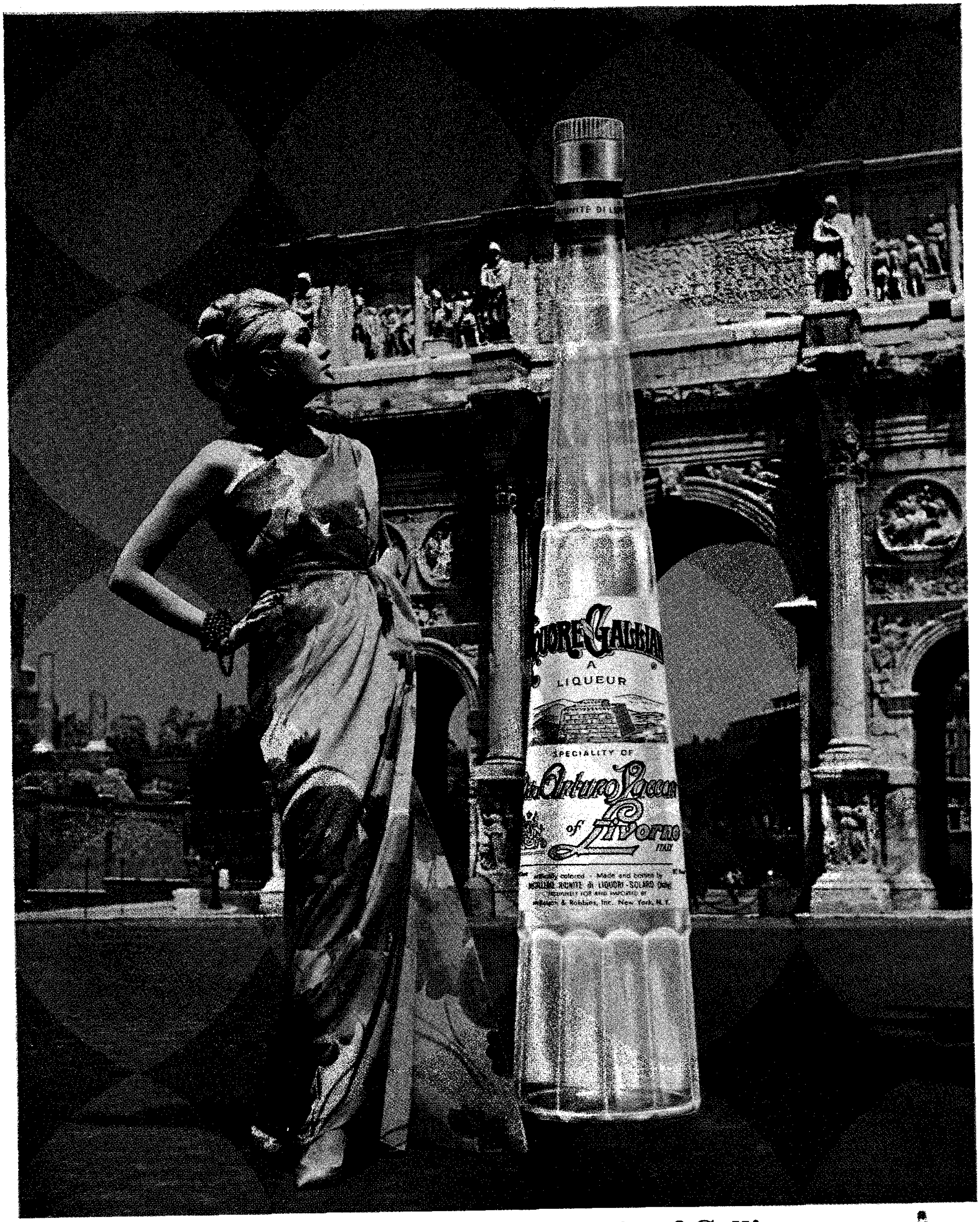

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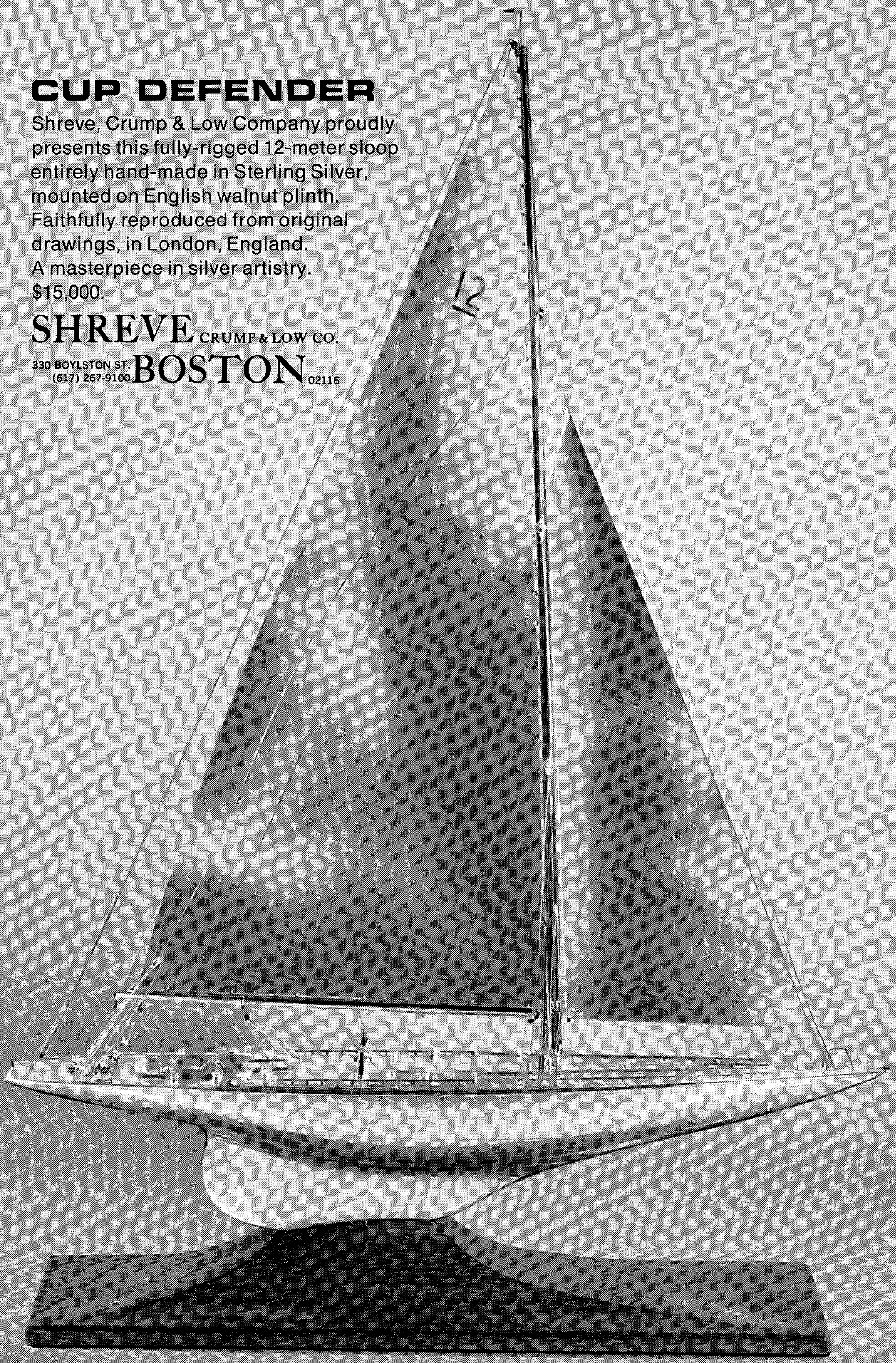

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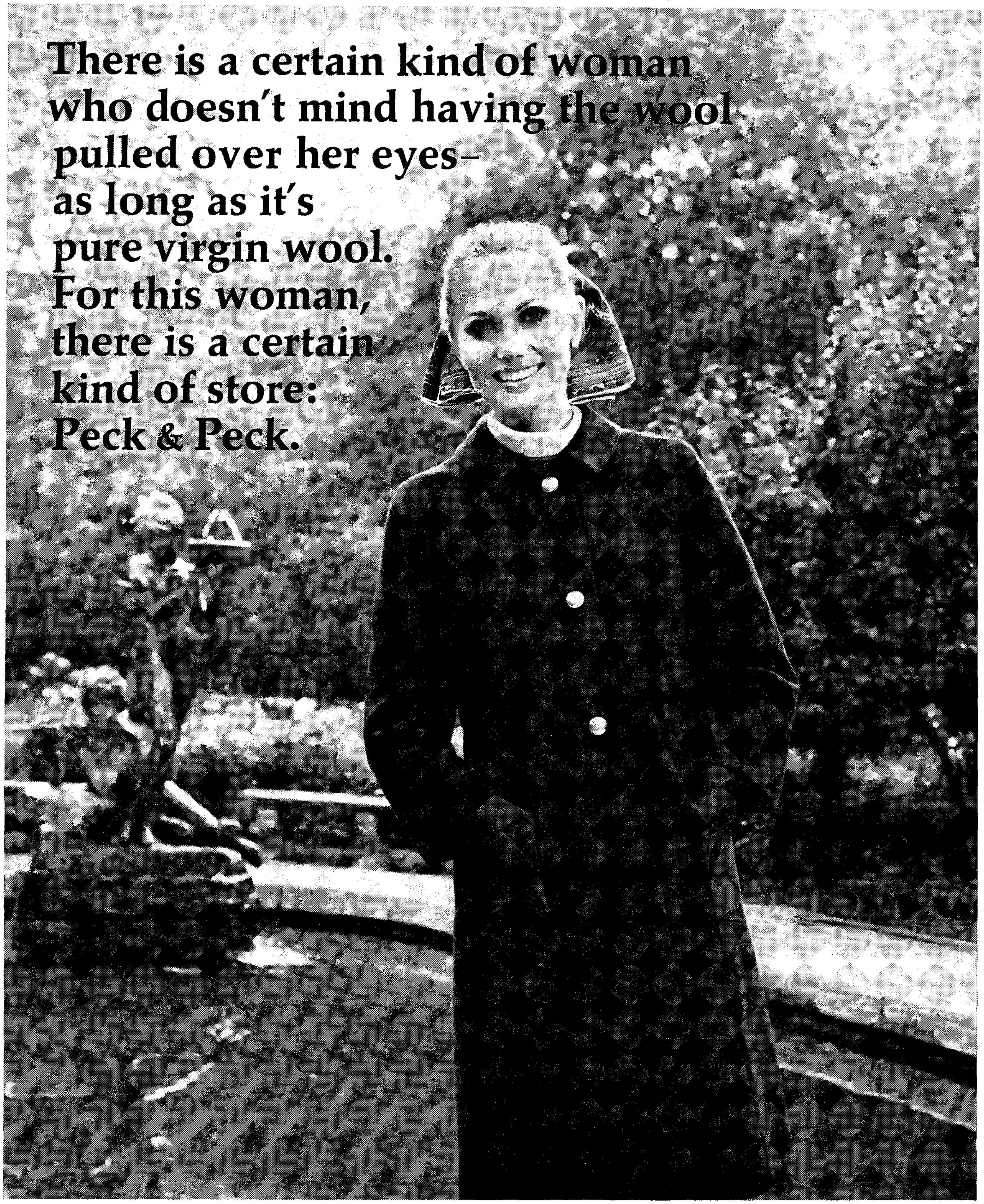
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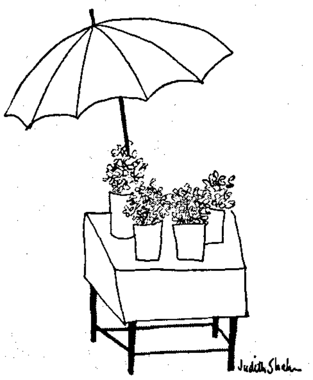
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

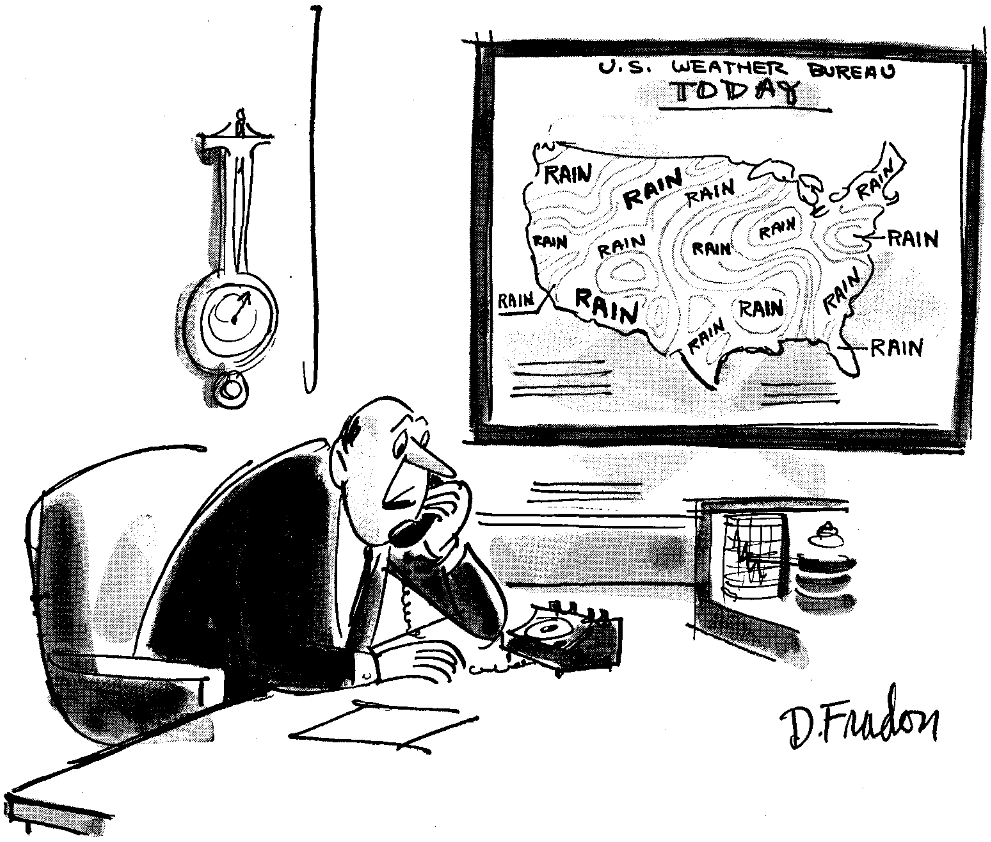
Notes and Comment

WE several times, a few years ago, dined with Andrei Voznesensky in the dining hall of the Writers' Union in Moscow. The Union's building, on Vorovsky Street, was Tolstoy's Moscow mansion, and the model for the home of the Rostovs in "War and Peace." One drives in through the gates through which the Rostovs and a wagonload of possessions fled Napoleon's approaching armies; straight ahead, past a bust of Tolstoy, are the yellow doors to the long, parqueted ballroom. The dining hall—to the right, in a wing of the building—is still pleasantly redolent of Czarist days. Walnut panelling reaches to the ceiling; a carved staircase leads up to a balcony. Here, in the same smoky atmosphere of clashing silver and prolonged table talk that one finds in any New York club for the privileged, come and go the local members of the immense Soviet literary Establishment. We met a few of them: the perky young *Yunost* editor, full of chaffing and "routines;" the cheerful translatoress, spouting the latest names in beatnik poetry; the tough yet comradely gray-haired lady who sat on the editorial board that had declined to publish "Doctor Zhivago;" the war novelist who after three vodkas began to look through us toward something desolating he had once seen; the round-faced art critic whose subtlest thoughts had to be couched, protectively, in French; the Union official, all a-twinkle—gold teeth, gold spectacles—a volley in his laugh and an executioner's chop in his hands. In this company, Voznesensky was a pet, a shy, shrugging pet, with a cold sore on his lower lip, politely sipping water at each toast offered in vodka, but nevertheless, amid so many literary foremen and mechanics, the real thing, a poet—a poet whose voice had already broken through to Russian youth and was on the verge of being heard in the West. Now his breakthrough has been made, and has led him to a perhaps disastrous defiance of the Writers' Union, which tried, as far as its fundamentally anti-artistic function permitted, to cherish him.

We worry that our side will do him in. Introducing him at a poetry reading last May, Robert Lowell confided to the audience that he thought both he and Voznesensky had "really terrible governments." Such a remark could not hurt Lowell but would certainly arrest the attention of the Russian Embassy watchdog who invariably attends displays of Russo-American cultural exchange. Now the *Times* has zealously and, we suppose, rightly published the outraged letter from Voznesensky denouncing the Writers' Union's clumsy and mendacious cancellation of his scheduled reading at Lincoln Center in June—a letter that *Pravda* declined to print. We hope that Voznesensky is prepared for the consequences of such publicity. To judge by his other actions—his anti-"intelligentsia" poem read at the Taganka Theatre, in Moscow, and his reported intransigence at a meeting of Union officials demanding a retraction—he has gone on the offensive. Perhaps the time is ripe for open opposition to the "atmosphere of blackmail, confusion, and provocation"—as Voznesensky put it—in which the heirs of Tolstoy and Chekhov and Pushkin do their work. We hope so. The Writers' Union's control over publication is absolute. Yet a poet of Voznesensky's fame and genius is not defenseless; the Soviet system, unlike ours, admits that it needs artists, as blazoners of the ideals of the state. Hence, along with the censorship, there are the summer dachas and assured incomes and pleasant dining halls and erratic indulgences. Stalin sheltered the maverick Mayakovsky; Khrushchev let Yevtushenko keep writing. The Sinyavsky-Daniel trial was carried to its foregone conclusion, but a petition of dissent was signed by Russia's best writers. Thaw is now arising from below, not fitfully bestowed from above. It cannot be imported from the West. If Voznesensky carries his point, it will not be thanks to indignant editorials in this country or petitions signed by writers smug in their pre-bought freedom. If he cannot carry his point, let him at least survive. His mere survival, like Pasternak's, would be a victory.



Studying his photograph in the *Times* (our own delicate experts in propaganda have selected one that looks especially worried), we remember him across the table trying, in his then fragmentary English, to communicate. His pale face appeared faintly bloated, like a nun's squeezed in her wimple. His manner was both boyish and elderly, his thinning hair studiously licked down, his nose an innocent ski jump. Only a certain steadiness in his heavy blue eyes betrayed awareness that to be Pasternak's spiritual son, the hope of poetry in a nation hungry for poetry, was a mighty thing. One does not advance in post-Stalin Russia without some steel. Voznesensky, the gentlest of men until he stands to recite, becomes then a prophet, clangorous and stern; the reunion of Russian and modern poetry demands an ambitious campaign. We hope his present maneuver does not ruinously miscarry. We hope, and can only hope. To



"You mean there's no rain anyplace?"

• •

speak and write honestly in the Soviet Union is still a more difficult enterprise than an American can imagine.

•

OVERHEARD in Central Park, one eight-year-old to another: "Moby Dick's father is a bad guy."

Judges' Party

"LOOK at the tan on that man!" Chief Justice Frank R. Kenison, of New Hampshire, remarked in a hearty voice. "What did you do? Sneak off to Florida for a weekend?"

Judge Samuel J. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, to whom this sally was addressed, smiled enigmatically and made no reply. He was wearing a trig linen summer suit. Above the white collar, his face was the color of mahogany.

"If you really want to know, he acquired that tan in *my* state, New Jersey," a vigorous, compactly built man with alert blue eyes and gray hair that was brushed back from his forehead interposed—United States Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan, Jr. "Isn't that right, Sam?"

"Correct, Mr. Justice," said Judge Roberts. "Atlantic City. It was great, but coming back wasn't such fun. The bus took a lot longer than the two hours and fifteen minutes it was supposed to take."

We were on the terrace of a penthouse on Washington Square West, attending a cocktail party that was being given for a number of appellate judges from all over the country. Each summer, twenty or thirty of these august personages assemble in New York for a series of seminars on appellate-court problems, both state and federal, offered under the auspices of the New York University School of Law, and with a faculty composed of more experienced fellow-judges as well as of law professors. We have never attended any of their working sessions, but we like, when we can, to join them at play and partake of the circumspect revelry of their annual cocktail party. There's something very agreeable about drinking with a batch of judges.

Judge F. H. Becker, of the Iowa Supreme Court—a red-haired man, earnest-looking, but with humor in his eyes—who had been listening to Judge Roberts, told of his own experience with traffic the previous weekend. "Now, I'm one of those Iowa country boys, you know," he said, "and I'm just not used to traffic like they've got around here. We went to Connecticut, and coming back on that parkway Sunday—with those cars going by us zing, zing—darn near scared us to death. Didn't it, honey?" Mrs. Becker, who was standing by her husband's side, smiled and nodded.

Highway adventures having become the theme of the moment, we felt moved to share with the judges an experience we had had that weekend. We related that we had gone up to the Berkshires, and on the way back Sunday night, as we were barrelling along the Taconic State Parkway through a thunderstorm, our car's headlights had short-circuited and gone out. We pulled over onto the grass. All we could think of to do was to sleep in the car till dawn came and it was light enough to travel without headlights. About four in the morning, we awoke to find a highway-patrol car pulled up beside us. "Are you O.K.?" the trooper in it asked. "I'm just checking. I stopped by twice earlier, but you were sleeping and I didn't want to wake you."

"Now, that was real thoughtful of that policeman," Judge Becker said.

"I concur in that opinion," said another judge, a tall, youthful-looking man named C. Donald Peterson, who is on the Supreme Court of Minnesota. His wife, standing next to him, was also tall and youthful-looking. Judge Peterson held up his glass, which was empty, and studied it judiciously. "If you people will excuse the phrase," he said, "I feel myself being called to the bar."

The Petersons set off across the terrace toward a table where drinks were being served and shrimps, stuffed eggs, and hot hors d'oeuvres were laid out. A moment later, finding our own glass empty, we felt the same calling and followed them. We shortly found ourself chatting, over canapés, with Judge Robert E. Lavender, of the Oklahoma Supreme Court, who told us that he had brought his whole family with him on this trip. We asked him what his children had liked best about New York. "F. A. O. Schwarz," he replied.

The streets had been hot and muggy as we made our way to the party, but up on the rather Olympian heights of the penthouse the weather was much pleasanter. A breeze ruffled the awnings and disturbed the hairdos of the wives. The sky, hazy and red-tinted, had begun to shade toward gloaming. We wandered around a bit, stopping here and there to chat. At one point, we met a judge from the Supreme Court of Puerto Rico, Carlos Santana Becerra, who was talking with Judge John R. Thim, of the Connecticut Supreme Court, and Mrs. Thim. "We've been discussing the narcotics problem," Judge Thim said to us. "I hadn't realized it was as serious in Puerto Rico as it is in Connecticut." At another point, we ran into a couple of old acquaintances—Judge Warren E. Burger, of the United States Court of Appeals, Washington, D.C., Circuit, and Judge Walter V. Schaefer, of the Illinois Supreme Court—whom we had first met at the cocktail party nine summers ago. Illinois is one of the states that, in the shoptalk parlance of the judges, "rotate the C.J."—that is, give each member of their Supreme Courts a turn at being Chief Justice. Judge Schaefer has been Chief Justice twice so far. At the seminars here, he and Judge Burger are usually members of the faculty. When we joined them now, we found Judge Schaefer attempting, in an impassioned whisper (he was suffering from laryngitis, we learned), to persuade Judge Burger to lead a discussion, during the next day's seminar, on the responsibilities of the court-appointed defense counsel. "It's a terribly important subject these days," he whispered.

Nearby, we saw Justice Brennan again and joined those about him. It seemed a merry gathering. Somebody had inquired after Justice Brennan's wife, who wasn't along with him this time. "She has got more important things to do," he said, with a laugh. "She's with my youngest son's wife, who is expecting her first baby. I talked with my wife on the phone today. We're supposed to leave for South America Saturday, but she said, 'If that baby hasn't arrived by then, you're going to have to go alone.'"

A couple of other judges came along, and the group began talking about the seminar session in which they had just taken part. "What about that hearsay business?" one asked. The others laughed. Justice Brennan explained to us that the seminar had been discussing one of the exceptions to the rule of evidence that forbids the introduction of hearsay as testimony—words reported as having been spoken by a dying man. "There was some question about whether that should continue to be held as a valid exception these days, whereupon this gentleman here"—Justice Brennan put his arm affectionately across the shoulders of the man next to him, who was Judge Lyle Brown, of the Supreme Court of Arkansas—"spoke up and said, 'Well, if I was about to go meet my Maker, I surely wouldn't want to go with a lie on my conscience.'"

Laughing, Judge Brown said, in an Arkansas drawl, "Yes, and Judge Thim, there, said, 'Amen!' And then one of the law professors said, 'But what about hearsay from a dying atheist?' And I said, 'Them? They're not my problem. They're all in New York.'"

Qualified Obsolescence

THERE'S a line of polyester dresses on the market called Throw-Away and described by the maker as "semi-disposable."

Bubbles

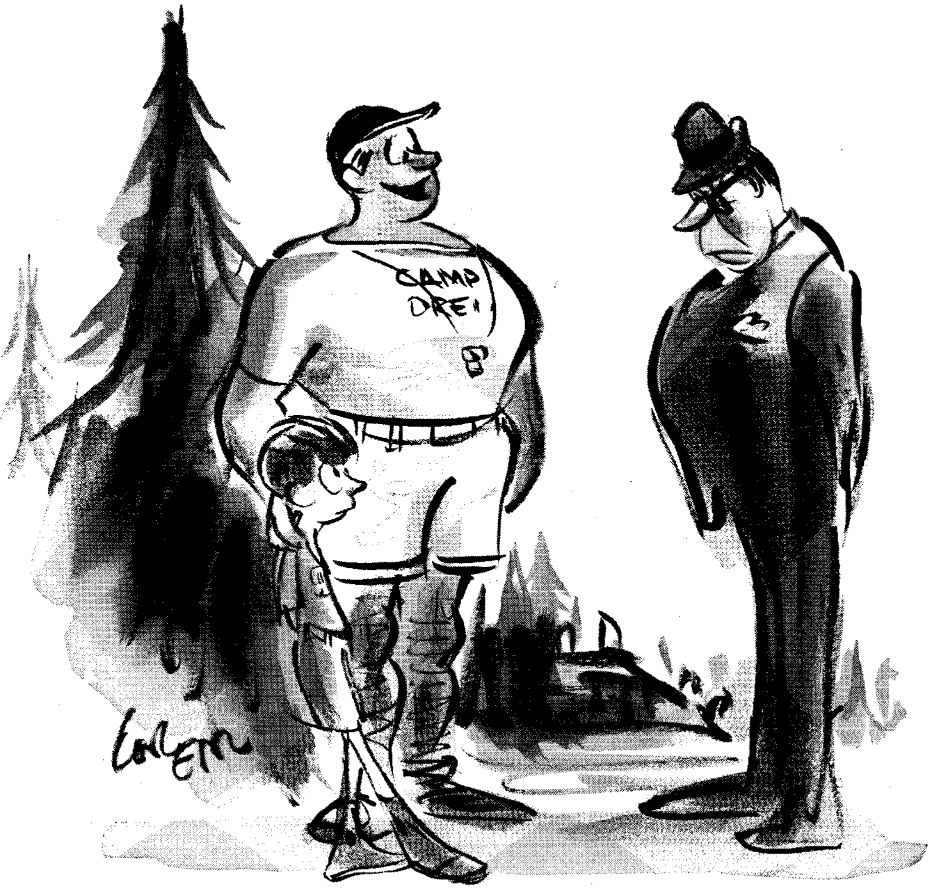
BUCK & BUBBLES, the great song-and-dance team, first played the Palace in 1920, and although Buck (Ford Lee Washington) is dead, Bubbles (John William Sublett), tall, limber, stylish, and full of mischief, is back onstage at the Palace, with the Judy Garland show, singing and dancing every night. We were delighted to catch up with him one afternoon last week at a nearby hotel, and we complimented him on his crisp performance and remarked on how much the audience liked him.

"The ovation I get is not in the same vein as Judy Garland's," he said. "It's more like 'Well, I'll be damned! Here he is again!' Or"—he laughed—"'Where did they get *him* from?' Now, on that stage I'm not going to stand on my eyebrows with any great step, and I'm not going to go out there as a great singer, but whatever I do is going to be pleasing, because 'Here I am again!'"

We sat down at a table in the hotel bar and asked Bubbles, who was wearing a dark suit and a red-and-blue striped tie, how it all had started.

"I began singing at the age of seven in a colored show at the Olio Theatre in Louisville, at Thirteenth and Walnut. I sang a song I'd picked up from the rack in a ten-cent store—'Naughty Naughty.'"

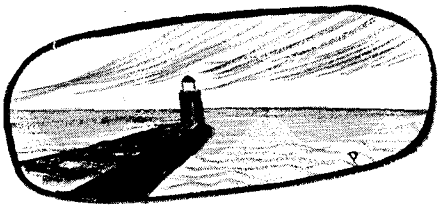
We asked him if he remembered it. "Do I remember it?" he said. "I remember everything! I remember saying to my mother when I was a year and a half, 'Put me down.'" He laughed delightedly and exclaimed, "I've been down ever since!" Then he sang a few bars in a gentle, husky, enchanting voice: "'Can't you be good? Can't you be good? Things you do just set me wild. Still, you're your daddy's angel child.'" He went right on, "My salary was twenty-five cents a week and all the relatives I could bring in. I used to bring my family and other people's family, too. We moved to Indianapolis when I was nine, and I



"Mr. Poster, I never met a boy who accepted defeat as gracefully as your Borden."

won first prize every Friday night at the amateur night at Crown Garden. I sang, 'I'm so glad my mama don't know where I'm at. My poppa neither. He can't catch me, 'cause he's too big and fat.' Then 'Georgia Rose.' That's a beautiful song, a lovely song. I did it holding a mirror, and it would reflect the spotlight to wherever I wanted. I'd sing, 'Sweet little Georgia Rose, from the land where the cotton blossom grows,' and I'd turn the light on different girls in the audience. I was a butcher in that theatre; I had a basket with candy, Cracker Jack, chewing gum, peanuts, and a bucket with ice and soft drinks. I'd come down the aisle while the movie was on, singing a song I'd made up: 'Get your chewing gum and your Cracker Jack. Get your double-jointed peanuts and don't bring 'em back. Get your ice-cold pop, and don't hesitate. Tell me, how long will I have to wait?' Then I'd yell 'Anyone else, now?' and make myself busy. Nobody bought anything, but I made myself busy, and then I'd sit down in the first row and go to sleep, and they'd steal my stuff. Later, I worked as the movie operator in that theatre when the regular man was out, and I loved it. We'd run a series like 'The Phantom,' and you had to crank the movie machine by hand, change reels—while you showed a slide saying, 'Just a moment. The operator is having a fit'—then show the other reel. Then, in intermission, you showed slides of advertisements, rewound the film, and trimmed the carbons in the arc light, and off we go again. I was doing other jobs, too, all along. I had a billy goat and a wagon, and I'd go down to the coalyard and pick up a load of coal and wood and sell it. I worked in a restaurant, washing dishes, and in a bicycle shop, too. Everybody in Indianapolis knew me. Then we moved back to Louisville, and that's where I met my partner, Buck. I was thirteen and he was nine. His real name was Ford (for Henry) Lee (for Robert E.) Washington (for George), and he was nicknamed Buck. He was a great kid, jolly all the time. He was hard to understand, for anyone but me. He died in 1955. We were together forty years, and we always stopped every show we were on, and we were never on Number Two. We met when we were both setting up pins in Grody's Bowling Alley. During the breaks, there were card games and dice games, and one day, when a boy was trying to take Buck's winnings, I took up for Buck, and that's when we became friends. Buck went around to bars, playing classical music on the piano, like 'Souvenir,' 'Kiss Me Again,' and the Sextet from 'Lucia.' I went along to listen. Then I taught him ragtime; he could learn easily—he was a genius with his hands. So he went around playing 'Kiss Me Again' and all those in ragtime. Then I got an offer to go with a carnival—the T. A. Wolf Superior Shows—and I went. I'd come out on the ballyhoo platform in front of the tent where the big banner was, with the girls and the musicians, and I'd sing. I had a pair of pipes! I could turn a song every way but loose! People say I'm a great dancer, but, hell, I was a better singer than I am a dancer. I didn't dance in those days; you don't dance with the voice I had."

Bubbles paused to smile. "I went through hell on the train," he continued. "Anything you wanted to eat, you had to go up to the privilege car and carry it back to the colored car. I was the one who had to go where the others couldn't go—to get them things to eat and drink, and keep them in good spirits. But I was a happy-go-lucky kid. Life was one sweet song. Buck and I got a job ushering at B. F. Keith's Mary Anderson Theatre, in Louisville—the biggest in the South—and we entertained at parties together, and one day there was a weak act on the bill, and the manager asked us if we'd like to go on. No Negro had ever been on that stage before—or even on the first floor. We had to put on cork to fool the public. We worked for two weeks—I was seventeen, Buck was thirteen—and we sang 'Curse of an Aching Heart' and 'Somebody Loves Me.' After that, we came to New York. I had to get Buck out of school to go, but I told his family I'd take care of him. We got a job at the Columbia Theatre, at Forty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue. It was a burlesque house, but they had variety shows on Sunday, and that's where I did 'Mammy o' Mine.' That was a masterpiece song. Now, this was the first time they had a Negro on that stage, too, and it was hard for white people in those days to understand that colored people had a soul. But 'Mammy o' Mine' showed that there was feeling there, and heart. It's a song I haven't sung in forty-seven years. The orchestra leader would say, 'Tell the folks about the letter you got from your mother,' and I'd sing the song." He recited the words slowly, in a quiet, earnest voice:

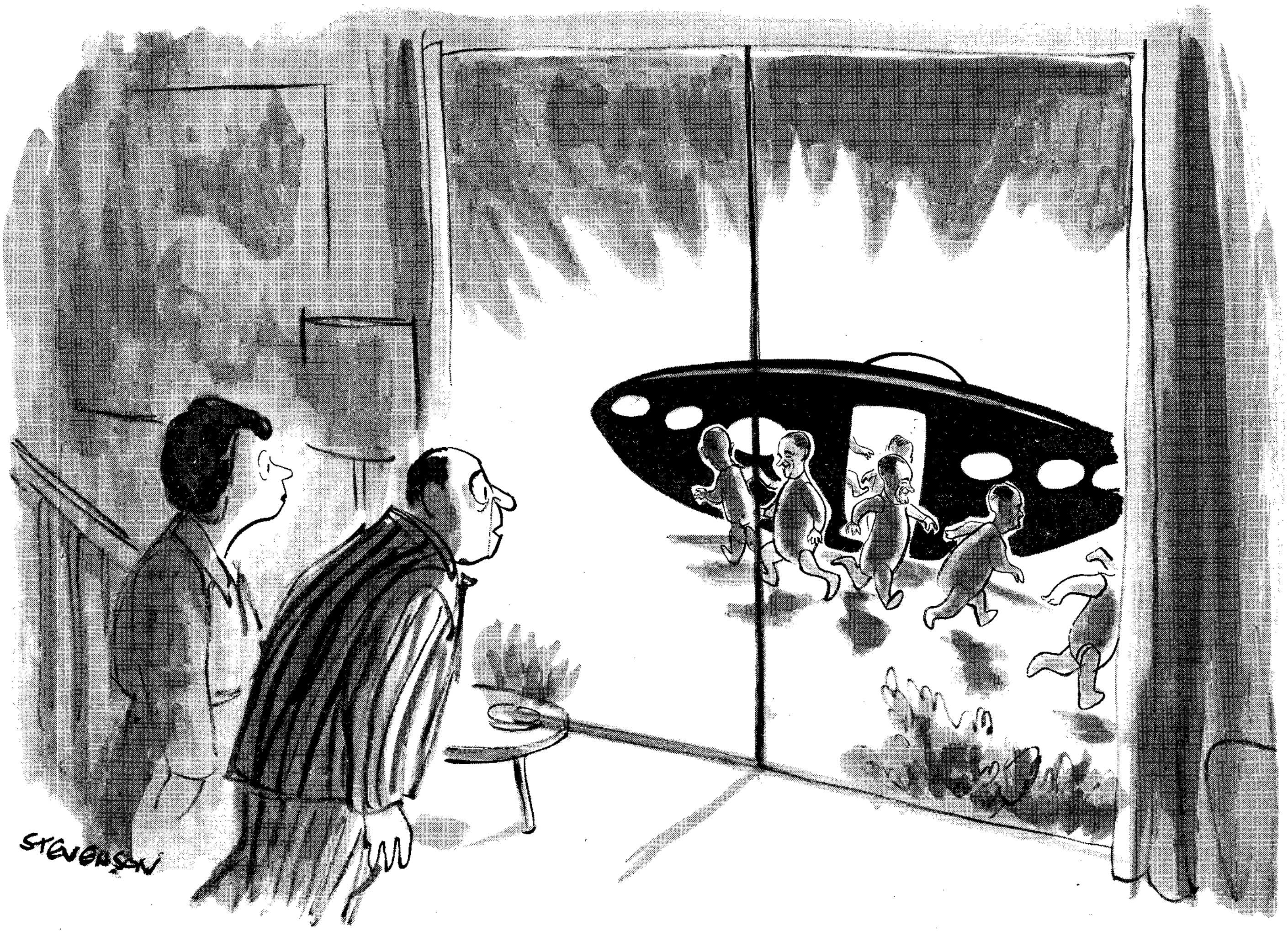


"Mammy o' mine,
Below that Old Dixon Line,
Oh, how I'm longing to kiss you,
I miss you all of the time. . . .

"Then it goes on 'Now I know why . . . the good Lord bless'd us, when he gave us you, 'cause you're the bestes,' and when I say 'bestes,' they change the music and go into 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' and then I say, '*That's* the song! That's the song you used to sing to me! I remember when I was a kid so high, I used to climb up on your knee. Those were the happy days.' Then I'd go into the rest of the song: 'Angel divine. You wonderful Mammy . . .' That was a hell of an act! When I finished, people stood up and cheered. Two months later, we were in the Palace, and from then on we never looked back."

We asked Bubbles when he started to dance.

"On my eighteenth birthday, we were working at the Audubon Theatre, at a Hundred and Sixty-sixth and Broadway, and on one note my voice cracked and slid down off that note," he said. "I figured I better take up something else, just in case, so I stayed up nights to learn the steps. I'd go to shows to watch the dancers, and then go around backstage to see them, and find fault with some step they did that I wanted to learn. I'd say, 'You missed the center part of that,' so they'd do it again, and I'm watching and learning it. 'See how you missed that?' I'd say, and they'd do it again. Well, the third time I'd say, 'That's it! That's it! *Now* you got it!' And by then *I* got it." He winked. "But I didn't want 'em to copy *me*, so when I did a show I never did the same step the same way. If I got four shows, I'd do it four different ways. I took the white boys' steps and the colored boys' steps and mixed 'em all together so you couldn't tell 'em, white or colored. I made it *me*. I danced a hundred and sixty-four bars to 'Mammy o' Mine.' I'd do a continued backslide on one foot, then a rhythm turn, then a double over the top, then a trench step called the figure eight, then that forward and backward and to each side." He began bouncing in his seat. "Front two bars, back two bars, go to my left two bars, go to my right two bars. Then an over-the-foot step that had a continuous falling action, then a forward slide cakewalk, and go off with it! Come



"Good Lord, you're right!"

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back and take a bow, tell the orchestra to whoop it up and beat on all those things, sing 'When roses bloom and spread perfume, will you remember me?' in gallop tempo—da di, da di, doo-di, doo, di! I was gone, do you hear? I was *gone!*"

He sat back and smiled. "These legs have been through the mill. I do too much dancing for the wind-power department nowadays. We were in Herman Timberg's 'Frolics of 1922,' and 'Blackbirds,' 'Show Time,' 'Laugh Time'—with Bert Wheeler, Frank Fay, and Ethel Waters—'Hot Chops' . . . A lot of shows. And Buck and I went out on the Keith circuit—twenty-six weeks—as far as Winnipeg, Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Phoenix, and back through St. Louis to Chicago and New York. No one-nighters, and Pullman all the way. Beautiful days! Life was great. The package was one big family, all travelling together. We might have Mel Klee, the comedian; Frances White, the singer; a bicycle act—Joe Jackson, a great comedian. He was crazy! People like Doyle & Dixon, Rae Samuels. Buck and I went out on the Pantages circuit, too, and Loew's, the Poli, and the burlesque circuit. Then we went into the 1931 'Ziegfeld Follies,' and played the Lafayette Theatre in Harlem—a Hundred and Thirty-first and Seventh Avenue—at the same time. George Gershwin picked me out for Sportin' Life for 'Porgy and Bess' in 1935, and he taught me the part in his apartment—on Fifty-fifth or Fifty-seventh Street." He paused. "That's the only thing I've forgotten," he said. "He was one hundred per cent. The greatest man I met in the theatre. Just as sweet. He was lovable. And his brother Ira was another one. George Gershwin was a great man, and thirty years later he seems even greater. I loved 'Porgy and Bess.' I didn't really know what I was doing for the show until one night I sat out front and watched my understudy do it; then I fell in love with it."

After "Porgy" came appearances at the Music Hall, the Roxy, the Apollo, the Paramount, and Town Hall; trips to Europe; command performances in England; a visit to Ascot with the then Prince of Wales; movies; night-club appearances with Danny Kaye and Judy Garland; television; entertaining troops with Bob Hope; and, recently, several years of performing in Europe. "I was living in California when the Judy Garland show came along, spending a lot of my time with the American Federation for Improving Talent, an organization devoted to helping entertainers," Bubbles said. "We're starting a school for them in Los Angeles."

Bubbles told us he is sixty-five, and we remarked on how young he looks and how well he seems. He nodded, and was thoughtful for a moment. Then he said quietly, "This unforgettable passage I've been through . . . All the things I had to do to be sitting here . . . You do your best; you do your utmost. You've got to be born with the spirit. It's the spirit that does it. Everything I do is by the spirit—nothing by the flesh. I've had a lot of problems, and I've been through a lot of money, but if I still had the money, then I wouldn't know what I know." He smiled. "My dues are paid," he said.

MAN AND WHOSE WORLD?

EMERGING last Tuesday from "Man and the Polar Regions," one of the Theme Pavilions at Expo 67, I happened to overhear a portly chap in yellow shorts and falling knee socks remark to his wife that he was getting "pretty damn tired of Man." I could see his point, all right, since I had spent the better part of three days viewing "Man and the Oceans," "Man and Life," "Man the Provider," "Man the Creator," "Man the Producer," and other exhibits devoted to the underlying Expo theme of "Man and His World." Interesting as these were, I wonder whether the portly chap and I might not have found them even more interesting if the theme people had seen fit to throw in some exhibits that came a trifle closer to home—that is, to the world that he and I inhabit when we are not at a World's Fair. I have some suggestions along these lines, and, with theme-planning for the 1970 Osaka Exposition going into high gear right now, I thought I'd better make them available without delay:

Man the Home Owner and/or Lessor: An exhibition devoted to household hints from around the world. Visitors may observe homemakers from the Ruanda-Urundi laying a mud floor, Eskimos quick-freezing igloo blocks, Kazaks thatching a yurt, and a New Jersey householder replacing a fuse. A specially designed Family Communications Center will bring together domestic economists from many nations, via satellite television relays, to discuss the latest advances in second mortgaging and spackling. On hand to answer questions will be three of North America's seven living handymen.

Man the Commuter: Entering a programmed, multimedia "environment," the visitor takes a psychedelic trip that includes mind-expanding car-pool repartee, smoking-car aromas, billboard blur, simulated subway lurch, and other sensory data of mass transit. Expert commuters offer instruction in new methods of newspaper folding and unsupported balance on moving trains, while Transit Hostesses demonstrate exciting games to play during a power failure. "Commuter Worldwide," an electronic scoreboard, provides a graphic demonstration of how the steadily greater time spent in travelling to and from work is solving the problems of excessive leisure created by automation.

Man and His Office: The saga of the office, presented in a series of thrilling audio-visual displays that range from a primitive roadside scribe's *offiz* in Mesopotamia to tomorrow's orbiting water coolers for civil servants in outer space. In the Garden of Rubber Plants, visitors may relax and refresh themselves beside prize-winning typist pools. A lifelike styrene robot of "The Boss" delivers illustrated lectures on Company Raiding, Market Flooding, and Brazilian Extradition Law, and visitors to the ladies' lounge may view a fifty-minute Golden Steno Pad Award film entitled "Great Office Romances of the Century."

Man the Parent: "There is more felicity on the far side of baldness than young men can possibly imagine"—Logan Pearsall Smith. This motto, emblazoned on a gigantic icosahedron replica of Dr. Spock, sets the tone for a lighthearted pavilion, where colorful *tableaux vivants* symbolize the joys and rewards of parenthood. These include "Putting on the Snowsuits," "The Rainy Sunday," "Birthday Parties at the Circus," "The Hamsters Escape," "Betty's First Eye Shadow," "Dick Turns On and Drops Out," and "The Children Leave Home for Good."

Man the Husband: At the entrance to what may well be the Fair's most controversial exhibit, three-dimensional graphs depict today's husband poised on the threshold of a new matrimonial era while he looks back upon centuries of connubial achievement. Visitors enter through the Cave of Matrimony, on whose iridescent walls and ceiling the long upward struggle of The Husband is symbolically presented by means of a new Czechoslovakian film technique involving animated statistics and live dwarfs. But what of the future? In a husband-shaped pavilion, male visitors may test their responses to the challenge of the Love Generation, and decide for themselves whether semi-conscious promiscuity, now favored by thirty-seven per cent of California-born husbands under the age of seventeen, is preferable to the "illicit" affair of our forefathers' day. Similar opportunities will be available to wives, in a wife-shaped pavilion. No visitor may make the circuit more than twice, and married couples who are still together at the close of the experience will proceed to the Puritan Revival Temple, where each couple will be permitted to smash one electric guitar.

Man the Fairgoer: A vast and colorful panorama of the human element in all Universal and International Expositions, starting with the London Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1851. Imaginative displays chart the changing patterns of fatigue, and show how Man has progressed from a relatively fidgety stander-in-line to today's docile automaton, who smilingly waits in queue for seven hours to visit Expo 67's Labyrinth. Cut-away sections of the human brain demonstrate relative tolerance to visionary architecture and heavy industry. New multi-screen cinema projections demonstrate the effects upon the optic nerve of multi-screen cinema projections. Lost children will be put up for auction twice a day, and a "magic-eye" device at the entrance will pinpoint and then flash on a large overhead screen statistics regarding each fairgoer's indigestion. Upon departing, each visitor is dropped through a concealed trapdoor into a queue at the underground parking lot, where a Fair Hostess will fetch his automobile for a fraction of its original cost, while a lifelike robot of Robert Moses delivers a lantern slide lecture on "World's Fair Financing for Fun and Profit." —Calvin Tomkins

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EDINBURGH VILLANELLE

These eyes that saw the saturnine
Glance in my back, refused the null
Heart of Midlothian, never mine.

Hostile High Street gave the sign.
Holyrood made unmerciful
These eyes that saw the saturnine

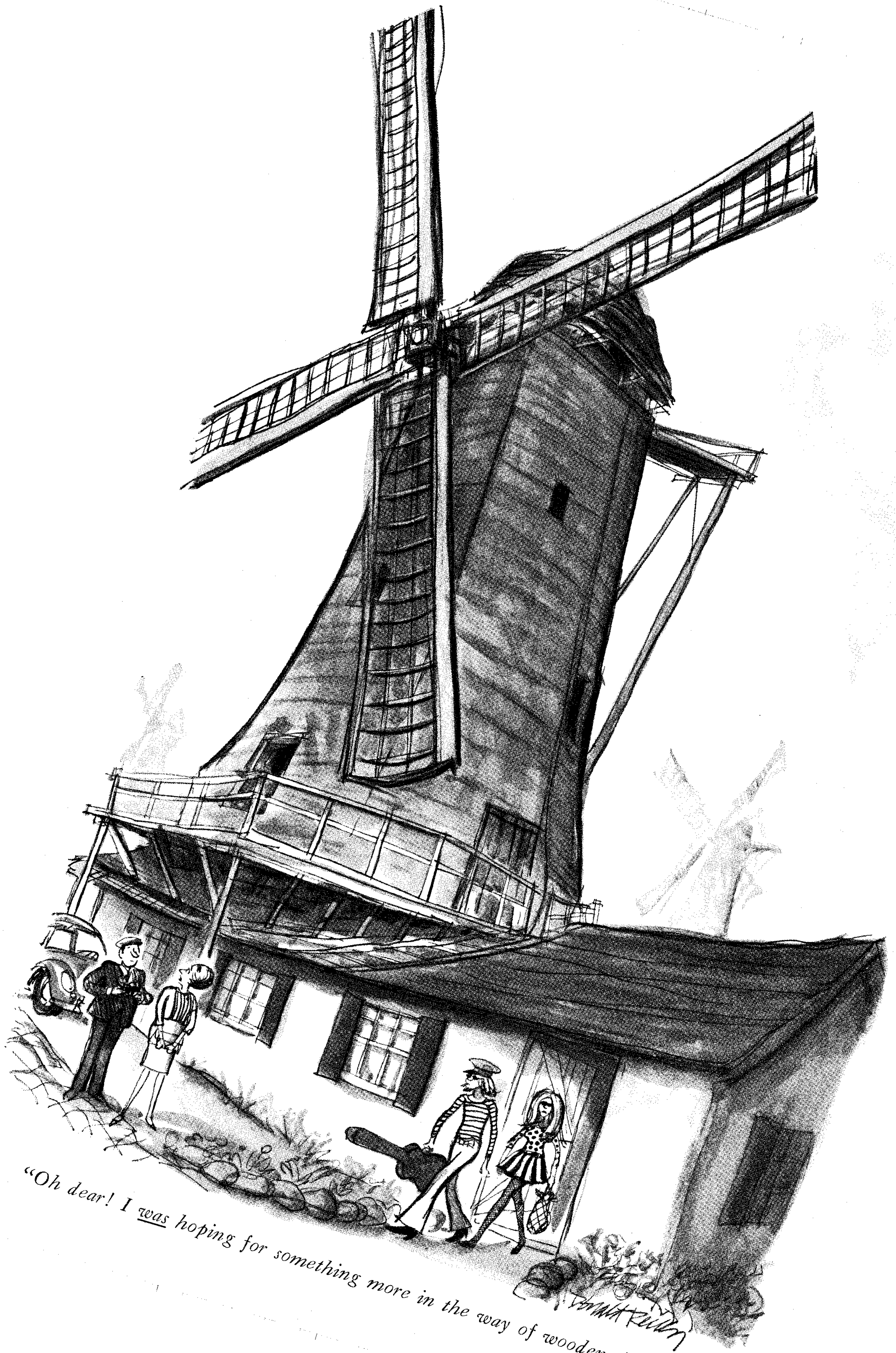
Watchmen of murky Leith begin
To pump amiss the never-full
Heart of Midlothian, never mine.

Withal they left the North Sea brine
Seeping the slums and did not fool
These eyes that saw the saturnine

Waters no provident whim made wine
Fail to infuriate the dull
Heart of Midlothian, never mine.

Municipal monuments confine
What ghosts return to ridicule
These eyes that saw the saturnine
Heart of Midlothian, never mine.

—Muriel Spark



"Oh dear! I was hoping for something more in the way of wooden shoes."

A SUNDAY LIKE THE OTHERS

THERE were three bus routes that went through Dundrum, but Frances Hayes had been waiting fifteen minutes before one of the heavy double-deckers appeared, the No. 48, the bus to Ballinteer, swaying, looking ready to topple as it rounded the corner of Merrion Row and raced up to the stop at Stephen's Green. Frances was the only one there, and she'd no sooner swung on than the bus started off again with a jerk that would have sent her flying but for the conductor's hand, gently supporting her till she was safe on the long seat right inside the door. He waited in front of her while she fished in her pocket for the fare. "Dundrum," Frances said, finally drawing out a shilling and handing it to him.

He looked at her and smiled. "Dundrum is it?" he said as he felt through the heaps of change in his battered leather shoulder bag.

Did he recognize her, Frances wondered. She'd been going to Michael Callan's in Dundrum early Sunday afternoon for weeks now, and there were always so few passengers. She looked around; only three today, counting her.

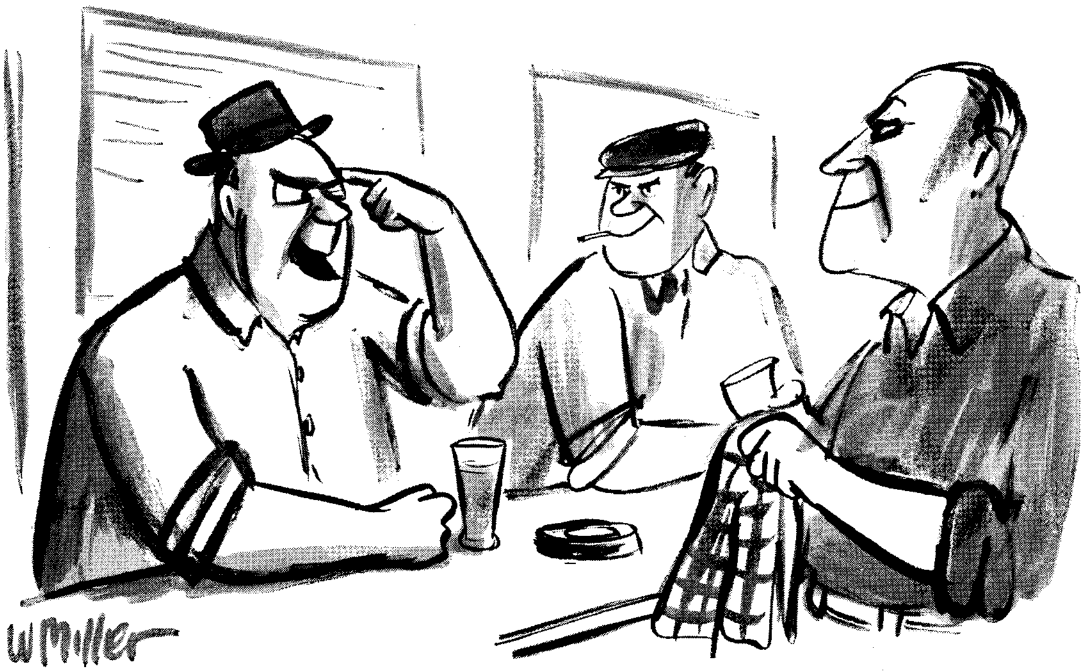
The conductor put three pennies in her hand and gave her a ticket. Frances didn't look up. If he remembered her, it was probably because he'd made out that she was a foreigner—something she herself was always forgetting and, one way or another, always being reminded of. Here in Ireland she was American, though back in Boston she was what was known as Irish. Irish-American. She dropped the pennies into her pocket and looked across the aisle, out the window. Through the trees of the Green she could see men setting up deck chairs around the wide basin in the center and along some of the main walks. In a few hours, if the fine weather held, every chair would be filled, and there'd be children sailing boats in the pond or feeding the ducks on the lake. There'd be groups of girls and groups of fellows meeting and joking, and couples lying on the grass, dazed to indifference by the heat of the unaccustomed sunshine. And, passing through it all, there'd be the steady stream of people who, on a day like this, couldn't resist crossing the Green on their way to wherever they were going.

The bus turned and drove along the south side of Stephen's Green, on into Harcourt Street, where some of the Georgian buildings had been turned into inexpensive hotels or guesthouses named after saints. Frances was relieved when they passed them—Hotel Lenehan and the Standard, Our Lady's Retreat, Lisieux House, St. Columba's—and made another turn, onto a busy street where there were women talking together in doorways, men leaning up against the buildings, children playing on the sidewalk. The bus stopped and took on two passengers—a little boy, who hurried down the aisle, grabbing hold of the handles on the backs of the seats, and his sister, who took the first empty place she saw, the one beside Frances. Frances smiled at her, but the little girl turned away.

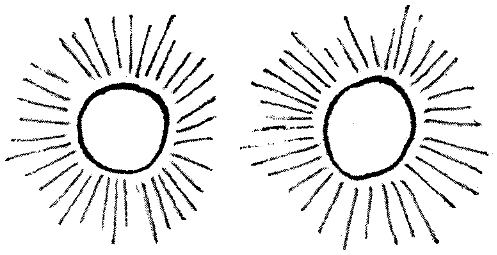
They'd come to the stop by the canal, where a man and a girl got on, she in a lavender coat, white shoes, a white hat, he in a stiff, dark suit. Sunday clothes, Frances thought. Her fingers were cold, and she felt not quite herself. Exactly how many times had she been out there? She tried to remember, but only the first Sunday seemed to have remained intact in her memory. She could recall that day almost perfectly, but of the others no conversation, no incident, no single strong impression stood out against the basic pattern. She always went at the same time. They always ate the same food. Every week they did the same things. But what had she worn the other times? What she was wearing now, a sweater and a skirt. Which sweater? With what skirt? Which times?

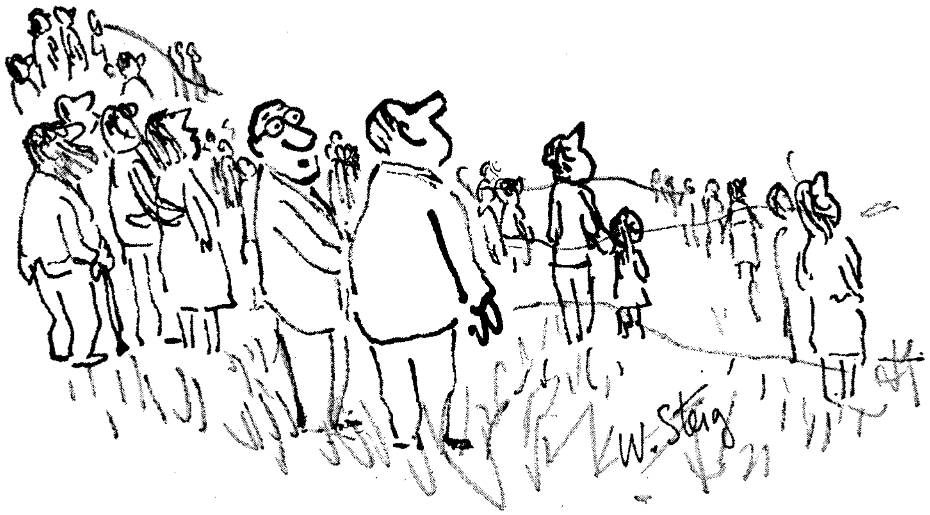
The bus was passing between two rows of dark-red brick houses—Ranelagh Road. At the end, where the street curved, Frances looked off to the right. Dublin might have been hundreds of miles from the scene the bus was entering now—fields with cattle, a scattering of cottages, and, there in the background, the Wicklow mountains, looking as though if you touched them they'd start and stretch and then settle back into those same humped positions.

The little girl beside Frances had been perfectly quiet, but when her brother came back down the aisle, as though she'd been thinking things over she looked up at Frances and said goodbye. "Goodbye," Frances said, and after the two children had got off she waved from the window, but again the little girl turned away. Americans overdid things, Frances remembered, but the bus moved on and she forgot the child, forgot her own foreignness, as the buildings along the way began to demand her attention. The house with the thatched roof. The big dance hall. The factory. Then, on the other side of the low stone bridge, the sign: "Dundrum," with the Irish underneath it, "Dún Droma." Frances got to her feet, holding tight to the bar overhead as the top-heavy bus tore along the winding country road. The conductor signalled the driver, but the bus didn't come to a full stop, and it was still moving slightly as she jumped



"I got a real great invention all figured out up here, but I sure ain't gonna donate it to no college!"





"It looks as if our troubles are only beginning."

down in front of the chemist's shop. The great Palladian house across the street seemed to spin mildly in its bed of trees; then the scene settled back into stillness—the house, the trees, a horse standing in the field, the hedge that surrounded the property, and, in front of the hedge, a telephone box. Frances suddenly saw herself going over to the box and calling up to say she wasn't coming. Then she saw herself taking the next bus back to Dublin—back to row on row of silent houses, to the men leaning against buildings waiting for the pubs to open, to the brilliant, restless arena of the Green.

She crossed over and started up the steep road that wound around a corner out of sight. When she had followed it to the top, she stopped again, as though she were still undecided, as though she hadn't hours ago, weeks ago even, decided what she'd be doing today. Nothing at the top of the road gave her any reason to alter the plan. Everything there was the same as always—the old Protestant chapel, the graveyard beside it, and on the other side of the street, looking over a high hedge at the tilted Celtic crosses of the graveyard, the gabled roof of the little stone house.

It at one time had served as the gatehouse for the Palladian mansion, though here the woodedness of the property and the incline of the road hid the main house and made it seem as if the immense grounds, the trees, even the mountains across the way, belonged to this cottage, for which Michael Callan paid less than Frances did for her one small room in Merrion Square. He often scolded her for spending so much on a place to live, and when she tried to tell him how much she loved the Square he always said something like "You love it here, don't you?" Frances would admit that yes, she did love it, feeling, on account of his insistence that she distinguish between her love of the place and her love of him, somewhat at a loss. It was a way he often made her feel. His nature was full of twists and turns and sharp corners that she was forever having to negotiate.

She crossed the street and went through the break in the hedge, to the house. Passing the kitchen window, on her way to the front door, she saw Michael Callan standing in front of the stove, his back to her, his arms folded across his chest. Something about the pose recalled her own indecision and made Frances hesitate again, but she had gone too far to do anything but lift the light door knocker and let it down again, gently. The next moment he was standing in front of her. "I didn't think you'd hear me," she said.

"Didn't you want me to?" He had a stern way of speaking, like a schoolmaster going over a lesson, and he had, in fact, once taught school, but only for a short time. Now he worked for the Tourist Board.

"I was talking about the door knocker," Frances said. "It's so light." She walked on into the kitchen, where it was cold and sunless and damp. "It looks as if it used to be the handle on a dresser drawer."

"You *didn't* want me to hear you," he decided. He unbuttoned her coat and slipped it off her shoulders; then he hung it on a hook beside the door. When he turned again, Frances noticed, under his sternness, a current of excitement that seemed to corroborate her own.

"Well, I guess I didn't," she said. "I didn't want to interrupt you. You looked as if you were concentrating on something."

"I was trying to think of what we'd eat," he said.

"Haven't you got anything?" She always came for lunch, or at least during the time she was there they always ate.

"We won't starve," he said, "but if only you'd been five minutes earlier we'd be eating a real dinner, out somewhere."

"How?" she asked, but the tight spring of her own entirely different excitement had spun itself out; she had to pretend to be interested.

"I was just having drinks with Sean Reidy." His high spirits suddenly died down, too, and as he said the name there was only disappointment in his voice and in his face. "You've heard of him, haven't you?"

"No," she said.

"He's a director of the television station. I met him one day last week, and this morning he rang up and invited me over."

The thought of the phone box down the road came to Frances with all the force of a presentiment ignored, giving her at the same time something on which to hang a vague complaint of her own. "Why didn't you call and tell me?" she said. "I wouldn't have come out today."

"Wait till I finish." He shook her very slightly. "The people who drove me home were the ones who invited me. They were going someplace in the country, and it wasn't till we got back here that they asked me to come along."

By then, Frances realized, it would have been too late to get in touch with her. "I'm sorry," she said. Then, furious with herself, she tried to take back the apology. "I mean, were they nice?"

"Nice enough," he said. "And it would have been a good dinner and good wine and plenty of talk. Besides," he added, "they were fans of mine. They'd read my articles."

More important to him than his work with the Tourist Board were the travel pieces he wrote for the newspapers—pieces that dealt with the sociology and politics of the countries he visited, rather than with where to stay, or what to see and what to buy. On Sunday, he would read Frances the manuscript he was working on.

"I tried to stall a little," he said. "I would have asked them to wait, but I didn't know when you'd be here."

"I said two." It was always two.

"I didn't know if you'd be on time."

"I'm never late," she said; but it sounded too much like a reproach—for his not remembering that—and she had to add, "for anything. I can't help being on time."

He seemed not to have heard her. "Maybe they went home first," he said. "I could ring them up and catch them there."

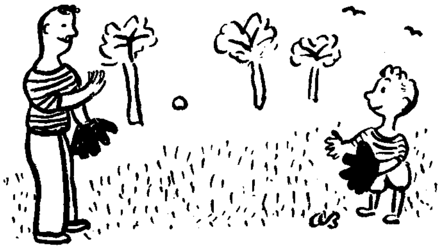
"Do you know their number?" she asked him.

"I can look it up. I know they live out Stillorgan way, and their name isn't a common one."

"What name?" she asked.

"Baldwin."

He went over to the windowsill, where he kept the phone and the phone book. Frances watched for a moment as he began leafing through the directory; then she went through the low doorway to the left of the kitchen, into the other room of the house, a big, bright, pleasant room. He had put pictures on the walls and books in the bookcase, and there was a folding chair with a red canvas seat and a brilliantly striped tweed rug covering the daybed. On the wide shelf that ran the length of the daybed there was a radio and a record-player. Frances knew by heart the titles of his few records, but while she waited she went over and looked through the collection again—"The Four Seasons" by Vivaldi, Haydn's Concerto for Horn, the Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor, and some traditional Irish music. At the bottom of the pile was a new one. Frances got no further than the "Mozart," in a huge, flowing script, when she heard him come up behind her. She could smell the whiskey he'd had to drink.



"You have a new record," she said, turning it over.

"That one is borrowed."

On the back, at the top of the jacket, was a name: Terry Flynn. "Did you have any luck?" Frances asked.

"There's a Baldwin in Stillorgan, all right."

"Are you going to try them?"

"Should I?"

Terry. It could have been either a man or a woman, but the handwriting was neat and precise. Frances saw a creamy Irish complexion, black hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, a challenging smile. "Go ahead," she said.

When he went back to the kitchen, she opened the casement windows at the back of the room and stepped up over the ledge, outside. The fine day, the peace and beauty all around, the sight of the mountains directly opposite seemed to deepen the disorder of her feelings, to make her more puzzled and cautious as she listened for his voice and, instead of that, heard, after a few short minutes, footsteps behind her. She turned and asked, "Did you get them?," feeling sure he hadn't, having felt sure he wouldn't.

THE LIFE OF . . .

I

"So there we were stuck
in Alassio all that rotten winter
in a rented house, no one around
but puffed-up Germans, and nothing
to read but two men I can't abide,
Boswell and Johnson, the latter worse
than his crony.
And nothing to do
but struggle on through that wretched
'Life of . . .'. How I loathed it!"

II

"Ah, my friend," I say, "that's what,
more or less, it always comes to:
one book to a customer.

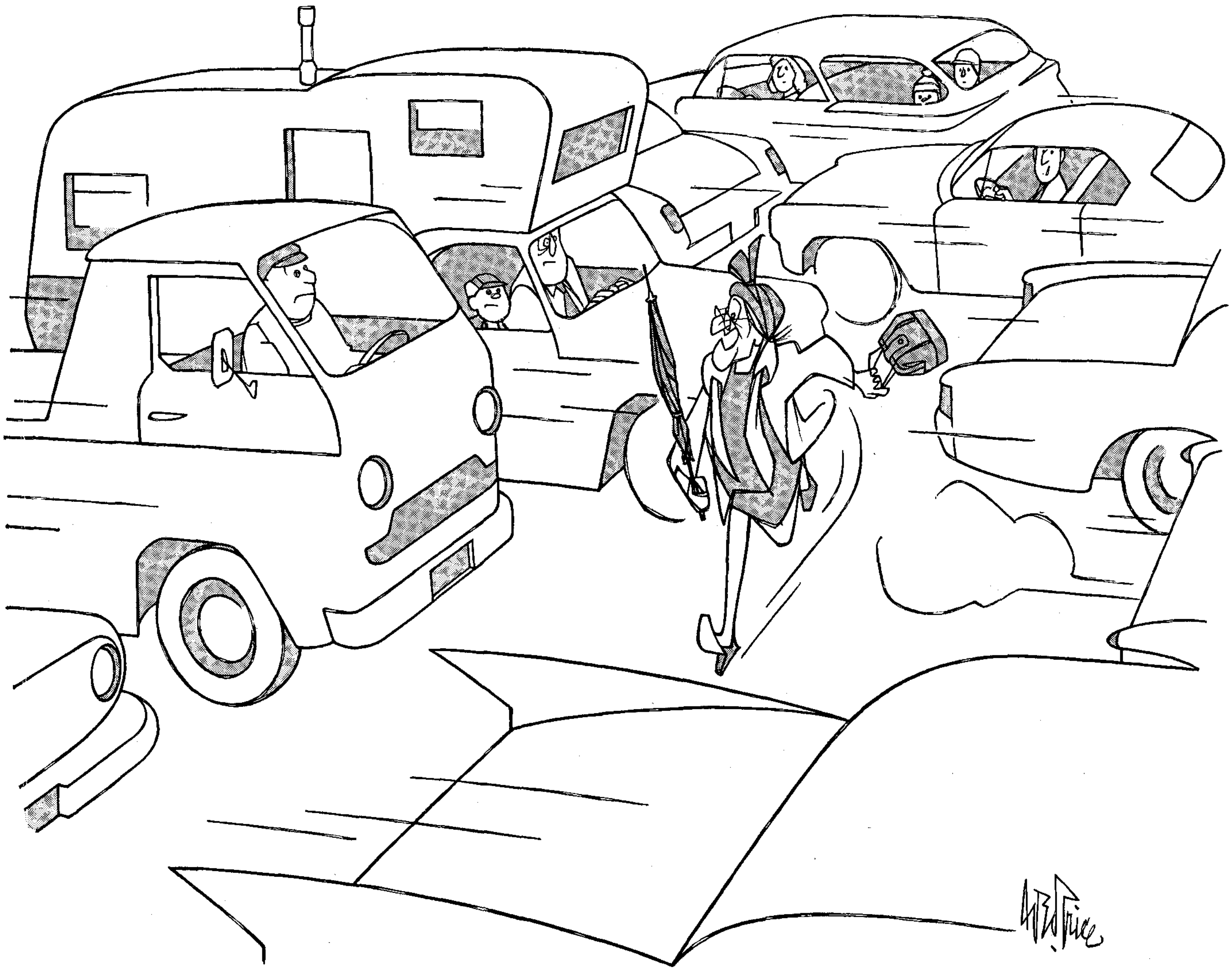
Oh, some are luckier than the rest—
richer text, pictures colored
every second page.
But all of us
are stuck in our own Alassio,
like it or not, waiting
there, flopped open."

III

"Actually,"
my friend's wife now breaks in, "after
the first two summer months, after
the Germans left, the gaudy decorations
hung on the shops for them
pulled down,
and the Italians
gradually appearing, we grew to love
the town, rotten winter and all—
admit it—
our garden with its crazy,
tangled blooming—roses, geraniums,
and the rest—through shattered bottles,
cans, and every kind of litter,

the narrow, dark, malarial streets
at the end of which, on our long walks,
the sea glittered like a blaze burst
through a tunnel,
the forlorn little
fishing-fleet going out each night
as we went to bed and, at dawn,
returning as we woke,
threw open
the shutters, and watched behind it
a red heaped up on the creamy water,
the sun rising, as though, towed
in, part of the catch . . .
later, too,
the mountain that we loved to climb,
looming over the town and high enough
with its paths twisting to the top
so that one seemed to see—
a new day
previewed there, just as it was forging
forth—eye to eye with the moon."

—THEODORE WEISS



"Make way for a pedestrian!"

• •

"There was no answer." He stepped out over the ledge.

"If only I'd been early," Frances said. This time the half apology was real. She would have been glad to share the day with someone else, to divide up the responsibility for his enjoying himself, which would now rest entirely with her.

He sat down on the grass and leaned against the wall of the house, shading his eyes with one hand, drawing her down next to him with the other. "It's probably as well," he said. "It might have been awkward."

"How?"

"Well, I just said I was waiting for a friend. I didn't specify. When they saw you they might have backed down, and then I'd have had to make them invite you."

Frances didn't know which seemed worse, being found brazen (coming out there alone) by the Irish couple or rude (forcing herself on them), though Michael Callan would probably have got away with the rudeness. He was so full of life, full of ideas and surprises. He had a way of sweeping people along with him, making them want what he wanted.

He blew out his cheeks and dug his chin down into his neck. " 'Yes, we'll bring her along. Yes, by all means. Of course, we'll bring her along.' "

Frances had to laugh. "Is that what they were like?"

"They were well bred, substantial, conservative semi-gentry. When I was growing up I used be critical of that kind of people, but after I'd been to other parts of the world I learned to recognize the vitality of the Irish bourgeoisie."

Frances often had the feeling, as she did now, that she'd met Michael Callan at the point when his experience and his attitudes had just suddenly converged and crystallized. A few years earlier, she gathered, he'd been at loose ends. A few years later, and he might be disillusioned, as so many of his countrymen were, with certain of the limitations of life in Ireland. But for the time being he took great pleasure in praising the provincialism, the prejudice, the censorship, even the poverty, confusing those things, in Frances's opinion, with what were the real virtues of the Irish.

"They were the best of their kind," he said. "They would have given us a good time."

"Still," Frances said, "they might have objected to an American." She mentioned that before it came up by itself and surprised her. "Particularly the wife. Irish women can be very hard on Americans."

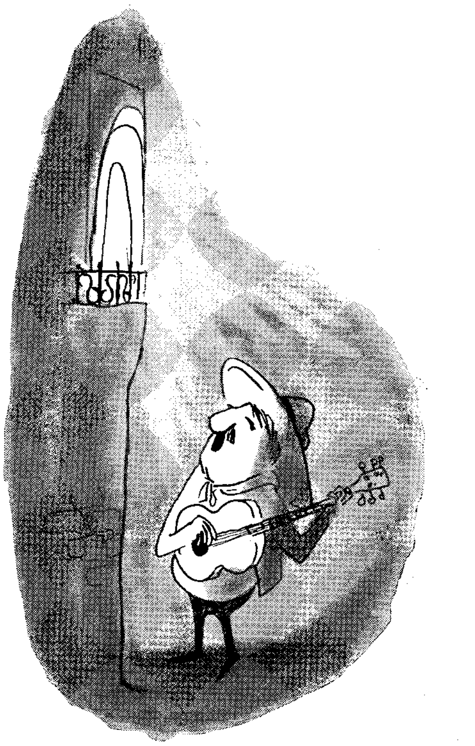
But he was not to be diverted by any point of hers from his own, livelier speculations. "After we left, he'd say, 'Well, what'd you make of that pair?' "

"And she'd say, 'What sort of a girl would be out there visiting a fellow on her own?' "

" 'There's too many foreigners altogether in Dublin,' he'd say."

"No," Frances protested. "The man would take my part!"

"All right, then he'd say, 'She



wasn't at all bad—for a Yank.' "

"That's the ultimate insult," Frances said. "I read that somewhere."

"What is?"

"To tell an American he's *not* like other Americans." It occurred to her then that maybe she'd got off easy. Things were all right now—they were lazy and quiet, making a joke of the whole thing. This would be just another Sunday. Looking back on it, she'd hardly be able to distinguish it from the rest. "What did you have to drink?" she asked.

"Whiskey."

"It smells lovely."

Suddenly he picked her up and began to swing her around. The clouds swam in the sky, and when Frances closed her eyes they went on swimming inside her head. "Stop!" she shouted, but around and around he went, faster and faster. He seemed to be getting carried away. "Stop, stop, stop!" Frances cried. Finally he did stop, and put her down on the grass. She looked out at the Irish sky, so much bluer for being so seldom ever blue, and at the clouds, motionless again, huge and huddled together, like the mountains.

"Anyway, we'll be able to keep ourselves busy," he said, "won't we?"

EVEN for a man, Michael Callan was an extraordinarily irresponsible housekeeper, and each week when it came time to eat Frances would be fascinated and horrified at the condition of his kitchen. It was fascinating to try and match the Michael who was exacting in so many ways with this Michael who never cleaned the sink or the stove, never swept up; who let food flower into strange specimens of rottenness; who existed when at home chiefly on potatoes, bacon, and eggs, without getting, as Frances would have supposed, something like scurvy or rickets. *What was horrifying was that* she had to produce, on an ancient stove, from the odds and ends in the larder, the only meal either of them would be likely to have all Sunday. It satisfied a conviction of his—that a woman should be able to come up with something decent to eat no matter what ingredients or what equipment she was given, and that the less she had to work with the greater the glory if she succeeded. It also fitted in with his ideal of life in the country to sit down to what was called, in the country, a fry; and though Frances equally felt the charm of that meal, she never got the hang of making it seem either appetizing or adequate. Once, she had brought a cooked chicken from a shop on Leeson Street that had just put in a rotisserie; but he'd disapproved of the extravagance, which spoiled the treat and discouraged Frances from trying again.

Her inventory, late that afternoon, *of the low kitchen cupboard added up* to a package of tea; a loaf of bread, unwrapped, going stale; a wedge of butter on a dish; some bacon; a bag of tomatoes; and a bag of biscuits. She straightened up, listened for a moment to the sound of typing that was coming from the other room, and then called out, "There aren't any eggs. Is bacon and tomato all right?"

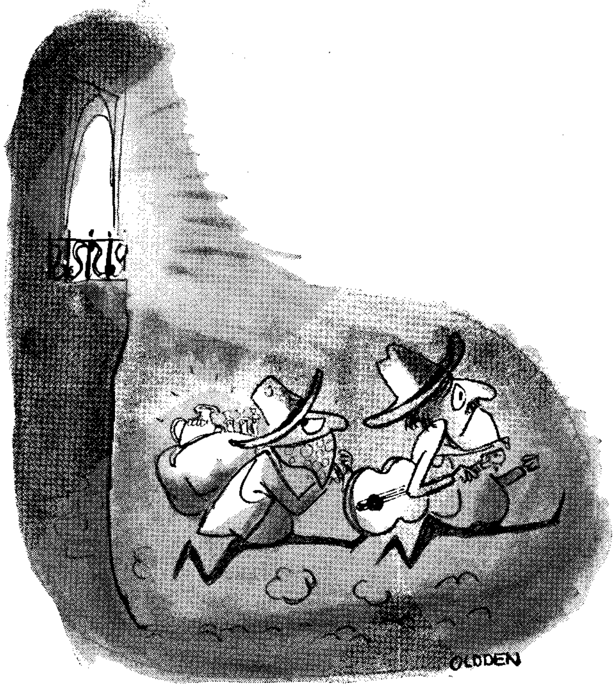
Typing still, he called back, "Whatever you decide."

She got the teakettle, filled it with water, and brought it over to the old stove, whose gawky legs seemed barely able to support the weight of the heavy body with its four greasy burners *that were so temperamental.* When she'd put the kettle on the left back burner, she got out the bacon and laid four strips on the frying pan which was already on the stove, in front of the kettle. Then she struck a match and put it to the front burner. The gas flared up, took the flame for a second, and then sputtered out with a pop. Frances lit another match, tried again, and again got the flare, the sputter, and the pop. The typing had stopped, but she was too busy to notice, and when she looked up and saw Michael Callan coming into the kitchen, she colored, partly out of surprise, more out of embarrassment. "I can't get used to this stove," she said.

He went over and turned on the gas, lit the two burners, and then leaned over and blew on them. The flames danced up. "That's what you do when it doesn't light," he said. "You blow on it. Listen to this."

While he read from his typescript, Frances went on, as she knew she was meant to and as quietly as possible, with what she had to do. She got out the dishes and the cutlery. She emptied the old tea leaves from the teapot into the garbage and rinsed out the pot. She cut four slices of bread from the loaf, discarding the first and stalest, got out the plate with the butter, and, after a hunt, found the salt and pepper, behind the glasses in the china cupboard. Only then did she notice that there was a smoky smell in the air. The frying pan! She dashed over and lowered the gas under the bacon, but the meat had already begun to go black, though the fat was still thick and moist. Frances turned the four slices over.

" 'In short,' " he was saying, " 'cultural life, which in the United Kingdom and on the Continent is at the mercy of every new and efficient movement, has remained true here in Ireland to its original impulses. By virtue of our geographical and his-



torical positions, our traditions, and, above all, our Roman Catholic Church, Ireland has retained her national integrity.' " He lowered the paper and looked at Frances.

Frances looked at him. "*Your* Roman Catholic Church?" She could never get over his approach to the Church—the mixture of wholehearted approval and almost total disregard (he thought nothing of skipping Mass) of rules that in Ireland were so strictly interpreted and so stringently enforced by the clergy as to set a great part of the Irish people to railing against their Roman Catholic Church.

"The Irish Church," he said, "is the only authentic branch of Catholicism in the world today."

The kettle was boiling. Frances was beginning to get flustered. "What about Italy?" she said as she turned the gas down under the kettle.

"You're not serious!"

Frances took the bacon from the frying pan and arranged it on their plates; then she cut two tomatoes and laid the halves on the pan to cook for a minute. She rinsed the pot with boiling water and put in four spoons of tea and filled it. "There's the Pope," she said.

"There's the Pope and not much else!"

She judged the tomatoes to be done and transferred them to the plates alongside the bacon. "Everything's ready," she said. The meal, assembled, seemed less even than its meagre parts. She said, "It doesn't look like much, does it?"

"It doesn't matter," he told her.

But Frances knew it did matter. She could feel his disapproval as he took the plates from her to bring them into the other room, where they always ate, and as she followed him there with the tea and the cups and saucers she knew what he was thinking of—the meal they might have had, the conversation, the wine. Perhaps it might even have led to contacts with newspapers around the country that might be able to use his articles. He set their plates down on the small table alongside the daybed, and since that left no room on the table, Frances put the tea things on the floor; then she went back to the kitchen for the bread and the butter, the salt and pepper. When she returned, he was sitting in the canvas chair facing the window. Frances sat down on the daybed, at the foot, passed him the bread and butter, and then, as though she were hiding evidence, began to dispose of the food on her plate. He ate his seriously and deliberately—the schoolmaster hearing a bad lesson. "The Church today," he said between mouthfuls, "is supported, Frances, by Irish devotion and American money."

He might have been right, for all Frances knew, and for all, at that particular moment, she cared. Rubbing her arms, she said, "There's a terrible draft in here. Are the windows closed tight?"

He threw his hands up in the air. "My door knocker! My stove! My windows! Next it'll be my floor—'It's too hard, Michael, get it carpeted.' Or the ceiling. How would you have me fix the ceiling, Frances? Shall I do it up like the Sistine Chapel?"

Frances laughed helplessly, blinking in the sudden radiance of his high spirits.

"The next time you come, I'll be up on a scaffold," he said.

"I'll help," she offered.

"You'll be splattered with paint."

"I'll get myself a nice smock."

"A nice smack, that's what you get." He reached across the table and hit her lightly, but at the same time he took her hand and made her come and sit in the chair with him. The canvas sagged, the frame creaked as he leaned back. "Relax," he said.

She said, "I can't. The chair won't hold us both."

"Get up a minute." She stood up and he drew her down again, this time to his lap. "Is that better?"

"Much better." Facing the window now, she saw that there were grey clouds crossing the sky. The green fields looked as though the sun had faded them, but the mountains were vividly dark. "Look," Frances said. "The mountains are almost black."

"There's an old Dublin saying, 'If you can see the mountains it's going to rain, and if you can't see the mountains, it's raining.' "

"That's true!"

"Of course," he said. "All old Dublin sayings are true."

"No, seriously," she said. "The mountains show at the end of my street. I've been noticing how they appear and disappear."

"Now when you see them you'll know it means rain."

"Sometimes you can make out the separate fields—the way they look from a plane, like patchwork."

He reached down, around her, and set up the cups and saucers on the floor; then, taking hold of the teapot, he began to fill their cups. Frances got up and took the plates out to the kitchen. "There ought to be some chocolate biscuits there," he called after her.

Frances quickly emptied the bag of biscuits onto a plate and went back to the other room. She gave him the plate and then, instead of sitting down, she went over to the window and drew the curtains back as far as they'd go. “They always make me sad,” she said.

“Chocolate biscuits?”

She looked over at him. “You're very mean.”

“No,” he said, “tell me. Why do the mountains make you sad?”

“I don't know. The way they're lying there. They look like animals.”

“Crouched and ready to spring.”

“No, I mean animals in the zoo.”

“The tea is good,” he said.

Frances looked over again. “I can't tell good tea from bad,” she said.

“Don't apologize, Frances.”

“I'm not apologizing,” she said. “I'm confiding in you.” Frances turned back to the window. The rain had begun, in a rush, and the glass was powdered with fine drops, like pinpricks. The soft rain, they called it, but it wasn't soft at all. It could drench you as thoroughly as any downpour, and even now, indoors, Frances suddenly felt chilled to the bone. She walked back to the daybed and sat down, beside the records, spread out there the way she'd left them earlier. Picking up the one that was borrowed, she asked him, “Do you mind if I play this?”

“No, go ahead,” he said. “It's a thing I like.”

Frances reached over, turned on the machine, and put the record on the turntable, but she set the needle, by mistake, past the beginning and the music broke out abruptly, seeming to protest, and then to repeat over and over, that the key to life was order—order, balance, discipline, attention to details, devotion to duty, the acceptance and application of all the necessary means and measures that moved the world along. As the room filled with stately and methodical sound, Frances grew uncomfortable and, after a while, irritated. “I don't *think* I like Mozart,” she said finally.

He pretended to be shocked—he was accepting no more confidences.

Frances said, “As a person, I mean.”

He smiled and tilted the canvas chair back. “I wonder where they ate,” he said thoughtfully.

Glad of an excuse, Frances reached over and turned down the volume of the record-player. “What?” she said.

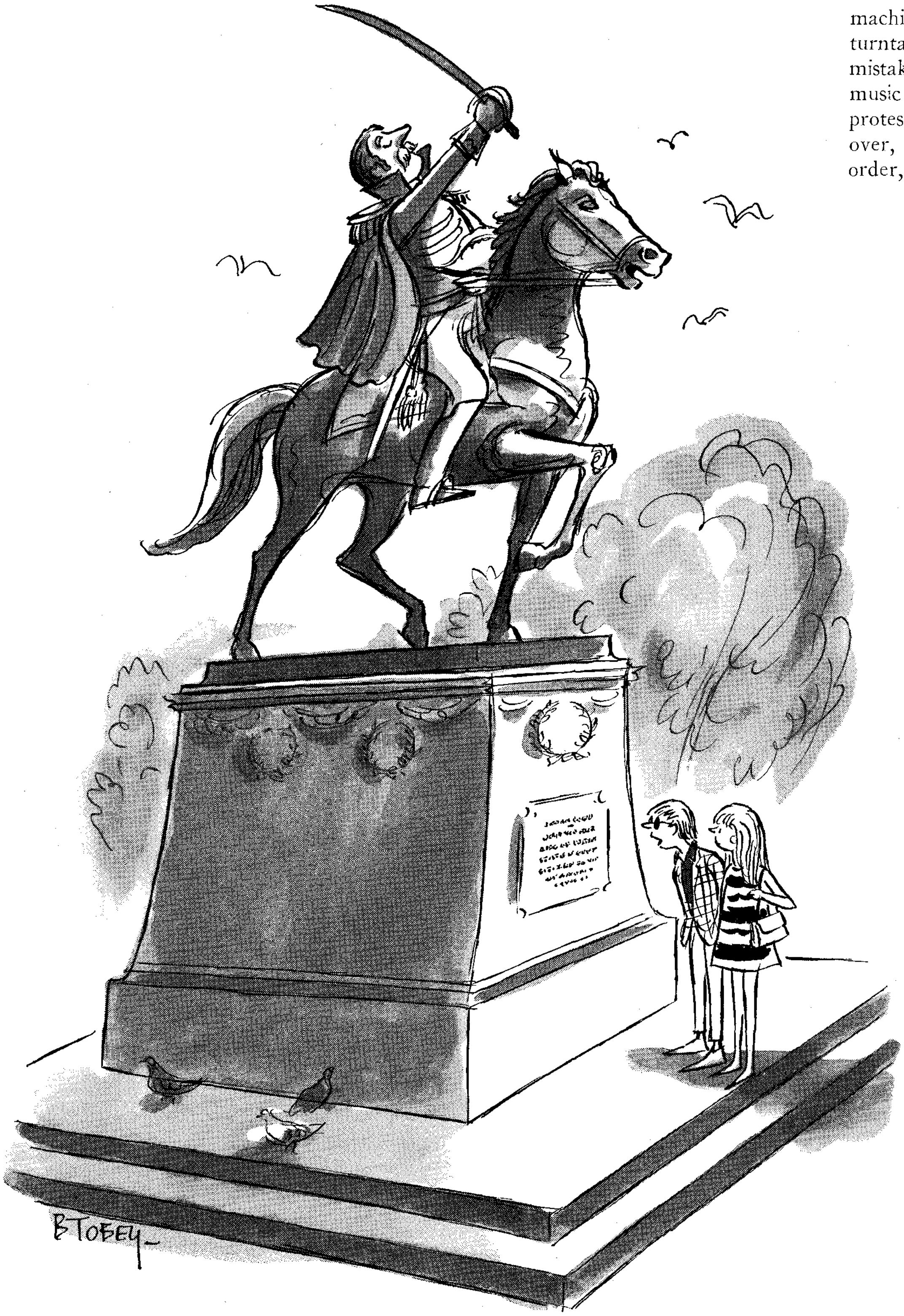
“I wonder where the Baldwins ate.”

She lifted her teacup in both hands for the warmth, but the cup was too hot to hold that way for long, and she had to put it down again. “Were they going into Dublin?” She cupped her hands over the steam that rose from the tea.

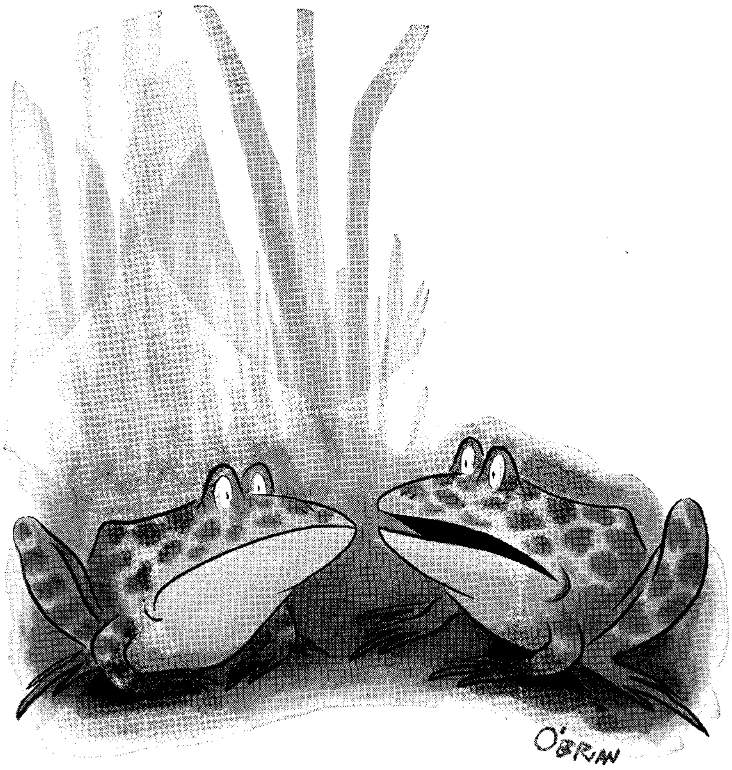
“No,” he said. “Somewhere like Enniskerry, but not there. I told you that.”

“I forgot,” she said, though she hadn't. She didn't forget the things he told her, but the more details she accumulated the less able she was to sort them into any kind of useful order.

“They mentioned the name of the restaurant, but I didn't catch it. If I had, we could have followed them.”



“Never heard of him.”



"Gee, that is tough! I don't mind too much, myself. I was just an ordinary workingman."

• •

"Wouldn't that have been a bit pushy?"

"Nonsense," he said. "They'd have been delighted. They were looking for company."

The record came to an end; the needle began to ride the grooves at the center, back and forth, on the same soundless circuit. Frances reached out and turned off the machine; then she leaned back on her elbows. In the opposite corner of the room was a fan-shaped light, not a lamp but a fixture, attached to the wall there, though it would have been better placed in the center of the ceiling. That was the way with Irish houses. They were full of inconveniences, and so many were ugly besides, like the dark brick houses on Ranelagh Road. And like the awful cement houses somewhere near here—the ones they'd seen the first Sunday, when they'd gone for a walk. She had cooked a real meal that day—spaghetti with salad, and, afterward, she had made coffee. They'd each had a glass of white wine, but she hadn't finished hers. "Do you not want the rest of your wine?" he'd asked. She remembered saying, "I don't think so." They left it behind and set out for the mountains, but somehow they'd got lost and ended up wandering through street after street of terrible concrete houses, all alike, though each one had struck them fresh, worse than the last. The day had been cold and clear. He'd had no gloves, and put his hand in her coat pocket, so that as they walked along they bumped against each other; walking and walking, laughing at the houses, until it began to grow late and dark, and he'd had to ask some boys who were playing ball to direct them to a bus stop. She was meeting someone else in Dublin for dinner. He had kept his hand in her pocket until she boarded the bus. She stumbled climbing the high step, and looked back from the bus, laughing with embarrassment, but he hadn't been laughing at her. How different it was now, she thought. How simple their program had become, and how confused everything else was.

"We would have got nice and drunk," he said, "and then we would have come back here and been nice and close."

"I don't get drunk," she said. "And we're never close."

He was so quick she hardly knew he'd moved when he was lifting her up and swinging her around again. "Let go!" she cried. "Let me go!" She hit at his back, but he held her up higher so that her fists fell not on him but on the air around him. When at last he set her down on the daybed, Frances lay perfectly still, as quiet as, a moment before, she'd been furious, though just as her fury had been partly put on, so was the quiet. It was also short-lived.

"I thought the Reidys might have to ask me to lunch," he said, stroking the inside of her arm.

"The ones who had you over for drinks?" She could have answered that question, too.

"Yes," he said.

She would remember them, those Reidys.

"It was half past one by the time we left. You could hear the table being set somewhere, and you could smell the roast. It smelled like lamb."

If the Reidys had asked him to lunch, would he have refused? Frances saw herself reading a note pinned to the front door, or worse, raising and lowering the knocker, again and again, on an empty house.

"A girl came late, just as we were going, and they had to invite her to dinner. She said she'd just eaten, but they couldn't let her turn right around and leave."

Dark-red hair, green eyes, a few pale freckles, a soft laugh. "Maybe she sat in the living room while they ate, waiting for them to finish," Frances said sharply. "Or maybe she went in and sat at the table watching them eat."

That seemed to cheer him up, to make him less distracted than he'd been all day.

"And all through lunch they had to keep saying, 'Are you sure you won't take something?,' and she'd say, 'Thanks awfully, but I couldn't touch a thing.' And they'd say, 'But you'll have a bit of the sweet later on, won't you?' "

"She sat on and on! They'll never be rid of her!"

"And she had to eat trifle. Or Queen of Puddings. Or apple tart with custard—the inevitable custard."

He laughed happily, able at last to feel that he'd missed nothing, that he had even shown a certain independence that might stand in his favor. But Frances wasn't enjoying her success at the joke. It had come too late. In the light of the Sunday they'd missed, this Sunday and all the others had failed to measure up.

"It's as well so we didn't go out," he said.

Frances looked past him, over his shoulder, out the rain-streaked window at the grey and green landscape, blurred and thick-looking, like a face swollen with crying.

"Think of all we would have missed," he said.

Frances turned her head away, touching her cheek to the rough tweed fabric of the daybed cover. "I wonder," she said after a minute, "what they had to eat."

—ELIZABETH CULLINAN

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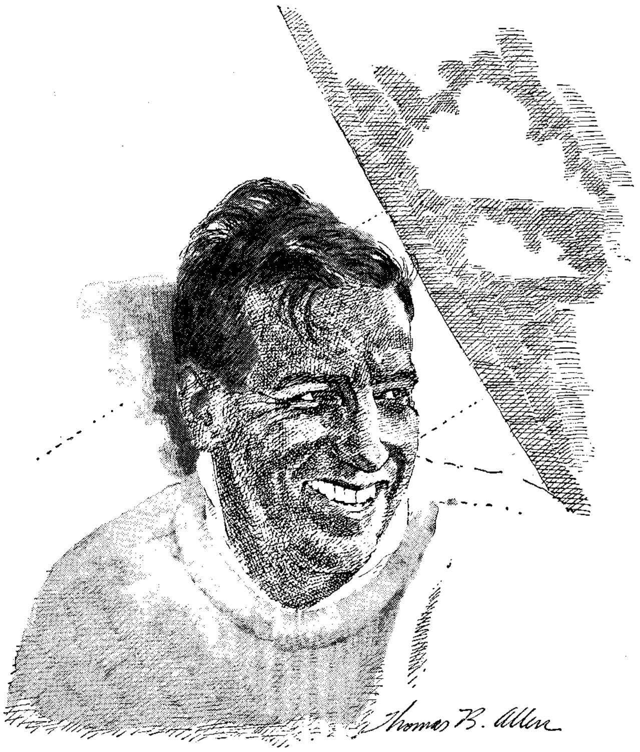
If the Interior Department, which wants eventually to turn the Kenilworth site into a park, would agree to permit the truth to be heaped up in piles, thus making the area rolling rather than flat, the capacity of Kenilworth could be increased.—*Washington Evening Star.*

We've tried it. Much too exhausting.

PROFILES

SAILMAKER



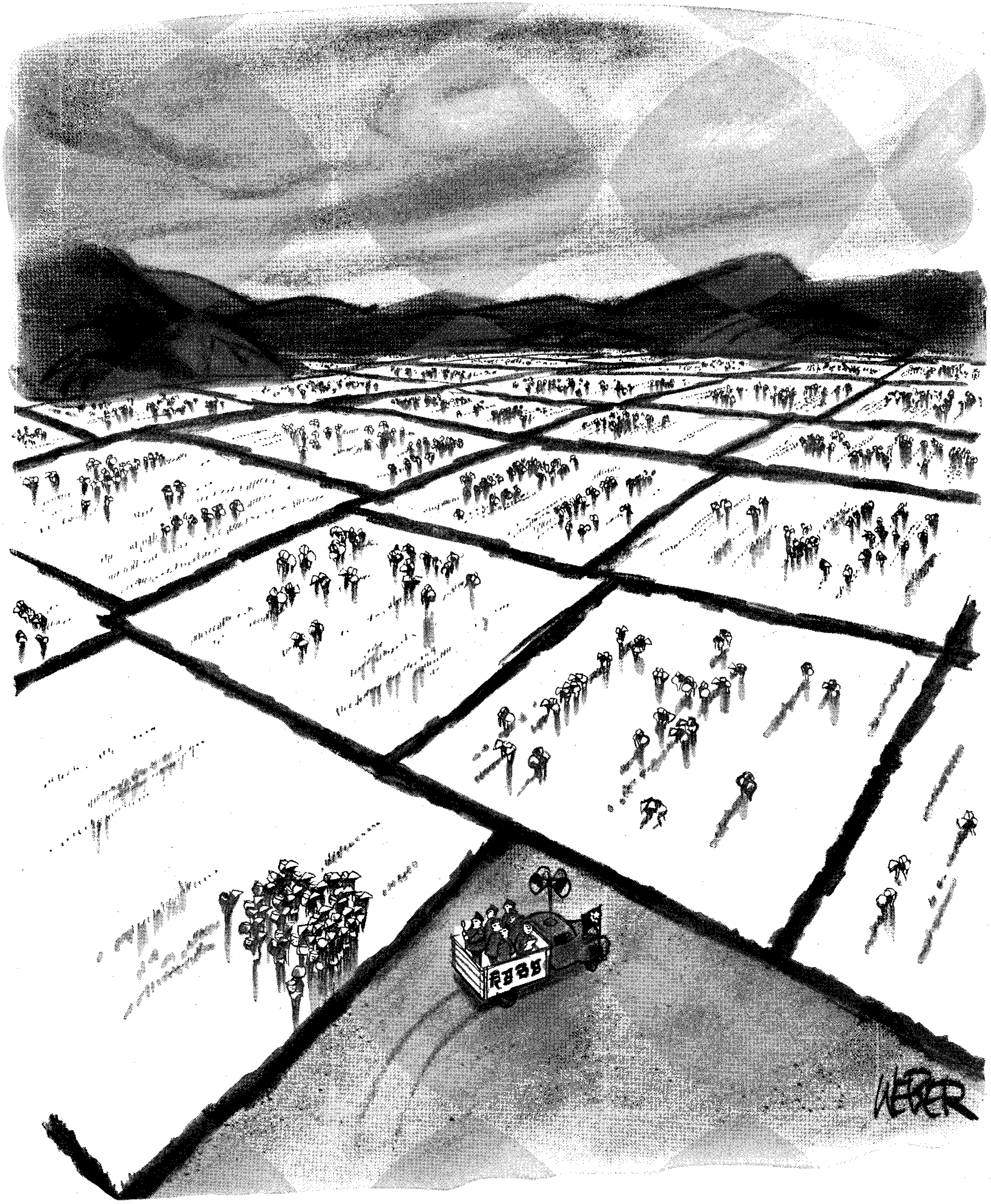
Frederick E. Hood

IN the calm of early summer mornings, the boats in Marblehead Harbor, twenty miles north of Boston, squat complacently on their own reflections, their mooring pennants slack, like the reins of horses drooped over a fence, their masthead burgees wound tight, and their bows pointing this way and that, as if they were collectively ready for the wind from whatever direction it cared to come. And when it comes, generally from the southwest, an advance guard of ripples fans out from the docks of the big houses and clubs on Marblehead Neck. Then, the fans merging, the water becomes a solid, thick-piled carpet, and the boats—which include lobster boats but are mainly sailing yachts of all sizes, from small catboats to powerful ocean racers—pivot into the wind. Their halyards and rigging start to hum lightly, their mast tips make small circles, and their burgees fly. In an instant, rowing dinghies appear from the docks and piers that edge the harbor. Outboards leave a trail of gray exhaust as they speed their complements of young people (chores or tennis rackets discarded) to the waiting boats. Sail stops are cast off. There is a rattle of luff slides in mast tracks, the clack of winches on larger craft, and the impatient sound of shaking sails. The Widgeons, Brutal Beasts, Lightnings, Indians, One-Tens, Two-Tens, and Internationals drop their moorings and split tacks with one another or reach toward the harbor entrance, between Fort Sewall, on the town side, and the lighthouse, on the tip of Marblehead Neck. In an age when airline pilots at ten thousand feet above the northeast coast complain of poor visibility because of fumes rising from all the engines that man has devised to keep him in motion, Marblehead on a summer morning furnishes some proof that we are still interested in motion freely brought about by propping up in the air itself a spar and several pieces of cloth—a form of motion that, if not silent, is full of natural sounds, orchestrated into a siren song that catches some men in their childhood and never lets go.

Certainly Marblehead is one part of the background of Frederick E. Hood, a self-taught sailmaker, known to friends and brief acquaintances alike as Ted, whose sails will power most of the Twelve-Metre yachts contending for the right to defend the America's Cup this September. Hood's seventeen-year-old firm, in Marblehead, now makes more than a million dollars' worth of sails a year, but in the eyes of sailors his real success is that he is able to spend roughly half his working year on boats, his own or other people's, testing his own sails, adjusting those of his customers, racing off Florida, Block Island, or the Danish coast, and even—for some, the pleasure most difficult to arrange of all—going for a Sunday sail with his four children or quietly cruising with his wife to Nantucket or Abaco.

Hood was forty last May. His wife, Sue, said recently, "I'd never before heard him mention his age to anyone, but when someone asked him a week before his birthday how old he was, he said at once, 'I'm thirty-nine.' " He is six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds, a good part of it in arm and shoulder muscles that would suit a pro fullback. Bus Mosbacher, the Twelve-Metre helmsman for whom Hood crewed on Vim in the America's Cup campaign of 1958, remembers one occasion when Ted, winching up the genoa, actually loosened the bolted-down winch. Hood looks as if he were just out of high school. He has a long and somewhat bumpy nose, a withdrawn chin, large teeth that seem particularly white because they are framed by skin that is generally windburned or tanned, and straight dark hair that gives the impression of having been just combed with water—it stands up in separate shocks here and there. When people are talking to him, he has a way of sticking a thumbnail between two teeth or running a finger along one side of his nose or taking an imaginary bite at something in the air or blinking deliberately—all these being gestures that allow him to stave off saying anything himself. The late Everett Morris, who covered yachting events for the late *Herald Tribune*, once said that Hood put him in mind of Calvin Coolidge, another Yankee who was economical with words. A girl who was applying to Hood for a job as a secretary got so agonized at the long silences during their interview that she finally began telling him what questions to ask her. "There was nothing unusual about Ted as a boy," says his father, Stedman Hood, a retired research engineer who talks a great deal. "But, come to think of it, I guess he never did say much."

Silence is a quality that has been no disadvantage to Hood on the water. In a sport where wild tempers flare, and so does the language, he is regarded as a curious exception. His nerves are never exposed, there is never any chatter, gush, or heartiness, and he never raises his voice. Or hardly ever. Hood and his brother, Bruce, sometimes yell at their father, whom they call Professor, when he races with them, but it is a form of family humor; the Hoods are a very close-knit clan, and the Professor, a patriarchal engineering genius, has done much to insure the success of his sons' business enterprises. (Bruce runs a company that makes molded-foam products, and his brother is a partner



"First of all, let me say it's a nice little rice paddy you have here."

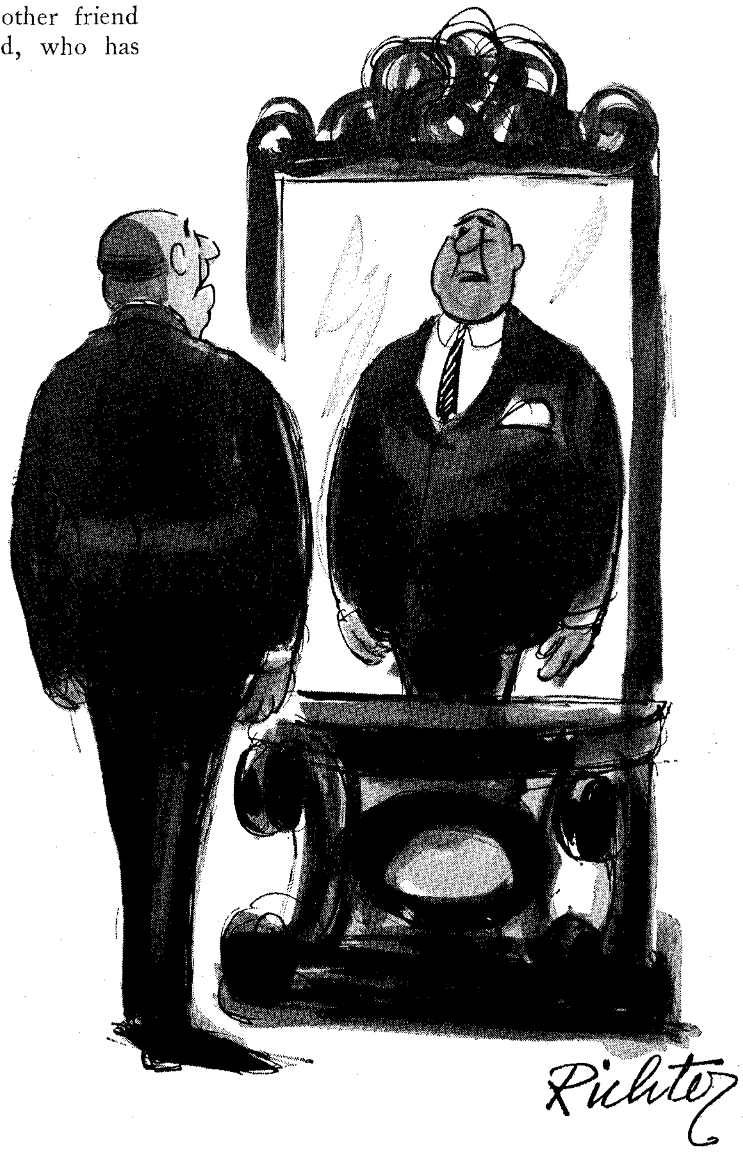
in it.) In a race, the Professor, who is always ready with tactical and technical advice, is really confident only when Ted is at the wheel. Two winters ago, in a race in Florida waters, Mosbacher was at the helm of the Hood craft. When the Professor is ashore, he is the first to admit that Mosbacher is one of the greatest helmsmen in the world, but on this occasion he felt that the boat wasn't going properly, and he began to mutter—at first under his breath and finally loud enough for everyone to hear—"Put Ted back at the wheel." Mosbacher diplomatically relinquished the helm.

Mosbacher has sailed not only with Hood but against him, losing to him in the 1956 North American men's sailing championship for the Mallory Cup, and defeating him in the 1962 contest for the defense of the America's Cup. Mosbacher says, "With Ted, the quietness works. He establishes a mood in which a crew pulls together. Moreover, sailing a boat properly to windward requires immense concentration; it is a continuous act of observation and judgment. Ted does this naturally—the way he breathes." George O'Day, who grew up in Marblehead in the same generation of dedicated young sailors, and who, like Hood, has made his life and living in sailing, said not long ago, "Ted is an absolute individualist. I'm not sure he has ever read the rule book. He's probably the worst starter and the best upwind sailor in the world. A couple of years ago, Ted, Bus, and I were at an M.I.T. symposium on sailing, and the moderator asked us, in turn, about starting tactics in a given situation. Bus said that he would like to start at the windward end of the line, as close to the committee boat as he could get. I said, aggressively, that I'd like to start on Bus's lee bow, giving him dirty wind. Teddy said, 'I'd like to be down at the leeward end of the line, a long way from those two guys, with clear air.' " Bradley Noyes, another friend of Hood's from childhood, who has raced with him in championships and cruised with him on the Noyes yawl Tioga, says, "Everybody sails a smart race when he's winning. But if Ted gets a bad start or a bad wind shift, he goes on sailing as if he were out in front. He's got terrific drive." Tioga gave an early boost to Hood's sailmaking career. In 1954, when Hood had been in business just four years and still had only a local reputation north of Boston, Noyes campaigned Tioga, outfitted with a complete suit of Hood sails, in a series of nineteen races, of which she won sixteen. On the New York Yacht Club Cruise, which attracts most of the crack ocean-racing yachts of the Eastern seaboard, Tioga won six out of seven. Not long afterward, a competing skipper exclaimed to Noyes, "I've finally worked it out! I know Tioga is a good boat, but she isn't *that* good. I reckon you are an all-right skipper, but you're not *that* hot. It has to be her sails. Tell me who made them."

"SAILMAKING," wrote Ernest A. Ratsey and W. H. de Fontaine in their standard textbook, "Yacht Sails, Their Care & Handling," "remains an art which is handed down from generation to generation." Until this generation, that statement was true. The skill of making a boat move by wind power has been slowly acquired in the last few thousand years, and although the Chinese seem to have been expert at it early on, men in the West took a long time to progress beyond the knowledge that holding their shields above their heads helped their craft move before the wind. In the Middle Ages, ships with leather or flaxen sails managed to navigate across the wind, at ninety degrees to it, but it is only in the last five hundred years that European man has learned to sail a boat more or less *into* the wind. And only in this century has that skill been refined to such a point that a Twelve Metre yacht can tack in an arc of seventy-two degrees, which is to say that it can proceed to windward in zigzag fashion, first at thirty-six degrees on one side of the wind and then at thirty-six degrees on the other—and often at a speed of eight knots, which is probably faster than the speed of the Santa Maria being blown before a whole gale.

One innovation that permitted a boat to sail closer to the wind was the Bermuda rig—also called the Marconi or jib-headed rig. It originated in the early-nineteenth-century Bermuda sloops, which had triangular, or leg-of-mutton, mainsails without the then customary gaff to hold the head of the sail aloft, but it was not until 1916 that the first serious attempts to adapt the rig to modern craft were made, in Marblehead. Using an R-Class racing yacht, Professor George Owen, of M.I.T., tested triangular sails and tall, thin spars that were so stiffened with struts and guy wires that they resembled Marconi radio towers. Owen soon convinced his competitors that the new rig was far superior to the old—at any rate, for racing craft—since with it a boat could sail much closer to the wind. Apart from allowing a boat to get around a racing course so much faster than its gaff-rigged sisters, the rig helped satisfy the urge that most sailors have to sail a boat upwind as close and fast as possible—an unspoken urge, with some, to sail a boat into the very eye of the wind.

In the making of sails, canvas derived from cotton (preferably Egyptian cotton) supplanted flax in the mid-nineteenth century. In the eighteen-eighties, the British yachting sage Dixon Kemp wrote, "In 1851 the yacht America came here, and the superiority of the cut, make, and sit of her cotton canvas revolutionised sailmaking in England." Even cotton had drawbacks, though. Harold Vanderbilt, skipper of Enterprise and var-



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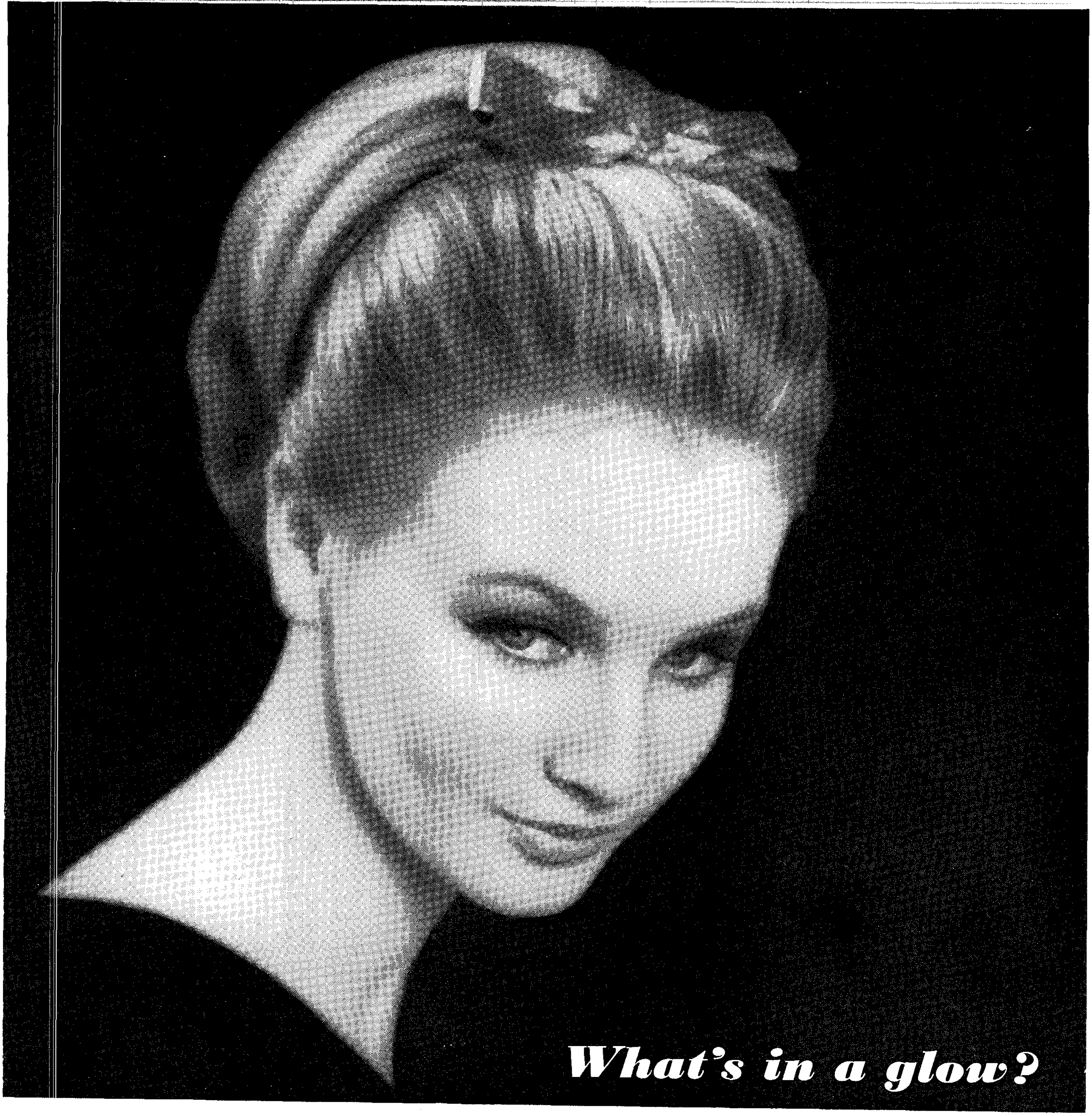
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ious other successful defenders of the cup that America brought back from her visit to England, wrote in his book "Enterprise," "A Marconi [cotton] sail stretches more rapidly when new than later on. If the wind is moderate or steady, a comparatively new sail is as good as any other in a race, but if it breezes on, it will stretch and lose its shape rapidly. Our No. 5 mainsail was a fine sail, but it was not ripe for the first trial race [with Weetamoe, in 1930]." However, Enterprise used this mainsail in the trial match—a hard race that she just won—and although at the end of the race the sail was severely misshapen, it had recovered its form by the time Enterprise reached harbor in Newport. "Such are the idiosyncrasies of these large Marconi sails," Vanderbilt wrote. And even small cotton sails had to be treated with care; lashings and outhauls had to be loosened after every use, and the sails had to be covered and uncovered as the weather changed. Skippers in Long Island Sound who were flying their best suits of light-weather sails would sometimes withdraw from a race if it came on to rain, and would stow the sails in the cabin until the sun came out again; if they lost their shape while wet, they were permanently done for. The introduction of synthetic sail fabric in the early nineteen-fifties was a great boon to sailors. It was a particular boon to Ted Hood.

"Ted was born in May," says his father, "so he was about a month old before the yachting season began and we got him into a boat. I think he missed that month—he's been trying to make up for it ever since. Bruce, like most boys, had periods when he wanted to be doing other things, but Ted, from his first voyages in a basket in the bottom of the cockpit, never wanted to do anything but go sailing." The Hoods were living then in Danvers, a manufacturing town eight miles inland from Marblehead. The Professor worked for the Monsanto Chemical Corporation, in nearby Everett, and the Hoods kept their boat—a cross between a Friendship sloop and a Bristol Channel pilot cutter—on the Danvers River. In 1933, they replaced it with an R-boat of the kind that Professor Owen had used—a longer, leaner, and faster craft called Shrew. Ted by this time had six years of sailing behind him. "We used to go out off Marblehead on Sunday afternoons, and the whole horizon would be trimmed with boats," the Professor says. "Ted would point to

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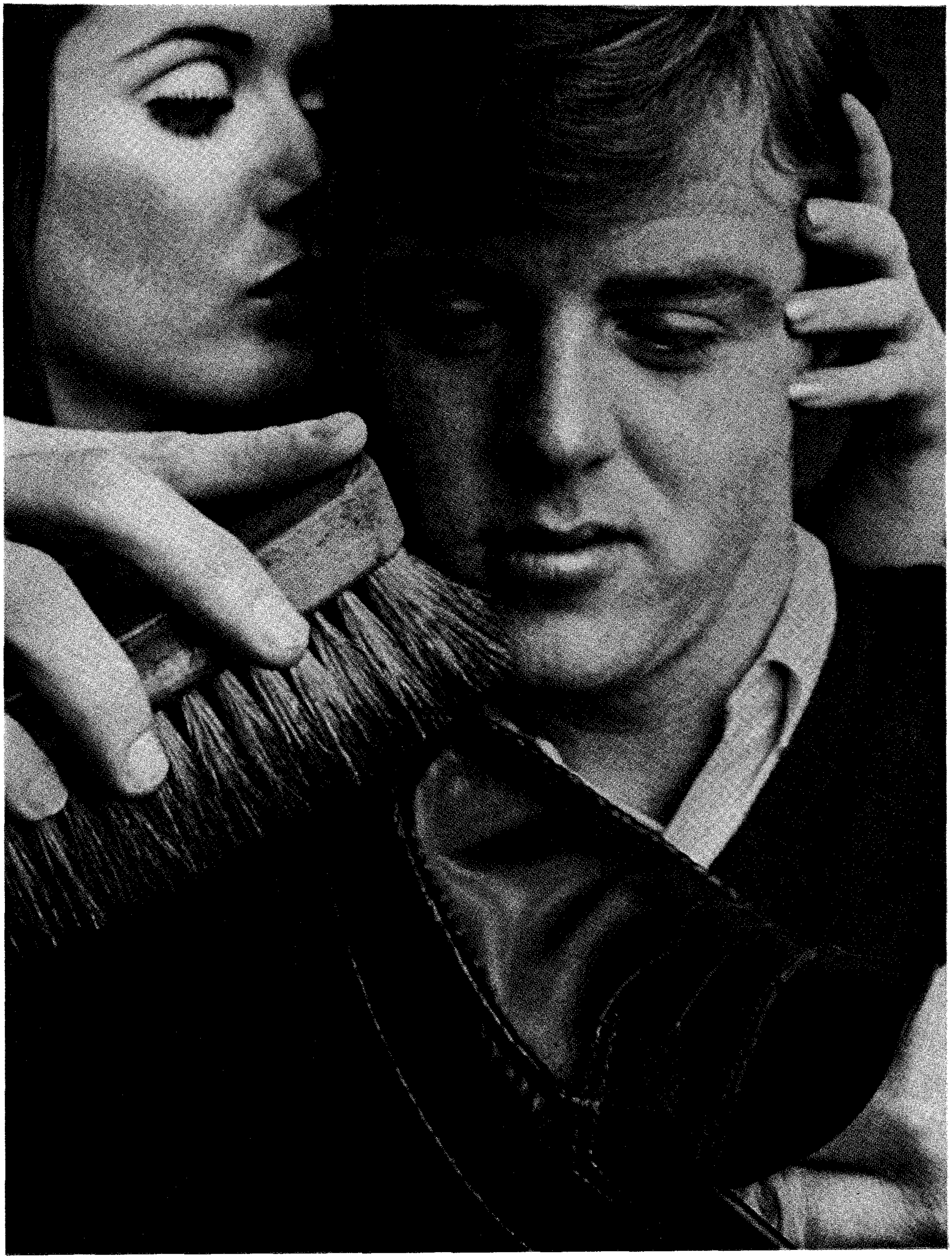

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one so far away that you could barely see it and say, 'That's the Andiamo.' Sure enough, when we drew closer, it would be the Andiamo. He'd recognized the rig." In 1937, after the America's Cup races of that year, there occurred in Marblehead Harbor the last assembly of the huge J-boats—six times the size of the largest current racing boat, the Twelve Metre. On hand were Whirlwind, Vanitie, Ranger, and the two British contenders, Endeavour I and Endeavour II, together with the big steam yachts that accompanied them. It was a sight that none of the Hoods have ever forgotten. "All the kids managed to sneak aboard one yacht or another," says the Professor. "What impressed them at that age were the gold faucets." Ted also remembers that Tommy Sopwith, whose Endeavour II had just been defeated in the Cup races by Harold Vanderbilt's Ranger, took on Vanderbilt and seven other notable local helmsmen in two races held in the fairly primitive twelve-foot cat-rigged skiffs called Brutal Beasts, and won them both.

Ted's first boat was more primitive still—a flat-bottomed rowboat, seven feet long and five feet wide, which, when he was nine, he converted into a sailboat, fitting a mast and a centerboard, and using a hand-me-down piece of canvas for a sail. "She was nice and wide," he says with a grin, perhaps because he now has a reputation as a designer with a liking for boats with plenty of beam. "In fact, she had so much stability she was the only small boat in Marblehead Harbor that you could take out in a northeast gale." Still, there were days when sailing was impossible, and on such days, housebound, he drew boats—never castles, cars, animals, or people. He drew profiles of boats, plans of boats, and interiors of boats. One of his interior layouts, for a fifty-footer, contained almost every conceivable adjunct to comfortable living, and the Professor remembers trying, without avail, to convince him that you couldn't possibly cram all that stuff into a boat and still make it sail. At thirteen, Ted designed and built his own strip-planked twelve-footer, laying on two or three planks every day after school. He called her Doohdet and raced her in Marblehead Harbor against orthodox class boats. In the amount of time the other young skippers spent contemplating the name on her transom as she sailed away from them, they were able to work out that it was "Ted Hood" spelled backward. On Doohdet, Ted was rarely satisfied with the same rig for long. He tried

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out all sorts of spars and sails, and one weird-looking mast even had a double set of spreaders and jumper struts, reminiscent of a J-boat.

This kind of tinkering was nothing new in the Hood family. Ted's grandfather, who lived with them in the Danvers house, was an electrical engineer and inventor; he owned more than a hundred patents, and had been working on a self-starter for automobile engines when Charles Kettering perfected his. The Professor had a workshop in the cellar, and there all three generations constructed gadgets and fittings for whatever boats they had at the time. Ted, whose grades at school ranged from average to below average, and who was, and is, a terrible speller, may have received a little more encouragement in these home skills-and-crafts sessions than his younger brother, Bruce, who was a good student. The Professor took pleasure in Ted's natural talent with tools and materials. "Once, we had to fit a new garboard plank to Shrew," he says. "It was a really tricky place, with all kinds of curve and twist and bevel—the sort of place where an average shipwright would ruin two or three planks before he got the right fit. Ted looked at it, planed the wood, looked at it again, and did some more planing. Then he put it to the hull, and it went in perfectly. It was nice to give him things to do. His eye and his hands were so well connected." So were his ears and his feet. Although unenthusiastic about most school sports, he went with no more than initial reluctance to Miss Harriet James's dancing school at Hamilton Hall, in Salem, where, after a few weeks, he was appointed assistant instructor in the Viennese waltz.

One result of the hurricane that swept across New England in 1938 was that the Professor was able to buy relatively cheap a forty-foot Rhodes cutter, named Narwhal, that had been blown from her moorings and extensively damaged. As rebuilt by the Hoods in the course of several winters, she became not only a fairly successful racer in local events but a summer home afloat. During the war years, they kept her moored all season in Marblehead Harbor and lived aboard her; because of rationing, there was not enough gas to permit much driving back and forth to Danvers. Living on Narwhal helped Ted deal with the fact that his family was not as well-off as the families of many of his Marblehead friends. Although Mrs. Hood was a member of a distinguished New Bedford whaling family, its fortunes had

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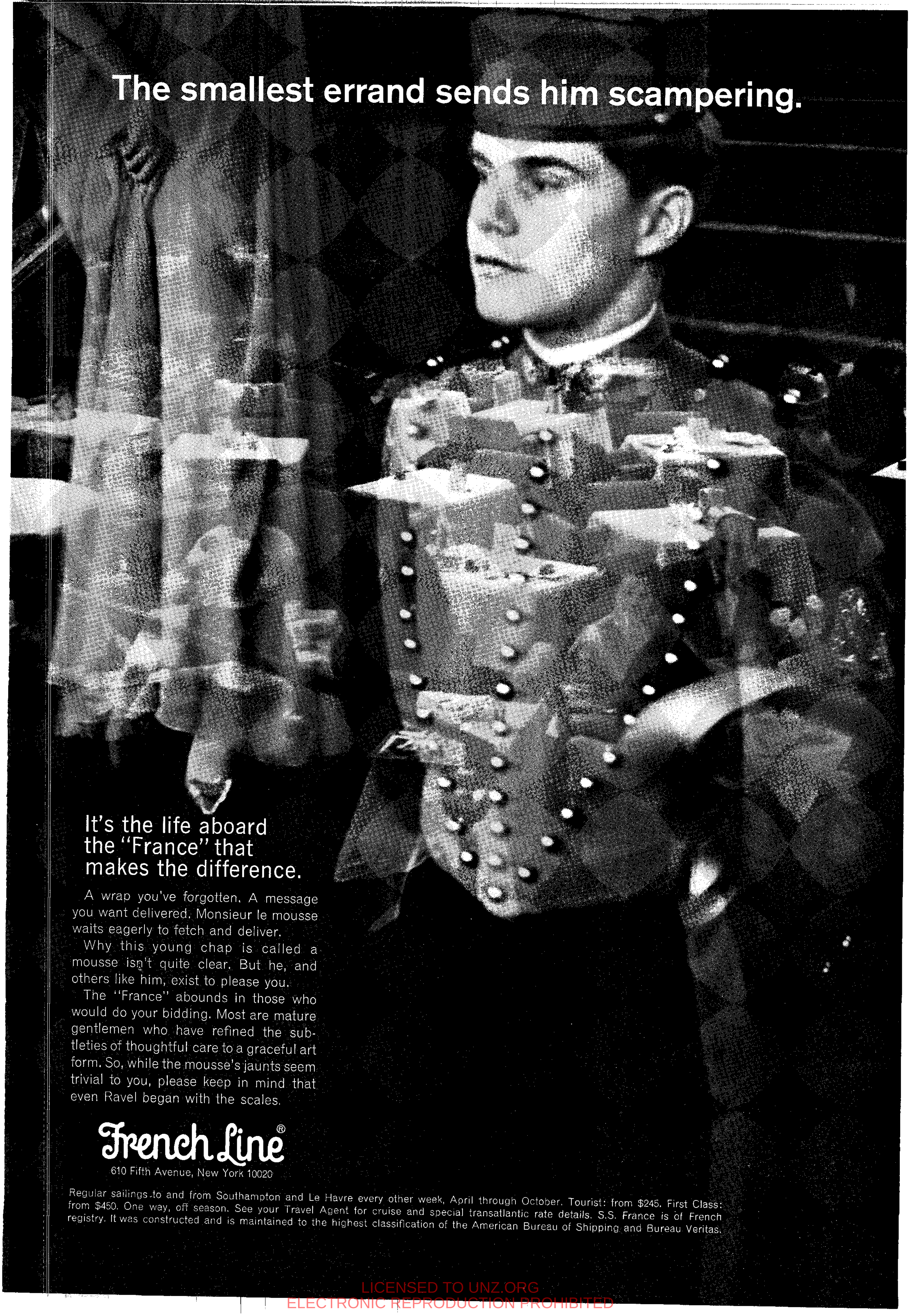

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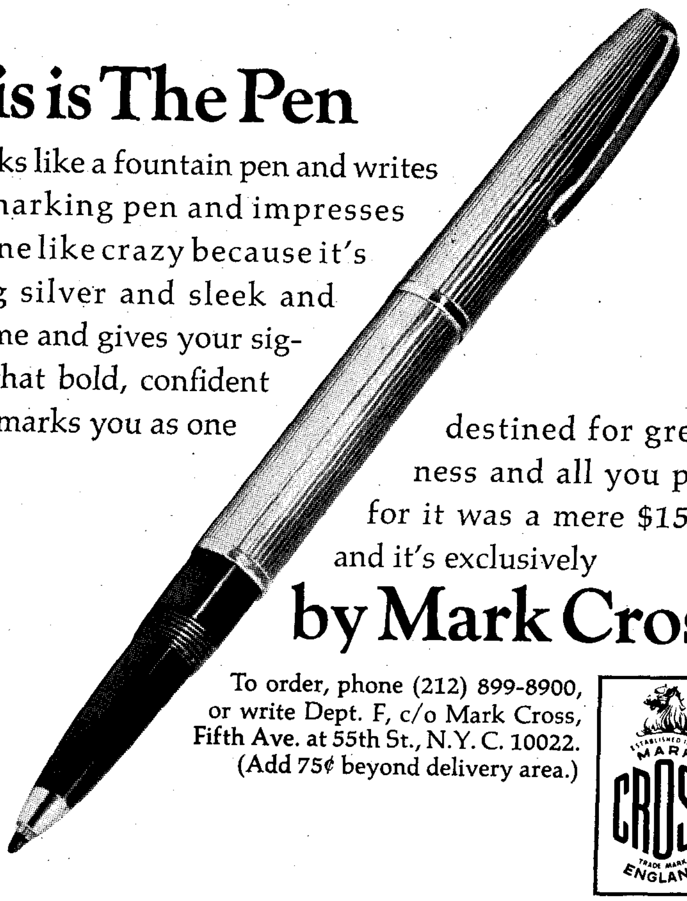

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been invested in textiles just before a severe depression hit that industry, and the Professor and his wife considered themselves make-and-do rather than well-to-do. Ted rowed ashore to summer jobs on mornings when his friends were playing tennis, swimming, and sailing. He rebuilt porches, mended fences, and worked at a boatyard on repair jobs. One summer, in partnership with Bradley Noyes, he bought an old twenty-foot lobster boat and went into the lobstering business. They built sixty traps, but by the end of the summer, when they went back to school, they were down to twenty, the forty others having been cut loose by professionals who didn't see any need for young amateur competition. Hood is still proud that the venture, despite these trials, paid off. By Labor Day, they had sold enough lobsters to cover the cost of bait, traps, and the boat, for which they had paid two hundred and eighty-five dollars. They then sold the boat for three hundred and fifty, which was thus clear profit. Hood has now sold more boats than he can properly remember—very few of them at a loss—but the lobster-boat deal continues to sit clear in his memory.

When the Hoods came in from Narwhal in the fall of 1943, they made their winter quarters in a four-bedroom brown shingle house that the Professor had bought on Marblehead Neck's Ocean Avenue. A short garden ran to the edge of a forty-foot cliff overlooking the sea. To the left, the horizon ran around to Thatcher's Light, just visible at the tip of Cape Ann. To the right extended the coastline of Massachusetts Bay, past Nahant, Boston Harbor, Hingham, and Scituate. Directly offshore, where in peacetime the Marblehead fleets raced on their outside courses, convoys formed and moved slowly out to sea. In the fall, from his bedroom window, Ted could watch the ducks and geese coming down the Atlantic flyway. In 1945, he was called into the Navy, going first to navigation school and then, for a year, serving on a tugboat that towed equipment barges between the Washington Navy Yard and the Aberdeen Proving Ground. "I was the only seaman on board," he recalls. "The rest of the crew were chiefs and officers, so I did all the work. I painted the whole tug several times over." When he got out of the Navy, two years later, he was, for the first time in his life, a little disenchanted with the water, and he signed up at Wentworth Institute, a Boston engineering school, thinking that he would become a private

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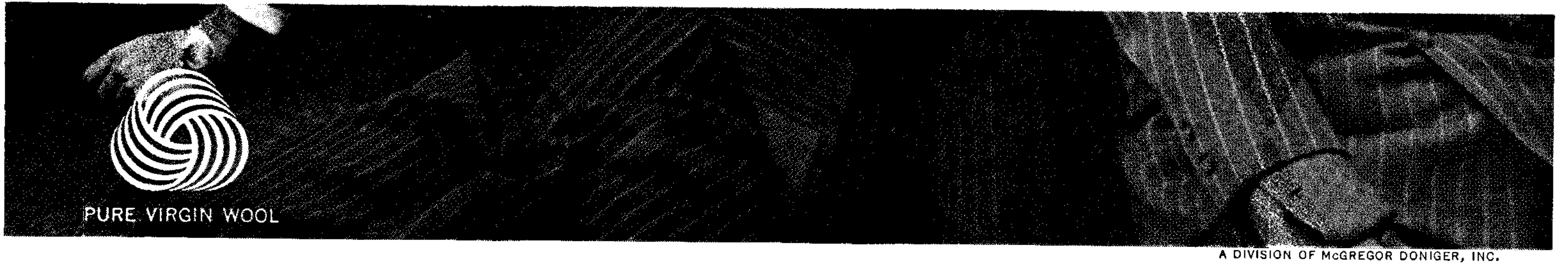

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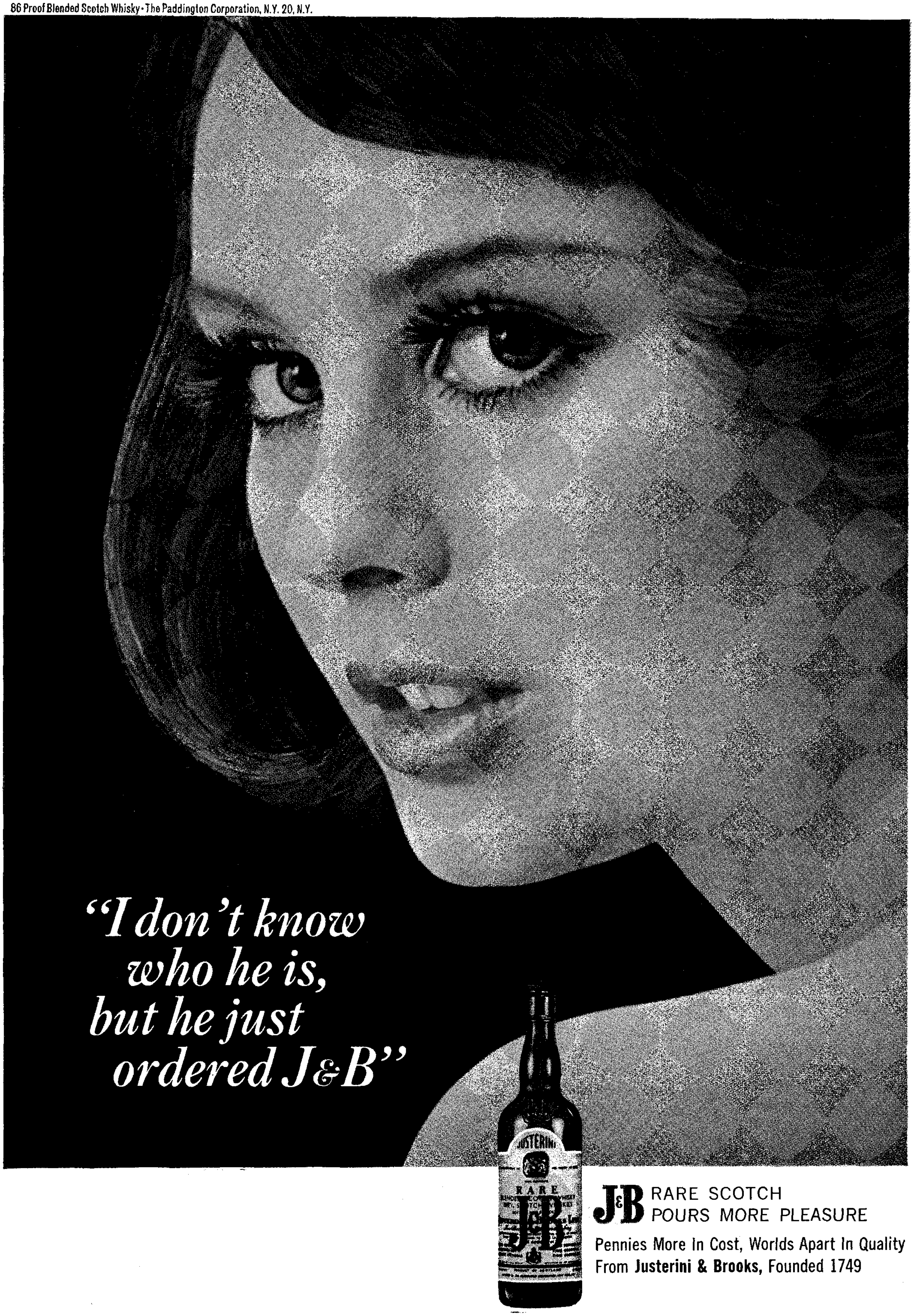
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builder and contractor. The family was pinching pennies at the time—Bruce was then at M.I.T.—and no one complained when Ted decided to help raise his own tuition money by repairing sails in his spare moments. Having read quickly through a copy of "Sailmaking Made Easy" (which the Professor had bought many years before for advice on recutting the Shrew's sails), he borrowed his grandmother's fifty-year-old Singer sewing machine, installed it in his bedroom, and hustled up some orders.

It wasn't long before Ted was improving sails as well as repairing them. If a sail was brought to him for a little restitching, he liked to take it completely apart and put it back together discreetly recut and reshaped. He enjoyed the feel of the cotton canvas in his hands and the smell of the seizing twine that helped hold grommets, hanks, and snap hooks in place, and there was a physical satisfaction in working with steel needle and leather palm, carrying the thread through several heavy layers of cloth. He soon came to the conclusion that sailmaking had been made all too easy for most sailmakers—cotton's ability to stretch and fall into place camouflaged the pucker of poorly cut cloth and the sloppiness of poor sewing—and when he made his own first suits of sails he took no easy ways out.

Despite the family's financial strain, the Hood brothers were working their way up through the Marblehead racing fleet. With an old Brutal Beast, bought for a hundred dollars, they won the championship of the top division, and then sold the boat for four hundred. A dilapidated 110-Class fin keeler was purchased with the proceeds, and in it, after it had been fixed up and properly tuned, Bruce became class champion. Ted—who has always thought that his brother is the better racing skipper—crewed for him, for Bradley Noyes, and for local aces like Johnny Marvin, who later won a silver medal at the Melbourne Olympics. In 1949, when he was twenty-two and Bruce was in the Army, Ted took over the helm of an International One-Design called Princess—a slippery thirty-three-foot racing sloop that had replaced Narwhal. For it he made a new suit of sails, moving down to the living room at Ocean Avenue to get the required space, and with it he won the season's championship. Thereafter, through the early nineteen-fifties, the Hoods generally won the championship, with Ted at the helm and Bruce, his father, or his mother crewing for him. They won it

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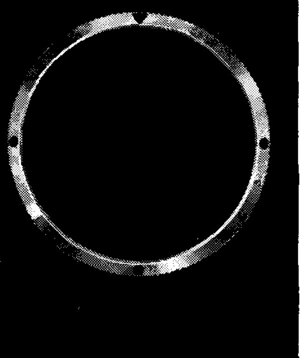
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three years in a row, and one year they won thirteen consecutive races. In the end, surfeited with silver trophies, they quit, because their success had demoralized the class; people weren't bothering to turn out for races they didn't seem to have a chance of winning.

As a result of Princess's success, people began to come to Hood asking for a similar suit of sails. Obviously, the rest of the family had *some* claim to the living room, so Hood took to carrying bundles of sailcloth to Abbott Hall, a town building used for meetings and dances. There, if no organization had booked the hall for the evening, he would spread out his cloth, cut and shape the panels, and then tack them together for stitching at home. On other evenings, he used the high-school gym or the ballroom of the Corinthian Yacht Club. After a year and a half of this, with seven hundred dollars net profit in his account, he decided to rent a loft in an alley off State Street, which leads down to the Marblehead waterfront. There he hung out a sign: "Frederick E. Hood, Sailmaker."

At the time, Hood had most of the qualms of any young man going into business for himself; he thought he would give it a year or so and see if his success petered out. Now he realizes that there was no better time to have gone into sailmaking, because the whole trade had just been thrown into upheaval by the introduction of synthetic cloth. Companies that had had more than a century's experience at working with Egyptian cotton lost their advantage. The chief reason was the introduction of a cloth called Terylene, invented in 1941 by two chemists—J. R. Whinfield and J. T. Dickson—in Manchester, England. They discovered that the fibre, made from by-products of oil refining, was superior to cotton in many respects—particularly, from a sailmaking point of view, in resistance to stretch and rot. In 1945, American rights to the patent were sold to du Pont, which gave the material the name Dacron, but it was some time before sailcloth was woven from it. For one thing, it was hard to weave properly, since it was too smooth to bind together the way cotton did, and though the fibre itself didn't stretch as much as cotton, the cloth made from it turned out to be very unstable, especially when pulled diagonally. Much time was spent before it was learned that the cloth had to be woven as tightly as possible, shrunk by heat, and then treated with various chemicals and plastics to bind the fibres together artificially.

While other sailmakers, upset by the new, unforgiving material, were finding out how to cope with it, Hood did some experimenting of his own with synthetic fibres, and he concluded that the Dacron cloth then available was not good enough to allow him to make a sail that would hold its shape under hard use. He talked the matter over with the Professor, and a few days later drove his father up to Salem, where the Pequot Mills were selling off their machinery before moving South. The Hoods bought two looms and, with the aid of a professional loom mechanic, set them up in the basement of the Ocean Avenue house. The Professor fiddled and tinkered with them endlessly. He made countless adjustments as he ran them slowly and ran them hard. He used the fibre, twisted and untwisted, at various tensions. A friendly expert from the J. P. Stevens mills who dropped in to see how they were getting on told the Professor that he was mistreating the machines—they wouldn't last a year at that rate. In fact, together with forty-three other looms that the Hoods picked up at closing-out prices, the two original looms are weaving Hood sailcloth today, in a new one-story plant on Marblehead's Lime Street, a hundred yards down the hill from Bruce's molded-foam company. Until this year, when Ratsey & Lapthorn, Ltd., of England, followed suit, Hood was the only sailmaker to weave his own cloth.

The Hood do-it-yourself project begins with the Dacron fibre, which is treated with chemicals on its arrival from du Pont. On the looms, the fibre is woven into a cloth strip that is only eighteen inches wide—other sailcloth weavers produce thirty-six-inch cloth—and each strand of the weft (running across the cloth) is hammered under huge pressure against the previous strand. From the looms, rolls of cloth are taken to a section of the plant filled with steam and weird smells rising from vats and presses. Here a steel bar, heated to the point where it is almost changing color, shrinks the cloth roughly ten per cent, so that the weave, already tight, becomes tighter still. The cloth is then bathed in more chemicals, in regard to which the Professor assumes a melodramatically secret air. Finished Hood sailcloth looks like fine parchment, but it retains something of the softness and pleasant handling quality for which men who sailed with cotton canvas continue to feel nostalgia. Most of all, it provides Hood with the control he wanted from the start; it has less stretch and more shape-retaining power than commercial cloth, and the narrower panels, though they require more seams and sewing, give him greater flexibility in designing a sail and more help in holding it together. The history of every Hood sail—from the nature of the fibre, through the density of the cloth, the chemical treatment, the cutting, and the stitching, to the ultimate performance, including the latest report turned in by the owner—is recorded in a black notebook. (The series now numbers many volumes.) "If we want to find out about the No. 2 jib we made for Commodore Pratt in 1957, it's all there," says the Professor.

In 1951, Hood worked out a new type of spinnaker—the balloon-shaped sail flown before the mast for reaching and running. Spinnakers were traditionally cut with vertical panels, but it struck Hood that, given definite dimensions for the edges of the sails, he could make a sail of greater projected area—that is, with greater volume—if the panels were horizontal. He explained—eloquently for him—to Dev Barker, an associate editor of *Yachting*, "The leeches had less tendency to curl and were more stable. The horizontal seams allowed us to tailor the leeches and the center of the sail so that we got the shape we wanted, rather than being controlled by the curvature (outline) of the edges of the sail and the center seam." The Hood crosscut spinnaker was first seen in 1951 in the Marblehead 210 Class, and it quickly caught on. Carleton Mitchell bought one for his ocean-racing yawl Caribee. In his first enthusiasm, Hood patented the new sail design, but then, with the same lack of aggressiveness that he displays at the starting line, he neglected to enforce the patent—or, indeed, to let anyone know that he *had* a patent. Today, most spinnakers made by sailmakers around the world are crosscut. Hood, in any event, was too busy working from fourteen to sixteen hours a day during the week and winning International One-Design races in Princess on Saturdays to bother about patents. In 1954, he decided he needed more room and started looking for a spot on the waterfront where he could build his own loft. He found a site he liked on Little Harbor, a rocky cove just to the north of the harbor entrance, behind Fort Sewall. The property, which he bought with the help of the local bank and his father, included a boat-building-and-repair yard. All he was interested in was the open land for a loft

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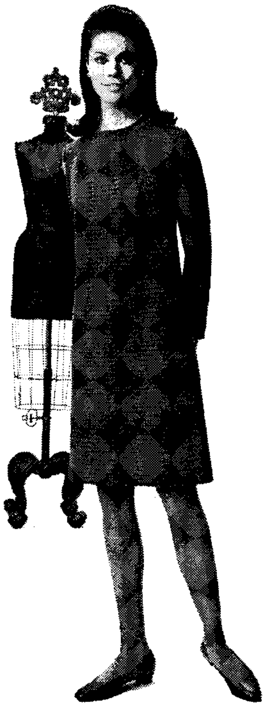

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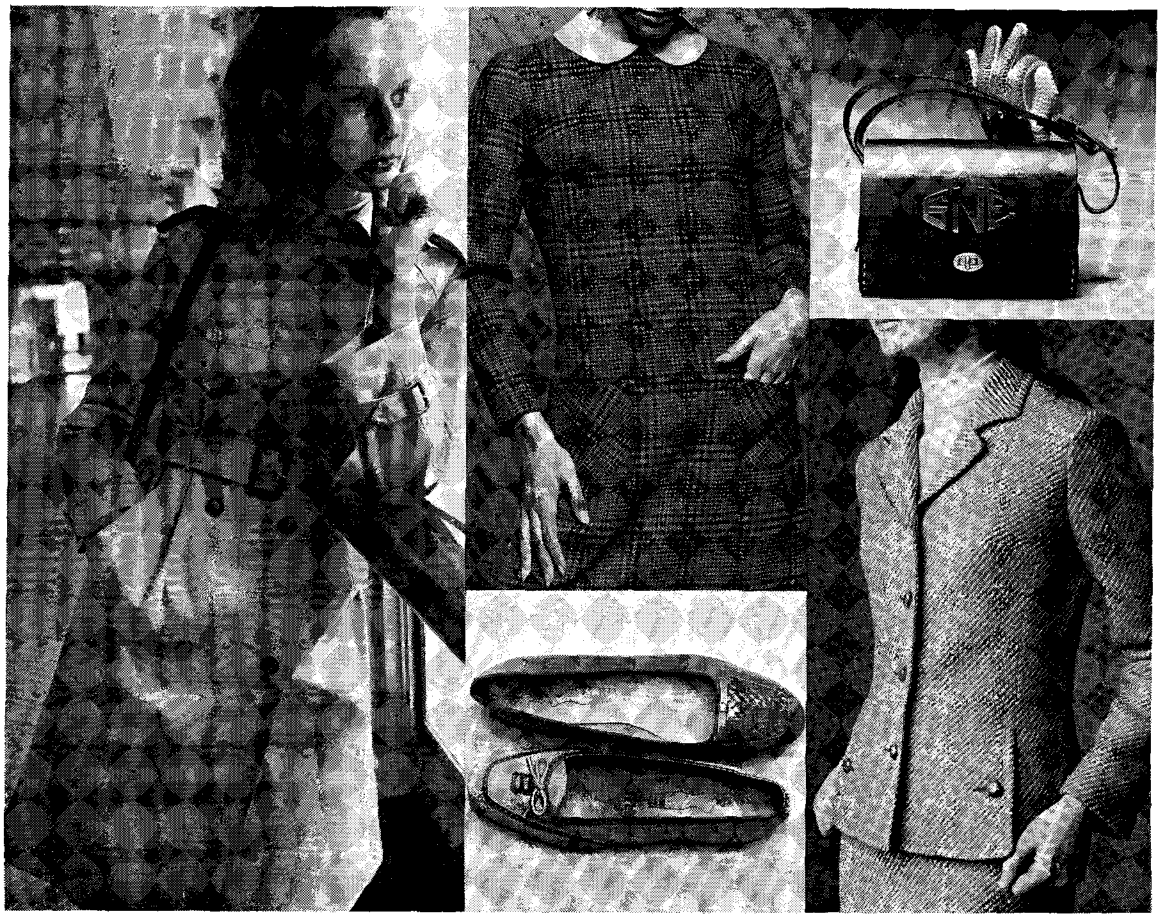

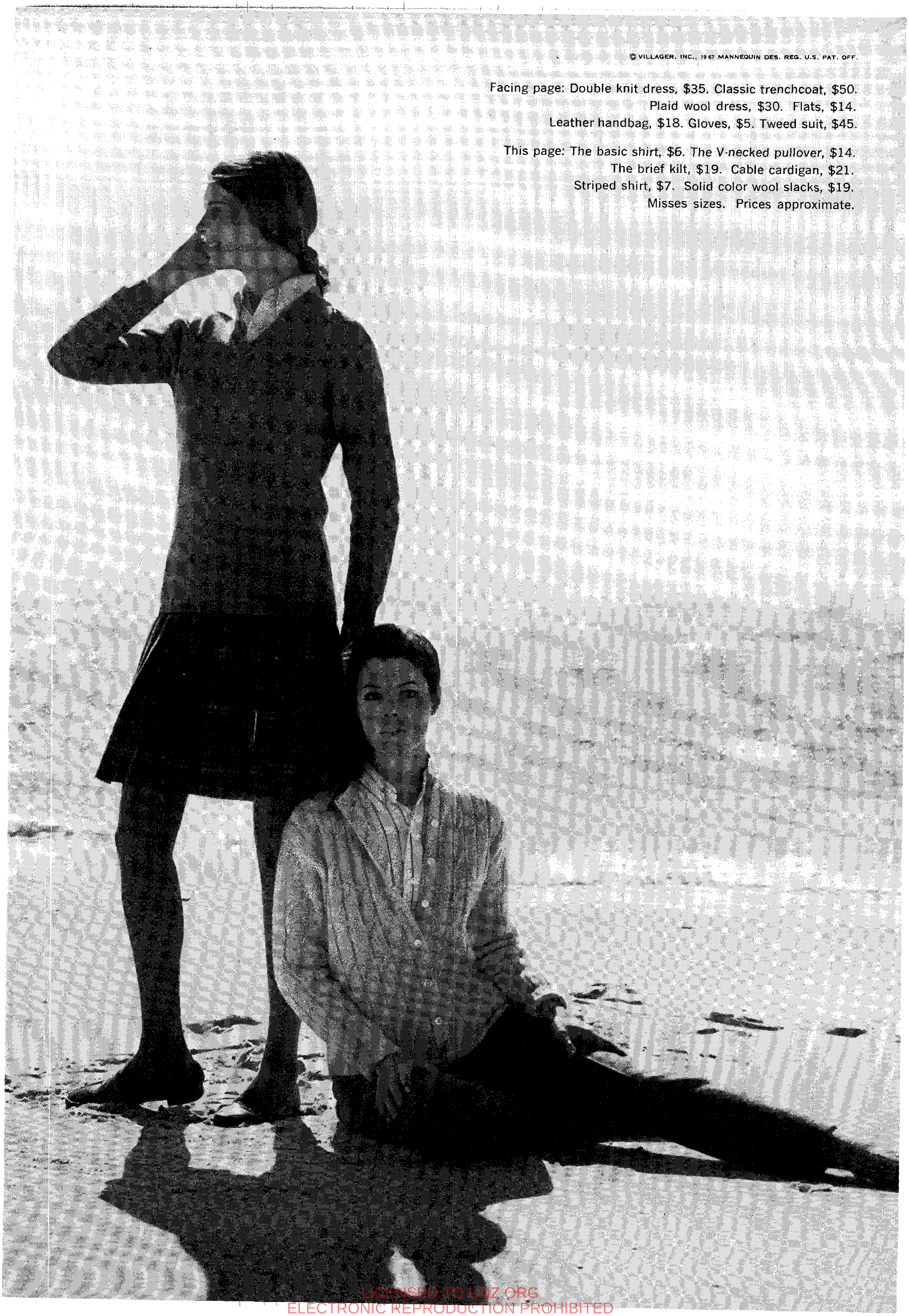© VILLAGER, INC., 1967 MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Facing page: Double knit dress, $35. Classic trenchcoat, $50.
Plaid wool dress, $30. Flats, $14.
Leather handbag, $18. Gloves, $5. Tweed suit, $45.

This page: The basic shirt, $6. The V-necked pullover, $14.
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building, but, as things turned out, the boatyard came in handy, too.

The great New England hurricane of 1938, which provided the Hoods with Narwhal, lacked a worthy successor until 1954, when Hurricane Carol rampaged up the Eastern seaboard. A couple of days after it had passed, Hood and his father, driving through South Dartmouth, on Buzzard's Bay, found a properly Hood-size challenge. It was a forty-four-foot Alden yawl called Nova, which no one had salvaged because no one reckoned she was worth the cost of salvaging. She had been carried up and over a highway into a shallow cove that is normally approached from the sea under a drawbridge used by the highway traffic. On the far landward side of the cove, perched in the angle between a jetty and a stone seawall, Nova had come to rest, heeled over, high and dry, with several of her bottom planks staved in. Ted and his father considered the situation, admired Nova's laid-teak decks, and bought her outright from the insurance company (which had already paid off the previous owner) for a thousand dollars. On several weekends in October, the Professor and Ted, with a couple of husky young helpers, drove down from Marblehead to South Dartmouth. Standing knee-deep in mud, they first shovelled a channel to the deeper water leading to the drawbridge. Then they dug out an area beneath the capsized yawl, so that they could get at her damaged planks as she hung between wall and jetty. They fastened a heavy tarpaulin, set in tar, over the staved-in planks as a temporary patch that would keep her afloat (once they got her afloat) while they took her to a nearby boatyard for more seaworthy repairs. Jacking up Nova's stern, they slipped in a cradle of two-by-fours, bolted together. The plan was to use two Second World War inflatable-rubber bridge pontoons—bought at Grossman's Surplus Company, in Quincy, for forty-eight dollars the pair—to float the cradle bearing the still heeled-over yawl (if she had been righted, her keel would have stuck fast) down the dug channel, across the cove, through the bridge, into deep water. Because the tarpaulin patch would be underwater in any case, pumps were installed aboard.

"The next morning, high tide was at 4 A.M.," says the Professor, for whom the adventure is still grand. "The highest tides are always in the early hours. I was in charge of the compressed air for the pontoons—my thumb just about froze to the button as

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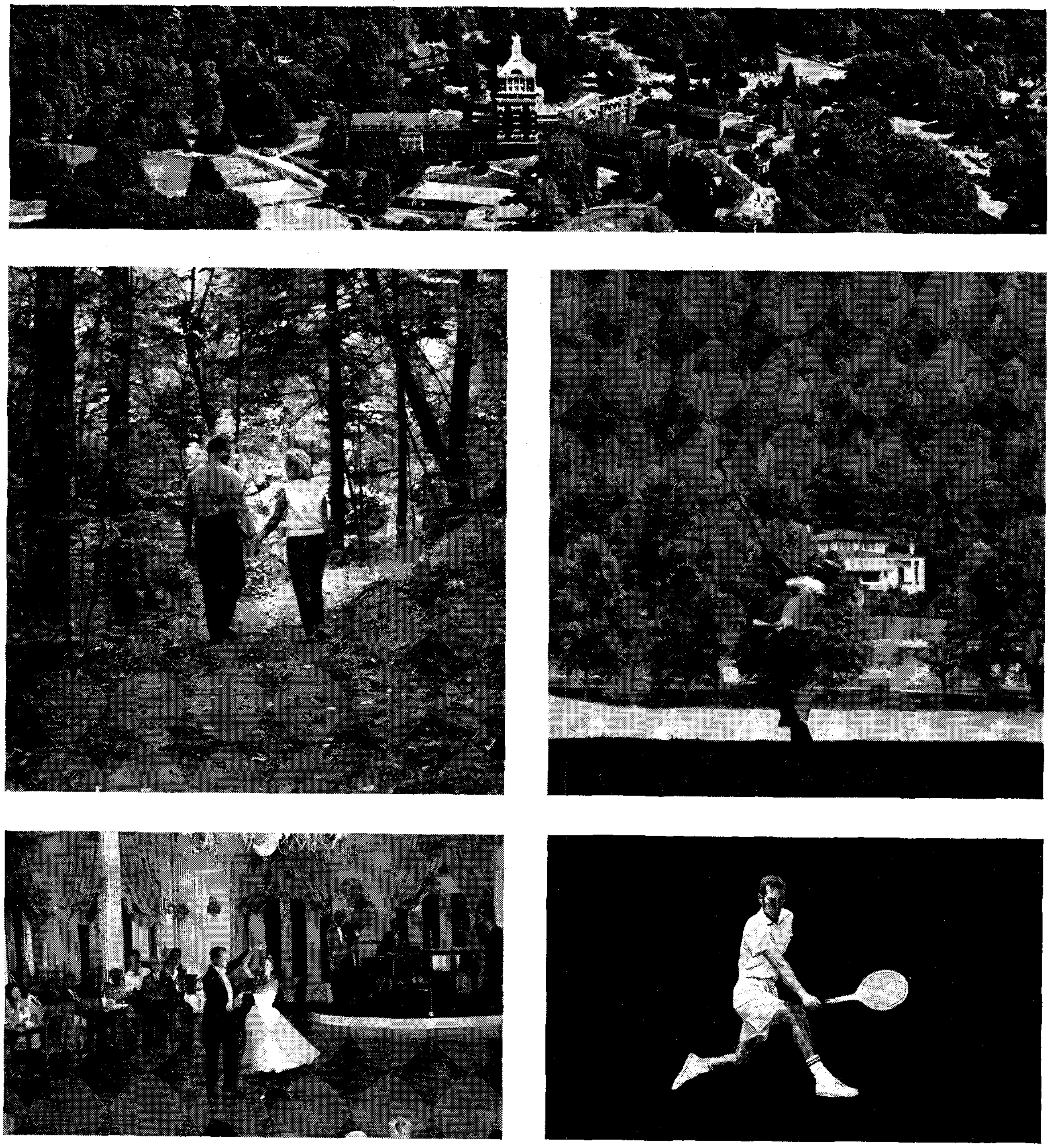

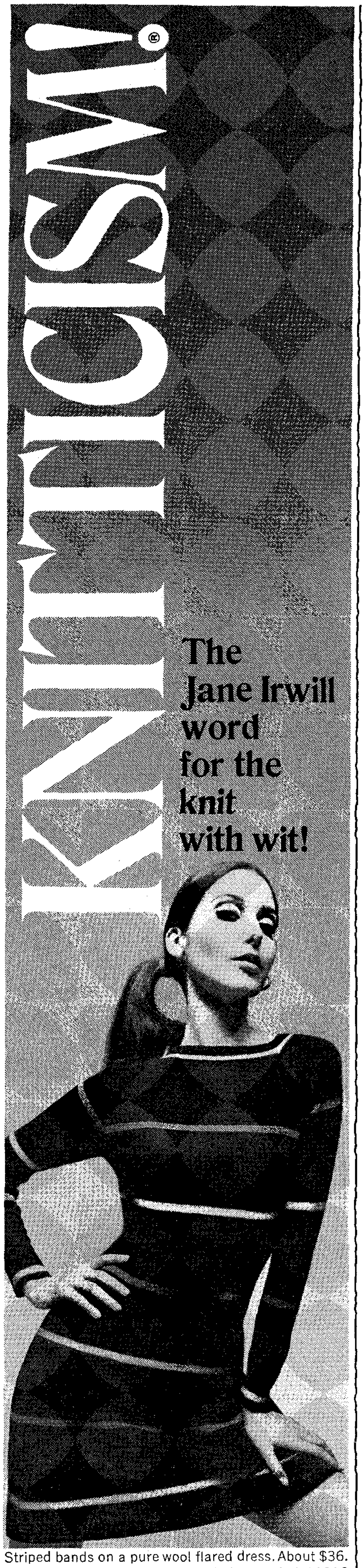
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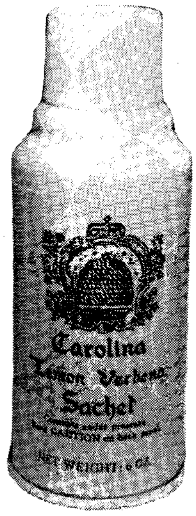
they inflated. It was a clear night, with a big October moon. At the very peak of the flood, Ted and his lads began to haul away. The tide was just enough, the Nova was just buoyant enough, and she moved—she slowly crept out of the trap. Ted had an outboard skiff standing by, and with that we towed her, still tipped over, out into the cove. Then we realized that our patch wasn't very good. She was leaking faster than the pumps could keep up with, and nobody was on duty to open the drawbridge until 9 A.M.—plenty of time for her to sink several times over."

Fortunately, they had brought along a garbage can full of sawdust. "That was a trick we had learned a while back from an old boatyard foreman," Hood says. "We fed out the sawdust underwater as close to the leaky patch as we could. The sawdust was sucked up against the hull by the leaks. Pretty soon, it began to clog them, and the pumps finally gained. At 9 A.M., we took the yawl through the bridge, and by ten we were hauled out at the Concordia Boatyard, a mile away. A week later, with the patch properly fixed and the mud flushed out of her engine, we brought her up to Little Harbor." Nova, renamed Princess, was fitted out by spring, when Ted got married. He and his bride spent their honeymoon on her, cruised on her, and even won a few races on her, although she was no racing machine. For several seasons, she served the Hoods well, and in the fall of 1956 they sold her for fifteen thousand dollars.

MARRYING, Hood picked a girl who had never sailed but who did like to dance. They met one night at a Corinthian Yacht Club dance, Hood demonstrated the Viennese waltz to her on the floor where he had laid out numerous sails, and that did it. Sue Hood is a tall, pretty woman who crews for her husband in many races. Jack Blodgett, a Boston travel agent who also crews for Hood a great deal, says, "Ted was one of the first skippers in the Marblehead area to make a point of bringing his wife along on so-called serious races. Women, in fact, can do just about anything aboard a boat except sheet in the genny in a blow. The atmosphere is a lot pleasanter, and the food gets better treatment, too." It was on a cruise with Sue in the summer of 1956, with Bradley Noyes along, that Hood finally made his name in big-time racing. Earlier that summer, on Buzzards Bay, he had sailed a 5.5-Metre named Quixotic (built at

GARDEN FRESH



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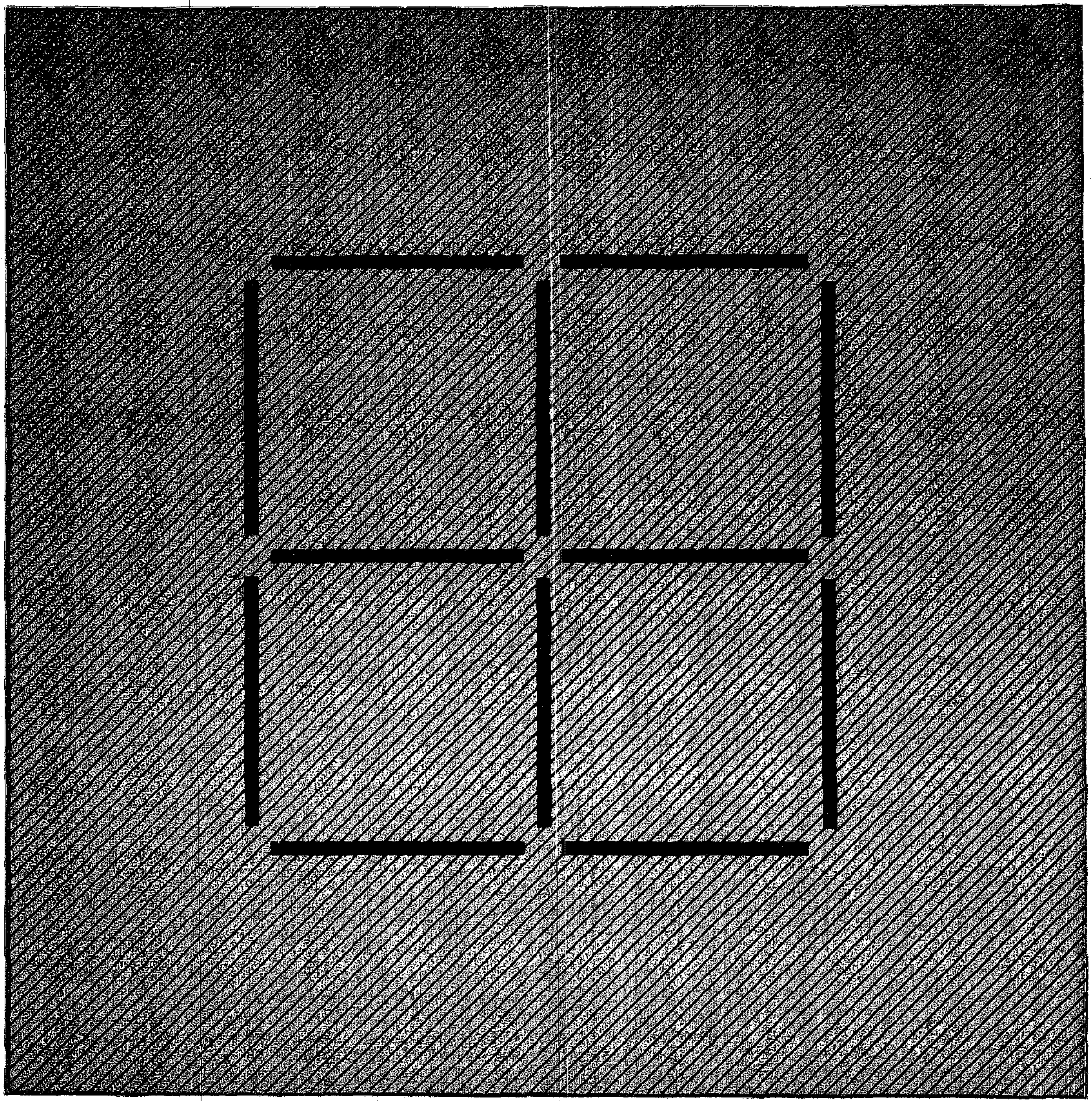

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Little Harbor from designs by Ray Hunt, a friend of Hood's who also designed the 110 Class, the Boston Whalers, and the Twelve Metre Easterner) in trials for that year's Olympics, in Australia. With Noyes and Don McNamara crewing for him, Hood did so well that in the last race Quixotic had only to finish next to last in order to be named the United States representative at Melbourne. They were well placed on the opening leg when, with no warning, the mainsail fell into the cockpit. A halyard shackle had opened up. McNamara shinnied up the waving mast but was unable to catch the halyard and bring it down. Quixotic sailed the rest of the race under a jury rig and finished last. Andy Schoettle went to Melbourne.

As Noyes and the Hoods were leaving on a consolation cruise to Nantucket, they noted that the Eastern Yacht Club, of Marblehead, had not nominated a candidate for the Mallory Cup competition, to be held in Seattle that fall. Qualification races for the northeastern area were about to start in Nantucket Sound, and Noyes and Hood decided to drop in. The races were in familiar Yankee One-Designs, no halyard shackles opened up, and Hood and Noyes won. In Seattle, they were up against the best sailors in the country, and the boats were Blanchard Senior Knockabouts, which they had never seen, let alone sailed, before. They brought home the championship and left a powerful impression on those they had beaten, one of whom was Bus Mosbacher.

The world of yachting in which the Professor grew up was one where the summit had room for only a few men like Harold Vanderbilt, Gerald Lambert, and Chandler Hovey. Their yachts were huge, with four or five gentlemen in the afterguard and twenty professionals hauling on the mainsheet. The world of yachting in which Ted Hood grew up was greatly different. It was one in which young men could make a name and a place for themselves by sailing, and it was an expanding world; more and more people were sailing, and thus creating a new marine industry as they spent considerable sums to escape from landbound existence into a sphere of action where the pleasures remained relatively natural, the thrills genuine, and the discomforts worth it. In this world, young men like Hood could become famous sailors and make a living, too. Established as a first-rate helmsman by his Mallory win, Hood was in demand; the fact that he was also a sailmaker

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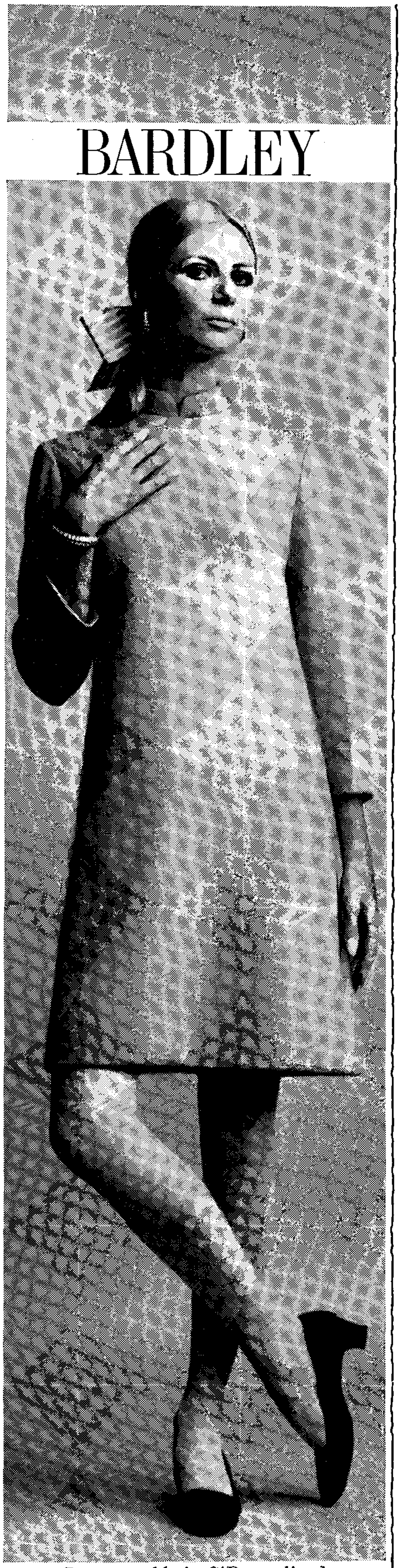

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who could advise on trim, and a powerful hand on a winch as well, helped. When the Matthews family decided to campaign their prewar Twelve Metre Vim in the 1958 contest to select a defender of the America's Cup, they asked Bus Mosbacher to skipper her and Hood to make some of her sails. Mosbacher asked Hood to join him in the cockpit, giving a hand or counsel where needed. Hood soon had the reputation of being the strongest man on the boat.

The 1958 elimination series was no exception to recent tradition that the competition among the American defense candidates is much fiercer than the eventual match between the defender and the challenger. Indeed, the elimination bouts of that year have been called the best match racing that has ever been seen. Three of the four Twelves were new. They were Easterner, designed by Ray Hunt for Chandler Hovey and family; Weatherly, designed by Philip Rhodes for the Henry Mercer syndicate; and Columbia, designed by Olin Stephens for the Henry Sears syndicate. The fourth was Vim, which, being an old lady of twenty, was not considered much of a threat, although Stephens had designed her and she had been the best Twelve of the prewar years. Yet Weatherly and Easterner were the ones to be first eliminated, and Vim was left to fight her younger sister Columbia for the honor of defending the Cup. In light to moderate air, there wasn't much to choose between them in boat speed, and Mosbacher and his crew had perhaps an edge in starting, maneuvering, and quick tacking, when Hood was everywhere needed, letting off running backstays, adjusting the mainsheet, and giving a hand on the coffee-grinder winches. It was a drawn-out, seesaw battle, with Columbia winning one day in a strong breeze and Vim winning the next in calmer weather. Finally, it blew steadily. Columbia's stock rose, but even in the final race, sailed in a seventeen-knot wind, Vim fought desperately and the lead changed twice. On the last leg, Vim gained downwind, moving at eleven knots under a small Hood spinnaker, but Columbia won by a length and a quarter, and was selected. The British observer, Captain John Illingworth, wrote in "Where Seconds Count," "The crew of Sceptre [the British challenger] was secretly quite relieved not to have to race against the Vim boys."

In her one-sided defeat of Sceptre, Columbia made much use of Hood spinnakers that were lent to her by Vim. Carleton Mitchell has written of Vim, "In addition to a magnificent crew, her sails were a vital reason for her success." Bus Mosbacher adds, "You can't imagine how comforting it is to have Teddy on a boat with you. You know that a whole area of important things has an expert eye looking at it. He's at the heart of things—checking halyard tensions, setting sheet leads in the right place, adjusting leech lines to improve the flow of the sail. Most people are pretty happy when they've got things adjusted and going a little better for them than for the other guy. Ted isn't. I think he's got somewhere in his head a perfect suit of sails on a perfect rig on a perfect hull, and every time he sets foot on a boat he tries to get a little closer to them."

The hull that Hood has in mind is that of a heavy, beamy, shoal-draft boat with great power to carry sail—all the characteristics he has liked since that seven-by-five-foot skiff he converted to sail. The first big boat he designed was Robin, a forty-foot centerboard cruising sloop, which was launched at Little Harbor in 1959. Robin won ten out of fourteen races her first summer. Hood, who generally denies that there is any outside influence on his work, admits that she was affected by the spirit and design of Carleton Mitchell's Finisterre, also a beamy and heavy-displacement centerboarder, which replaced his earlier Caribee and won the Bermuda Race three times running. The two boats that followed Robin (which was sold to Lee Loomis and Bus Mosbacher and was renamed Fun) kept the name, which has now become a sort of Hood trademark. Robin II and Robin Two Too also did well, and Hood, suddenly in demand as a designer, licensed their designs for production, in both wood and fibre glass, in Japan and Ohio. His fourth design was the Twelve-Metre Nefertiti, commissioned by Ross Anderson and Edward Purcell. Pure Hood, she was the beamiest Twelve ever designed. Like other Twelves, Nefertiti was tank-tested in the Davidson Laboratory at Stevens Institute, in Hoboken. It was Hood's first experience with tank-testing, although he had always made models of his boats to carry around and brood about, and even float in a sink or a bathtub. Pierre De Saix, who is in charge of the yacht-testing program at Stevens, and who is used to having

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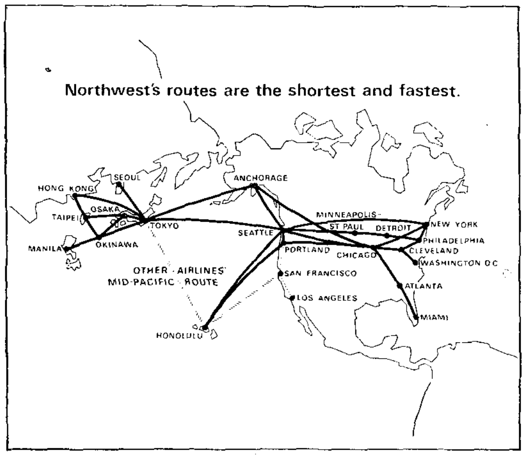

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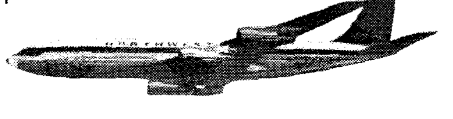

highly scientific conversations with naval architects, was baffled by Hood. "We were never sure what he was up to," De Saix says. "We still aren't. He comes here to work on new designs, which are generally brilliant, but when I ask him something—say, about trim tabs or water separation—he just grunts." Nefertiti was too large for the Little Harbor facilities, and consequently was built in the nearby Graves yard, but Ted and the Professor designed her spars and built them in the Little Harbor spar shed—an aspect of the Hood enterprise that a few people rate most highly of all. "He's the Rolls-Royce of sparmakers," one yachtsman said recently. "If you're prepared to pay for them, you get the best mast and boom in the world." Hood, of course, also made all of Nefertiti's sails—and also made sails for Weatherly, Gretel, and Columbia. In the first series of trials that summer, Nefertiti had the best record of any of the American Twelves. Bill Robinson, the editor of *Yachting*, wrote, "Neffy started fast, and seemed the favorite for a while, but it soon became evident that Hood's theories about designing a boat primarily as a sail-carrying platform had produced too much wetted surface on the hull to make her a well-rounded threat." Mosbacher, in command of a much improved and revitalized Weatherly, felt that Nefertiti was a tremendously resourceful design but that perhaps Ted had been too much affected by Vim's defeat in heavy weather. In the final eliminations, between Weatherly and Nefertiti, the wind remained moderate. Before those last races, Mosbacher asked Hood to come aboard Weatherly and check over her Hood sails, and Ted did so. He spent a whole day on the rival Twelve making adjustments, and actually taking some sails off to Marblehead for recutting and getting them back in time for them to be used against him. Hood said, "Oh, I wanted to win, but against the best possible boat. And I'd rather have lost to Bus than to the Aussies."

The Australian Twelve, Gretel, used a mainsail that Hood had made for Vim in 1957 (and which had become available to her when the Australians chartered Vim for use as a trial horse), and a particularly effective Hood spinnaker was pulling Gretel when she surfed by Weatherly to win the dramatic second race of the 1962 series. Not long after the contest, which Weatherly and Mosbacher won, 4–1, the board of trustees of the New York Yacht Club passed a resolution inter-

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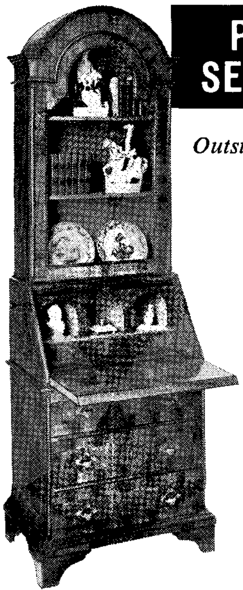

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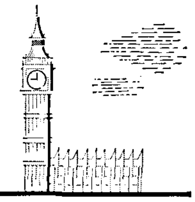

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preting a clause in the Cup Deed of Gift to mean that challengers not only had to be designed and built in the challenging country but had to have all their gear and sails designed and built there, too. Cut off from Hood sails, the Australians went to work to evolve their own sailcloth, and sent their senior sailmaker, Joe Pearce, to spend a year with Hood. Pearce became a full-fledged assistant of Hood's, and when the American Twelve Constellation needed sail advice and recutting in the 1964 trials, before her contest with the British Twelve, Sovereign, and Hood himself was preoccupied with an unsuccessful second attempt with Nefertiti, Pearce was the man who dealt with Constellation's sails. Asked what Pearce learned in his Marblehead year, Hood stares at his grip-sole shoes, gives a half grin, and says, "He picked up something about the cut. We didn't tell him much about the cloth."

Hood sails are cut in a two-story building at Little Harbor. Ted designed the building, which has natural-cedar siding and forty-five thousand square feet of floor space, much of it uninterrupted for the laying out of sails. On the ground floor are shipping rooms, a sail laundry, a section where such handwork as roping and grommeting is undertaken, and an employees' cafeteria. Hood now employs a hundred and fifteen people—eighty in the loft, twenty in the boatyard and spar shed, and fifteen at the sailcloth mill on Lime Street. On the top floor are the sail loft and offices for the accountants, secretaries, and draftsmen in the yacht-design department. In a small back room, two research engineers work on devices such as heat-cutting machines to improve the making of Hood sails. Ted himself shares an office with two matronly secretaries. He comes to work wearing an open-necked blue cotton shirt with rolled-up sleeves, gray flannels, and off-white moccasin-style yachting shoes. Every year he wears out five pairs of these shoes, which can be worn both outside and on the loft floor, an expanse of epoxy-varnished hemlock plywood. This is the most suitable wood for the upholstery pins and markers used by the young men who lay out the sails. The loft smells of the glue holding the panels of cloth together on the way from the floor to the sewing machines. It is a colorful place, with one corner bright with spinnaker fabrics and bolts of white sailcloth, marked in various weights, stored on shelves along the walls. There is the sound of sewing machines running in long bursts, and a voice over a loud-

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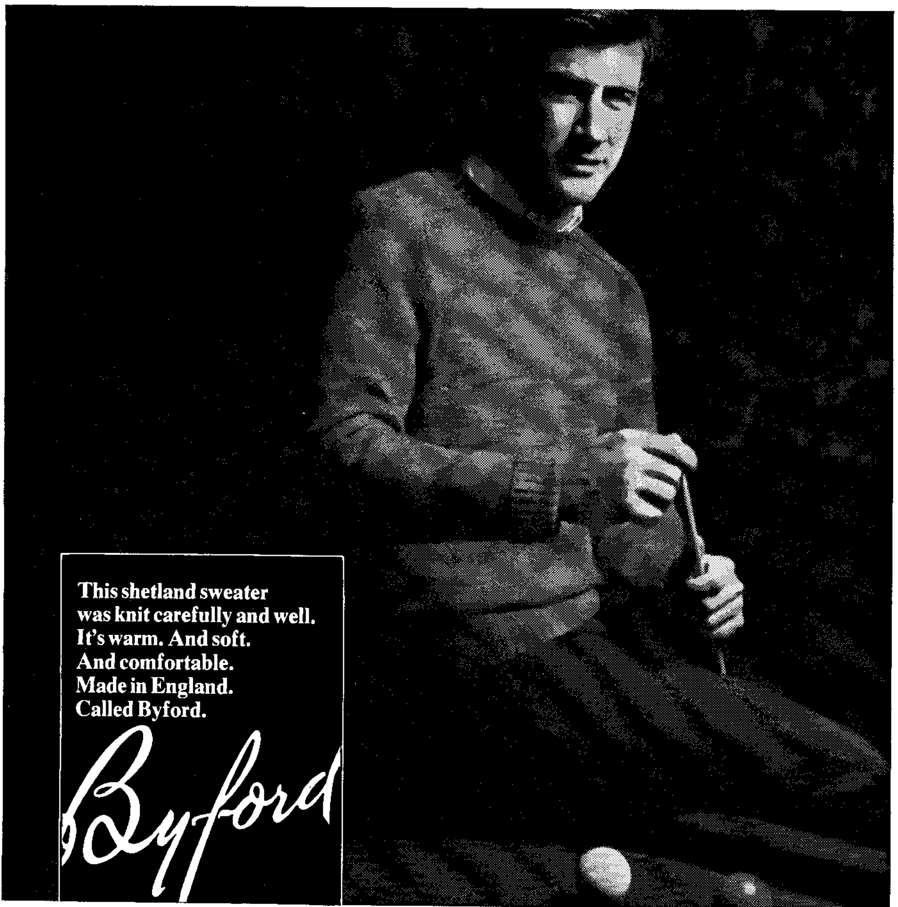

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speaker telling one of the stitchers that she is wanted on the telephone—most of the women work at Hood's part time and need to be in touch with home and family.

A few early customers have been alarmed by Hood's success. Bradley Noyes was among those made anxious by the growth of the business, but he now says that Hood sails are, if anything, better than they were in Ted's do-it-yourself days. Although Hood no longer makes sails with his own hands from start to finish, he oversees the whole operation with an attentive eye. He talks on the telephone to anyone who calls up to ask about a new sail, and he takes the order if one is forthcoming. On a pink card he designed for the purpose, filled with check boxes, figure columns, and a sail-shaped diagram, he marks down the dimensions of the sail, the way it is to be cut, how many rows of stitching it is to have at, say, the batten pockets, and where the cloth and rope reinforcements are to be. Often, if the sail is not for a particular class of boats for which he has worked out and printed up a sail design, Hood will get down on the loft floor and put the shape into the sail himself. Seen on a mast, a modern mainsail appears to be a triangle with three straight sides. But as laid out on a floor all three sides are convex. When two of the sides—the luff and the foot—are fastened to a mast and boom, the result is a fullness, or belly, in the sail. This fullness is formed and controlled by the similarly convex edges of each panel of the sail—the straighter and less convex the two edges that form a seam, the less draft or belly there is in the sail. The third side of the sail—the leech, standing free of mast or boom—can be given as much convex curve, or roach, as the sailmaker believes the battens and the sailcloth itself will support without distortion. One virtue of Hood cloth is that it can support a larger roach than other cloths, and since this area is not counted in computing the measured size of a sail as required by class rules, the owner gets a larger and generally more powerful sail. For fast craft that need little to push them through the water, a sail should be of small draft, whereas slow craft need sails with more draft. The matter is complicated by the fact that when a boat is going to windward, a small-draft sail performs better; on a reach, with the wind at right angles to the sail, a larger one is better. In recent years, sailmakers have been striving to make a sail that allows a

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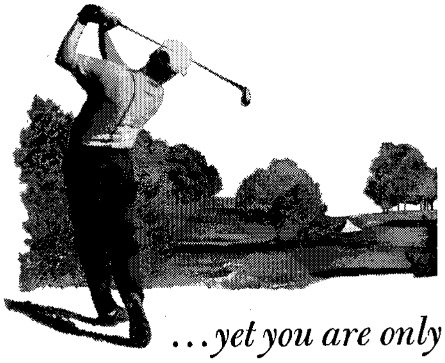

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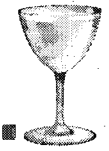

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crew to adjust it while under way, increasing or lessening the draft, and moving the draft forward or back by altering the bend of mast or boom or by changing the tension of luff and foot. Hood was the first to use giant zip fasteners on an extra panel at the foot of the sail, the closing of which reduces the draft of the sail for strong winds and windward work. He was also one of the first advocates of a foresail built with Dacron rope instead of wire cable sewn into its luff. The stretchy rope allowed the length of the luff to be varied according to the tension applied to the halyard that hoisted the sail, and thereby gave control of the amount and position of draft.

One characteristic of Hood sails is that they don't look especially right in the loft. Hood says, "Some sailmakers make sails in molds, and the sails look dandy. But they can't be sure the sails will be good in the wind." He generally checks his sails before they leave the loft, hanging up two of the corners and putting a hand hook into the third, which he then, with his considerable strength, pulls on while he sights into the belly of the sail. On the roof of the loft there is a ninety-foot spar for the testing of sails, but most Hood sails begin to settle into their proper working shape only after some hours of use, and it is then that he likes to consult with the owner on the right adjustments to make, or sometimes go out and make the adjustments himself. One happy owner recently compared his Hood sails to a high-performance racing car, which delivered huge power in return for skilled care. In 1966, Hood had to turn down quite a few orders because there was a shortage of Hood sailcloth, but the Professor has overcome this after long sessions of fiddling with the forty-five looms, and now, Hood suggests half seriously, he isn't getting enough orders because people imagine that he is too busy with sails for America's Cup yachts to bother about lesser craft. He is not too busy, he says, and he never is, although he *has* made three new sails for Constellation, twelve for American Eagle, and eighteen for Intrepid. A continuing problem in sailmaking is getting enough trained workers. It takes two years for a young man to learn the trade at Hood's, starting by sewing on jib hanks and finally reaching a point where he can cut and lay out a sail or do intricate ropework. "They have to like the atmosphere," says Hood. "General Electric pays more. Laying out is hard work—up and down on your knees a lot. Some of

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the best people have never been on a sailboat. There's one elderly man, and when I asked him if he wanted an easier job than roping he said, 'Ted, I'd rather do this than eat.' "

In Marblehead today, Hood has managed to preserve the impression of being a young man who would rather sail than talk, and rather make sails and boats than make money. It probably isn't paradoxical that he is making lots of money, paying himself a salary of forty thousand dollars a year, and is even talking a bit, too. In the last year, he has opened a sail loft in England, and he has plans in various states of maturity for lofts in France, New Zealand, and Australia. He has been travelling frequently to these places, and at least twice a year to Holland, where he generally has a new ocean-racing yacht building in the yard of Franz Maas, at Breskens. He believes the Dutch build in steel the best boat for the least money in the world. When at home, he lives in a house that he bought last year on Parker Lane, not far from the Eastern Yacht Club, on Marblehead Neck. It is a big, conservative waterfront house with a superb view of the spot where, twenty-five summers ago, he and Bruce lived with their parents on Narwhal. (Bruce lives on the other side of the Neck, off Ocean Avenue, closer to the senior Hoods.) The Parker Lane house is not by any means chic, but it is comfortable, with good furniture and carpeting, wood panelling, and many plants. The walls are painted sea colors, green and blue; the pictures are all photographs and paintings of boats; and some of the lamp standards are designed to look like cleats and winches. In one room there are teak cupboards full of silver trophies—big cups, little cups, massive ewers, elegant platters, diminutive bowls, and countless ashtrays. The one that Hood is proudest of is a particularly gruesome-looking Victorian silver pitcher called the Puritan Cup, awarded at the Eastern Yacht Club Annual Regatta, on which are inscribed such illustrious yachting names as Edward Burgess, Charles Francis Adams, Gerald Lambert, and Nathanael Herreshoff.

In order to insure that the business of making sails leaves him enough time to go sailing himself, Hood has recruited a top-notch general staff—an efficient administrative secretary in Mrs. Olive Facey; a right-hand man in Lee Van Germert, an expert sailor who assists in yacht design and sail design; and an advertising and marketing consultant in Richard Carter, who not

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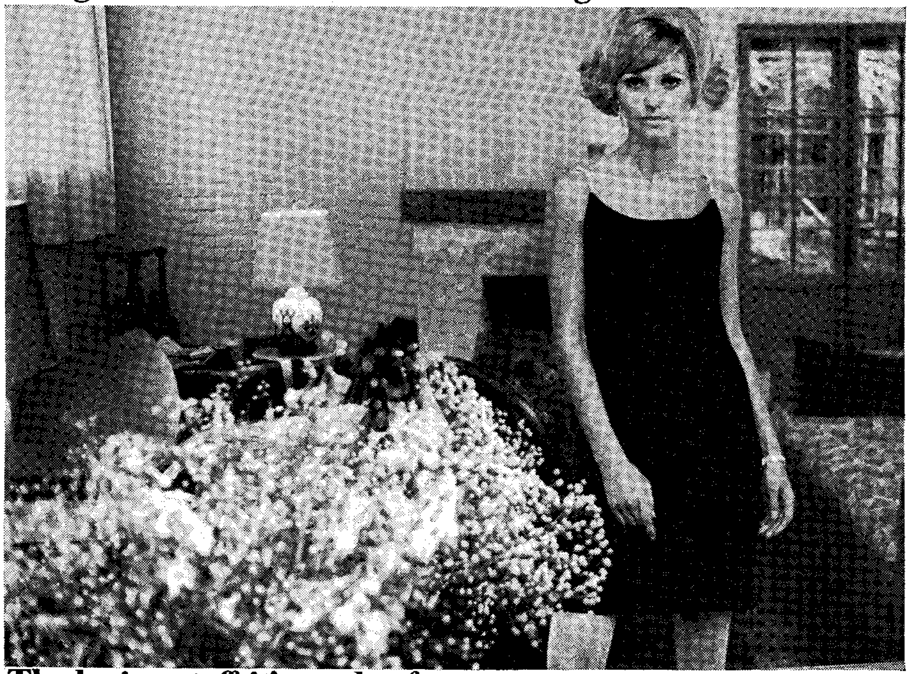

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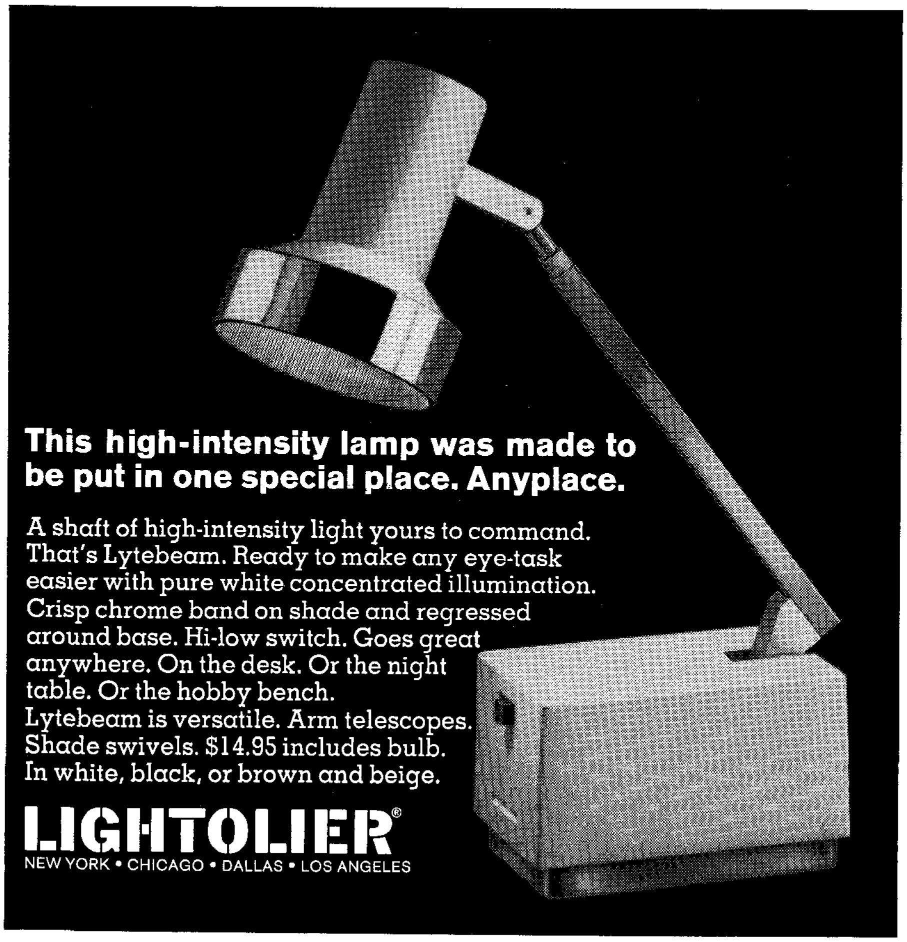

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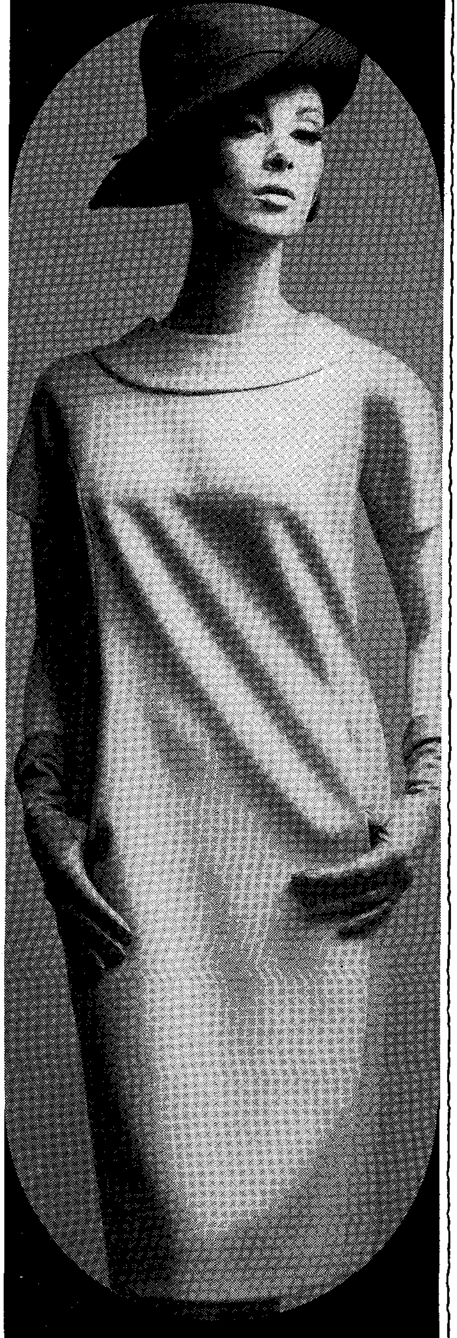
only sings in Boston classical-music concerts but last year designed and sailed a yacht that won the One-Ton Cup in Danish waters against seventeen top international yachts, including his employer's. Hood was second. Hood usually has lunch with Carter or Van Germert at the Molly Waldo, a restaurant in the most resolutely commercial downtown section of Marblehead. There he favors the businessman's dollar-fifty lunch, which features such items as clam chowder, broiled chicken livers, and banana cream pie, and coffee with rather than later. Occasionally, a yachtsman will halt by the table to ask a few pertinent questions about a sail or a boat—everyone wants to know what Hood is up to. Twice a week at least, Bruce and the Professor join them for lunch. Although both Ted and his father are investors in Bruce's company, Ted and Bruce had an unofficial race to see which firm would be the first to do a million dollars' worth of business a year. Ted won, but Bruce has now pulled ahead, and will probably stay there, since the automotive-safety boom has created a steadily rising demand for foam-rubber headrests, seats, and linings. Moreover, Bruce's company, considerably automated with machinery designed by the Professor, has most of its overhead cost in material rather than in labor, and thus a profit margin that increases with greater productivity. Ted is now a director of the local bank, the Marblehead Trust Company, and, as the president of his own million-dollar-a-year firm, has been elected a member of the Young Presidents' Organization. He has been to one meeting of the club, in New York, and is not waiting desperately for the next.

At the moment, Hood owns three yachts called Robin—the basic name he went back to after reaching Robin Two Too. ("Partly for the bird," he says in explaining why he likes the name. "Mostly for Robin Hood.") All three Robins were built in steel by Franz Maas, but they are otherwise very different. The oldest, now a year old, is the beamy but deep-keeled thirty-eight-footer in which he finished second in the One-Ton Cup last summer. No. 2 is a fifty-foot ocean racer that is probably the most unorthodox boat of her size now sailing. She is like a big banana below water, having no keel at all. Instead, her lead ballast is poured as deeply as possible inside her bottom plates, and when going to windward she gets a grip on the water from a thin dagger board that drops eleven feet below the surface; on a downwind



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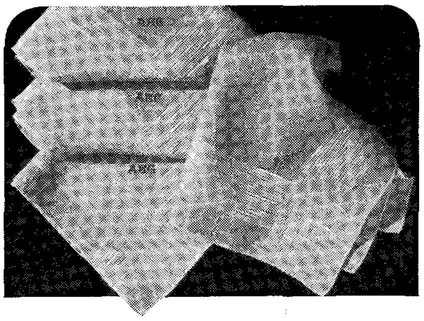

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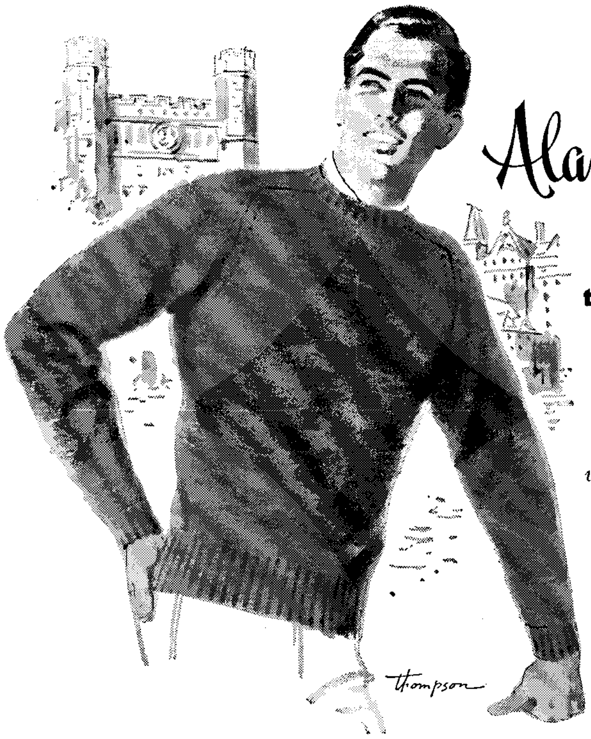
course it is stored in a shaft that rises to the top of the cabin. This Robin made her first appearance on the Southern Ocean Racing circuit last winter, where she won one race and lost her mast in another. Although she was a little unruly on a broad reach, when it took all of Hood's considerable strength to master her helm, she impressed many people—some by the fact that she was like no other boat, some by her potential performance, and still others by the creature comforts below. Dev Barker, who has crewed on this Robin, said, "A lot of the fifty-footers are stripped-out racing machines, with perforated floors, no locker doors, and a piece of old shower curtain for privacy around the head. Ted's fifty-footer is elegantly finished, with nine big berths, lots of drawers to stow your gear in, and fine panelling." The Professor recognized the yacht the moment he saw her. "Ted finally built the fifty-footer he was doodling with as a boy. He got all his comforts in." In late June, with a redesigned skeg to improve her handling qualities, the big Robin won Class A in Block Island Week. Then Ted, after a week or so in Marblehead catching up on sails, dashed off to meet his new Robin in France—a One-Ton thirty-eight-foot version of the fifty-footer, which was the only centerboard boat entered in a series of several short inshore races and a longer two-day offshore affair held off Le Havre in late July.

On a two-day race, Hood doesn't sleep. If he is nominally off watch, he lies awake in his bunk, figuring out what is going on from the sounds on deck, and occasionally calling up to the man at the helm for a word about the wind. But he doesn't have the reputation of, say, Bill Snaith or of Carleton Mitchell in his racing days, who start planning a race months ahead, working out weather and tidal conditions and organizing a highly tuned crew. Although Hood might win more races if he had this sort of competitive earnestness, he prefers a less formal, almost impromptu approach, calling up friends like Noyes or Blodgett to ask who can sail with him, and then getting on board the boat and seeing how well, then and there, he can make it go. "He doesn't have everyone out on the weather rail using their weight in the right place and getting wet," Dev Barker says. "Quite often, everyone's back in the cockpit, where it's warm and sociable. He likes experimenting with all sorts of sails, trying them high, low, and sometimes, on purpose, upside down. The Robin fifty-footer was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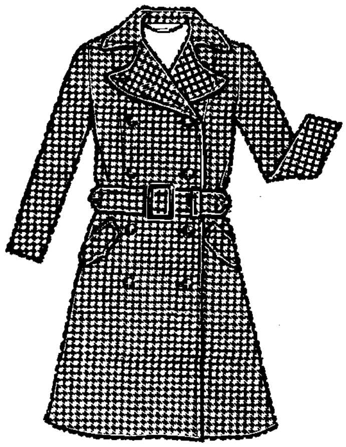

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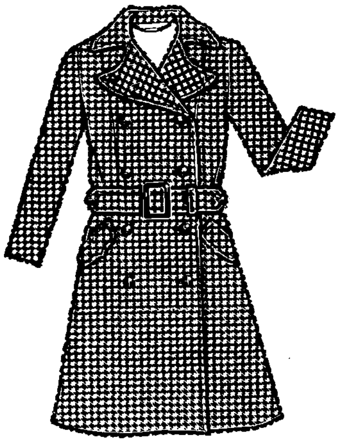

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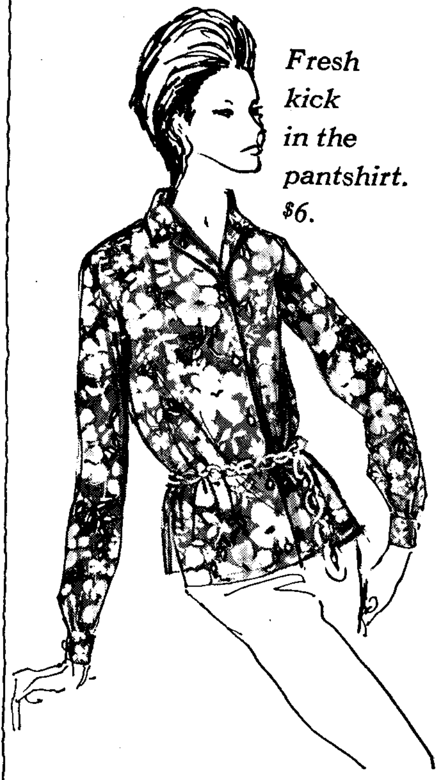
unusual in that it had perfect sails—Ted usually doesn't have time to adjust and recut his own sails the way he does for his customers." The Professor says, "Ted's too peaceful on a boat. He doesn't swear at people enough when they goof. I bawl him out for it." But the Professor is also aware that Ted's relaxed attitude toward racing is one of the reasons his boats go so fast. Especially in waves, or the kind of swell that slows down many a boat with an insensitive or keyed-up skipper, Ted gets his boat moving in the swing of things, hitting the waves without fighting them, with a natural sense of rhythm that may be related to his ability on a dance floor; waltzing and taking a boat to windward are quite similar.

LAST year, Hood received the Massachusetts Bay Yacht Racing Union's annual award for distinguished service to yachting, in which he was cited as a gentleman, a sportsman, and a competitor who had won the New England Ocean Racing circuit four times in the last six years. Honors less notable come to him daily in the form of calls from men wanting his advice, and also his touch—for there is almost the feeling that if Hood comes aboard and looks at the sails something will have passed from him to them, a bit of his art that no one quite understands, and something of his charm and luck. This summer, amid all his other sailing activities, Hood has spent a great deal of time with the Twelve Metres that have been honing up for the America's Cup. He helped put Nefertiti into shape so that she could serve as a trial horse for the Australian challenger, Dame Pattie, and he has spent many afternoons with Bus Mosbacher on Intrepid, the Twelve that is favored to oppose Dame Pattie in the Cup series, off Newport, in mid-September. Intrepid has had the advantage of being able to work out against Constellation, the successful defender against the British Twelve, Sovereign, in 1964. After that race, Constellation was sold to a French group interested in making a challenge for the Cup, but was chartered back to the Intrepid syndicate for this summer, so that, restored to her 1964 form, she would provide not only competition for Intrepid but an accurate device for measuring how much better Intrepid could be made to be. In June, Hood spent an afternoon aboard Constellation, whose skipper, Robert McCullough, had been sorting out twenty sails—mostly by Hood—from her arsenal of forty. Hood was



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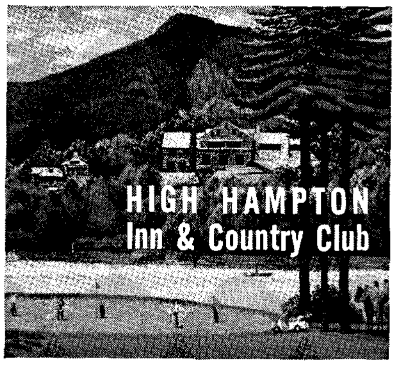

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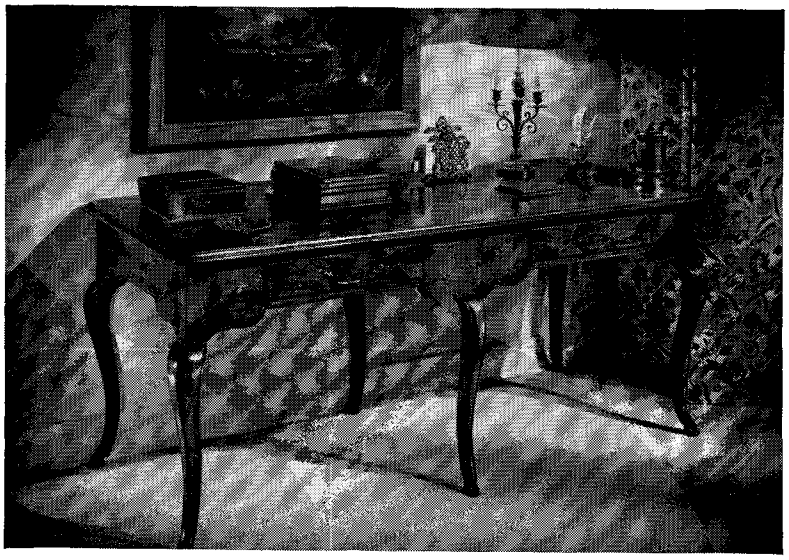
also making three new sails for her—a mainsail, a genoa, and a spinnaker—but on this afternoon McCullough wanted him to look at the mainsail she had used against Sovereign in 1964, and to advise him on which seemed to be the best of a selection of foresails.

The crew came aboard Constellation at a pontoon dock off Minneford's Yacht Yard, on City Island—seven determined young men, college age or just post-college age, who would serve as the foredeck hands and winch grinders; Tom Young, the navigator, an affable, wiry man in his middle forties who is skipper of a race-winning Hood thirty-six-footer called Shearwater; Dick Goennel, an advertising salesman for *Yachting*, as boss of the foredeck, a job he had held on Constellation in 1964; George O'Day, a brightly loquacious expert who was going to be relief helmsman to Mosbacher on Intrepid; McCullough, a tall, commanding textile manufacturer, who, like the others, was putting business and family aside for the summer to partake in this obsession that is the rarefied summit of sailing; and, finally, Hood. He hopped up onto Constellation's high, crowned deck, where the crew were reeving sheets and stowing sails, and he prowled from one spot to another, bending to look at the downhaul on the boom, examining the headboard of the mainsail, checking the seams for any chafe they might have suffered in use or in being dragged along the rough, non-skid surface of the deck, and inserting four long battens in the batten pockets. When McCullough asked about them, he said they were a highly flexible new type that he wanted to try out. For a while, he stood and gazed at Constellation's mast—masts being an aspect of yacht design in which he believes there is now more room for radical improvement than in sails. When O'Day asked him what he was thinking, Hood said he thought this mast could be a little thinner above the spreaders; in Australia he had seen Dame Pattie's mast, and it was very clean.

Hood spent the afternoon noticing things as Constellation tacked down the Sound into a brisk, twenty-knot northeasterly—coming about, filling away, then coming about again as McCullough gave his crew a workout. The noise was tremendous when Constellation tacked—wire whirring on winch drums, the winches rattling, the winchmen ducking as the boom thrashed over, and the backstays pulsating loudly as the whole boat throbbed



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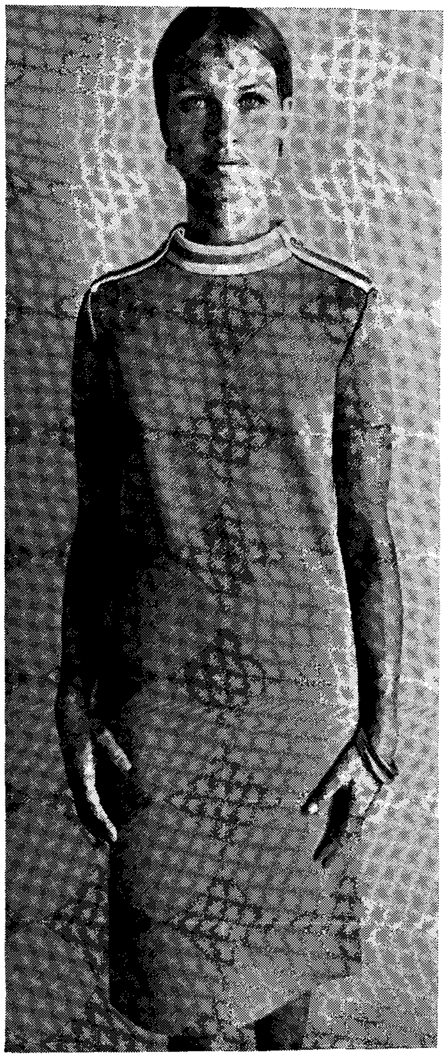

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Slightly higher in the west.

coming through the eye of the wind. Constellation drove to windward at seven and a half knots and thirty-five degrees off the wind—two indicators gave those figures. Although the waves were short and steep, she was absolutely unbothered by them. She sliced forward, sending solid sheets of spray past the clew of the genoa and into Hood's face as he crouched there staring along the leech or slightly forward into the belly of the sail, seeing things that no one else was seeing and making notes with a pencil stub on a tiny piece of lined notebook paper.

"How's it look, Ted?" yelled McCullough, and Hood, blinking to get the spray out of his eyes, crammed the scrap of paper in his pants pocket and said, "O.K."

"What are you going to do to it, Teddy?" asked O'Day, who was standing by the running-backstay winches.

"Might flatten it a bit," muttered Hood. He ducked away from any further inquisition, soft-shoeing forward to the mast and looking up at the rigging. He called back, "How are the intermediates?"

McCullough said, "Olin Stephens told me they were right."

"I'd like to slacken them a bit—put a little more hook in the mast," said Hood.

"You'd better talk to Olin," McCullough said. "He was worried about the spreaders if you slackened the intermediates."

Various jibs were hoisted in turn. Hood asked Goennel and his gang on the halyard winches to tell him when a genoa was fully hoisted, and then he examined the set of it. He said, "Take it up another foot." They did so.

Goennel called, "How's it look now, Ted?"

Hood said, "It needs to go up some more."

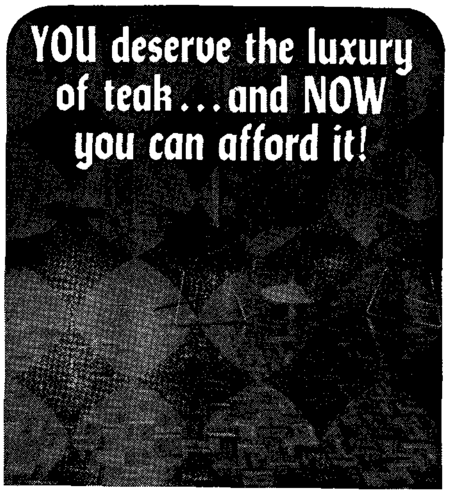
This brought expressions of dismay from the foredeck, and McCullough told them to attach a strain gauge to the halyard. Readings were taken, a book of conversion factors for different sizes of wire was consulted, and the results were relayed to the afterguard.

"It can stand some more, can't it?" asked Hood.

"Up to three thousand pounds. A few inches," said McCullough.

"Take it up another six inches," said Hood.

When this had been done, and Hood had satisfied himself that the genoa now had the requisite luff tension and was delivering maximum drive, he turned to McCullough and said, "Ev-



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ery time they tell you it's all the way up, tell them to take it up another foot. Then it's up."

Hood adjusted a leech line in the mainsail, which O'Day said took some of the pressure off the helm, and, in reply to McCullough's suggestion that perhaps the new battens were a bit too flexible, he said that he thought maybe if one were stiffened the rest would perform better, and, anyway, he wasn't sure that the reverse twist they seemed to be giving the leech of the sail—like that of a bird's wing—wasn't all to the good, although he admitted that it looked unusual. Constellation was soon up between Stamford and New Rochelle, and McCullough invited Hood to take the helm. Sitting on the leeward side of the helmsman's cockpit, with one hand on the four-foot-diameter, wide-spoked destroyer wheel, Hood stared with bent neck at a spot about halfway up the forestay on the cambered luff of the jib. He pulled the wheel down, and Constellation came off the wind a little, gathering speed, heeling so far but reluctant to heel further. Then Hood let the wheel go up again, watching the genoa luff until there was a little puff, a flutter, in its perfect swelling. There he held the wheel for a second. The boat drove a fraction closer to windward than the wind seemed to allow, almost sidestepping, and before it had lost its momentum Hood had begun to haul the wheel gently down a few inches again, taking the bows off the wind at the beginning of another arc. Behind his elbow on the deck the water hissed by. Over his right ear the wind hummed. His gaze was glued to the luff of the jib, and it was a second or so after McCullough asked, rather earnestly, "How does it feel, Ted?" that Hood appeared to have heard the question. Then he grinned, as if he had awakened from a particularly happy dream. He ran his hand down one side of his nose. "Feels good," he said. —ANTHONY BAILEY

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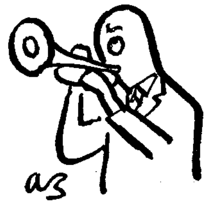
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

THE gloomier the economic weather becomes for jazz in New York, the more incandescent the music is. (The Five Spot has closed jazz out, the Half Note is open only on weekends, and the Village Vanguard has been breathing heavily.) Duke Ellington is nearing the end of a marvellous, semi-experimental stand with a small Ellington group at the Rainbow Grill. Jeremy Steig and Gary Burton, leaders of groups attempting to weld jazz, ragas, and rock and roll together, have been on view, as have the new big bands of Clark Terry, Frank Foster, and Howard McGhee. Ornette Coleman and Don Ellis have been farming their revolutions. And Elvin Jones, the most important and original drummer to appear in the past twenty years, is holding forth at Pookie's Pub, a small bar with a breath of a bandstand down on Hudson Street. More than that, Wilbur Ware, the remarkable bassist, who has been missing from New York four or five years, has just joined Jones.

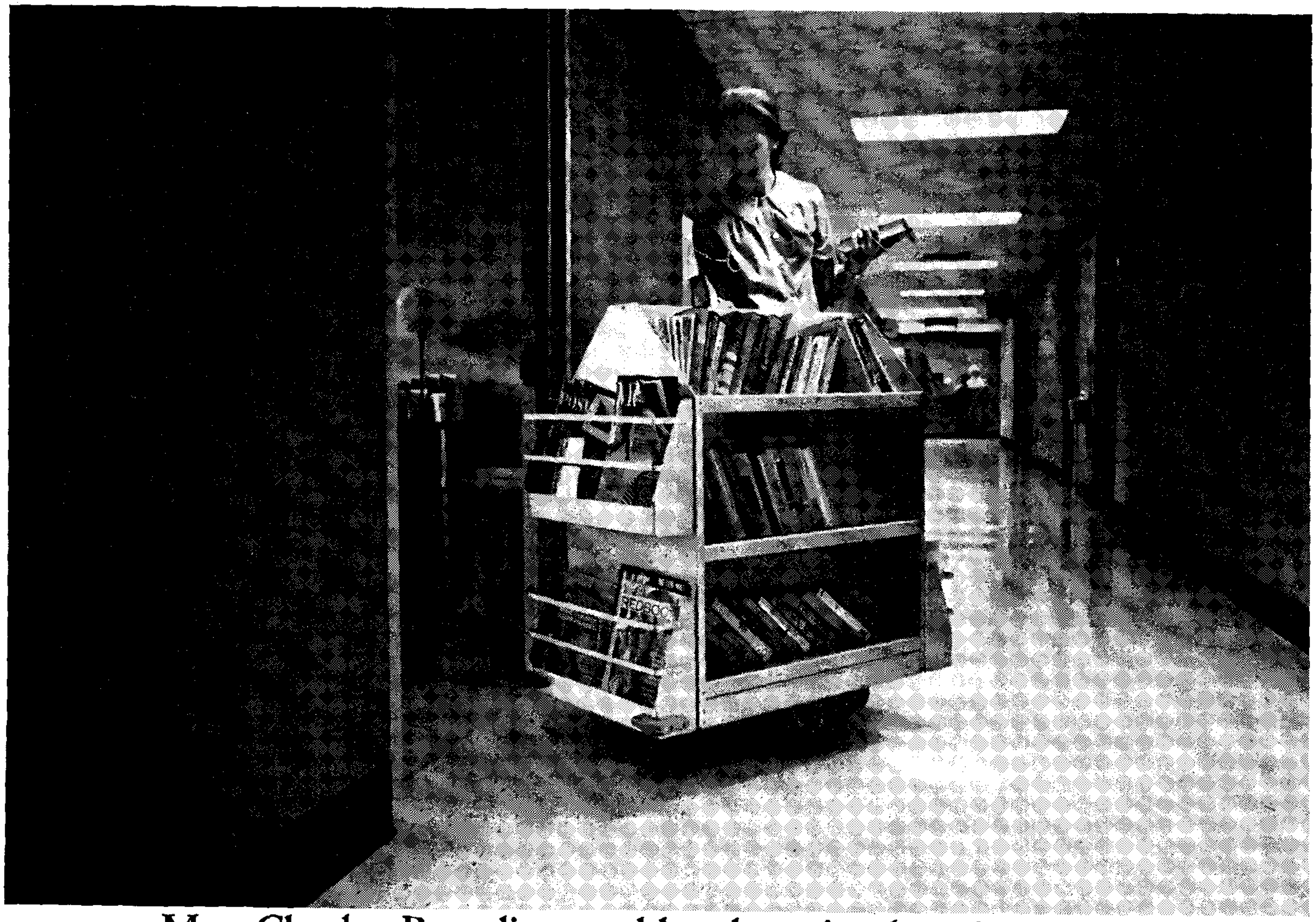


Jones, who is the younger brother of Hank and Thad Jones, is the founder of the third great school of jazz drumming. The first was ruled over by Baby Dodds, Zutty Singleton, and Chick Webb, and the second by Sidney Catlett. Max Roach, Philly Joe Jones, and Art Blakey were the bridge between Catlett, to whom they have all acknowledged their debt, and Elvin Jones, who, however, knows Catlett's work only through recordings. In many ways, Jones, who is lank and tall, with a big head, flying cheekbones, and a gap-toothed smile, is a parody of a drummer. He works at his set in an awkward, lunging way. He impossibly holds his drumsticks near their tops, where one has the least control of them. His rimshots are rarely clean and sometimes he misses parts of beats or even whole beats. He plays so loudly he often obliterates everyone around him. But out of such helter-skelter a mighty oak has grown. As an accompanist, he is an engine of multi-rhythm, a babel of rhythm. He uses his ride cymbal constantly, pelting it with a steadily changing pattern of beats that compound the basic metre he is working in and that make the old one-two-three cymbal beat sound like pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake. At the same time, his left hand—dodging, rattling, chattering—creates an altogether different flow on the snare drum. And running counter to both hands are his astonishing accents on the bass drum, which range from irregular single beats to raging triplets. The sum, though its parts appear hopelessly divided, is a massive, kaleidoscopic beat.

His solos are loud, extremely long, and frequently, through sheer amassed sounds and surprises, breathtaking. ("The length of my solos doesn't mean anything," Jones has said. "When I go on for so long, I am looking for the right way to get out. Sometimes the door goes right by and I don't see it, so I have to wait until it comes around again. Sometimes it doesn't come around at all for a long, long time.") During the eight immense numbers I heard the other night at Pookie's Pub, Jones took three solos, each of them well over twenty minutes long. Perhaps the most brilliant came in "Night in Tunisia," in which, in one three-minute section, he developed endless variations out of a series of heavy, barging snare flams (flat, clumping beats traded rapidly back and forth between the hands), while dealing out incredibly fast triplets and staccato beats on the bass drum, and in which, in another equally long section, he moved randomly between his large tom-tom and his snare, punctuating the roar with giant slow-motion bass-drum beats that seemed to suck up the rhythmic welter around them. It was a deafening, exhausting, hypnotic performance.

Wilbur Ware is one of the few bassists who have not followed the ways of Charlie Mingus. His lyric and subtle style consists of on-the-beat notes (many of them spaced around large and surprising intervals), quiet double-stops, and occasional pauses and staccato passages. He has lost none of his ability, and the other night he took fine, reflective solos in a fast blues and in "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise." (Jones, who is capable of great taste, backed the first with easy, waltzing high-hat figures and the second with wire brushes on the snare that were blowing leaves.) The rest of Jones's quartet was made up of Joe Farrell, a competent hard-bop tenor saxophonist, and a tidy pianist named Billy Greene. Surfers couldn't have managed Jones's breakers better.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



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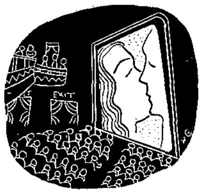
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Flim-Flammery

AMERICA is strong—and so, by heaven, is its stomach for what it will swallow in the movies. About real life it possesses as much native incredulity as any country on earth, but it seems to take the cinema's woozy whoppers without a gulp, as though the act of sitting in front of a film screen made one want to Believe. The American movie industry has always tended to ask one to step forward for something—for deMille's Bible, or family life, or Doris Day, or the federal rehabilitation program for war cripples, or the miracle work of psychiatrists. The new independent pictures often pound at an audience with much the same witless evangelism as the old-time moguls' films that projected on a giant scale the childhood tenets of mawkish millionaire accountants. In its way, "David and Lisa" required an effort of faith just as gigantically silly as the pictures in which Louis B. Mayer indulged his feelings of the numinous about mothers. Greer Garson said recently on television—I quote from memory, but this is close—that Mr. Mayer didn't like art that tilted its mirror downward toward the gutter and people's problems; he thought it should look upward to the better things. In M-G-M pictures, many of these things were mothers. Mr. Mayer could have turned "The Bacchae" into "Mrs. Miniver."



What do the proselytizers of the American cinema want us to believe in now? Still in mothers, of course. And in happy marriage. Also in happy divorce; in all stories with Sidney Poitier in them; in the curability of drug addicts and homosexuals; in the triumph of the shy at kinds of work that actually deal in push; and in the impact that one good man can have on institutions that are really far beyond the influence of isolated decency. This most American conviction of the power of the individual is a matter of history. It runs through a lot of American popular forms, and I wish the fact that it is a noble thing to believe in saved it from being sometimes simpleminded. For instance, no sooner has the public-school system in New York fallen apart, for a dozen dense social causes, than we get a film like "Up the Down Staircase," which conducts a sort of sedate revival meeting to whip up belief in the good that one true teacher can do in the havoc. Sandy Dennis has the hard task of playing a schoolteacher of genius. It is tricky enough to depict a painter of genius, but at least his easel can be turned away. Miss Dennis's classes have to be conducted on camera, and one simply doesn't believe that she could win the compliance of such an ironic lot. Practicing juvenile delinquents would surely have leaped at once on her vocal mannerisms, for instance. Even to a non-violent audience, the backtracking and pauses sound maddeningly like someone using a blunt lawnmower. But the real difficulty isn't in her performance, which limpidly tries to tell the truth; it's in the lines. How can one take seriously a pretty schoolteacher who is daft enough to read these kids a poem with a crashing double-entendre in it and then look hurt when the boys yell at her to tell them the spelling? When she starts talking about "A Tale of Two Cities," she does it so well that the lesson practically works as an example of the gift she is supposed to possess, but the pupils' lines manage to wreck the point, because the script unwittingly makes the class seem a lot more attractive when it is being bad than when it is being good. Once Teacher's magic works, the classroom turns into a breeding ground for toadies. During a discussion about the meaning of "thesis," for instance, it is hard to see much to applaud in the prig who says, fancying the naïveté no end, "With the bombs going up and our morals going down, we got *antithesis*."

Most of the surrounding bureaucrats and pedants are overplayed. They are done in the style that is supposed to be suited to what are called "cameo parts." The most direct and likable moments in the picture belong to Ellen O'Mara, playing a fat schoolgirl who has to endure a long scene of mortification when an adored English teacher rather improbably picks her up on the grammatical mistakes in a love letter she has sent him. Robert Mulligan, the director, must have been partly responsible for the quality of her performance. It is very touching, perhaps because it superficially reveals nothing. The blancmange is in agony but poses as a stoic because despair seems inapt in one of her build. She commits suicide out of a classroom window soon afterward. There is a fine moment in Sandy Dennis's performance later on, when the teacher looks down into the street where it happened and forgets what she was saying. The film as a whole seems pat, though, and hard to take seriously. One is being asked to stand up and face the east and chant the credo of the oldest of all American faith-healing religions: the one maintaining that a complex ill can be cured by the simplicity of one individual. The Sandy Dennis character triumphs, of course. She ends the film by going up the down staircase, and the rebellion of the lone dissenter is supposed to have worked again.

"The Flim-Flam Man" is rooted in much the same notion. The film, based on a novel by Guy Owen, is a comic chronicle by William Rose (of Ealing days), directed by Irvin Kershner, about a con man who is seen as a form of fundamentalist. He is almost like some moral water diviner. The picture's respect for his significance is rather like the view of the equivalent hero in "The Rainmaker." In Europe, say, or India, I think, the character would not be invested with anything much more meaningful than roguery; only in America, with its ethic of individualism, could social sagacity be detected in a self-taught prankster outside the law. Old Kentucky Mordecai, who is played by George C. Scott with a stupendous arsenal of physical idiosyncrasies, believes in cheating only the cheaters. He regards his own nomadic life as an object lesson against greed, for the benefit of his victims. At the beginning of the picture, he falls in with a lad on the run, which luckily gives him the length of the picture to explain himself in. He does it with blarney and guile, peering over spinsterish glasses, snapping red braces as he clinches a dishonest proposition, popping in and out of a clerical collar, and putting on every variety of untrustworthy dialect. His language is a pleasure. From now on, he tells his young ally, they are "consummately in the gravy." The pupil, a boring, romanticized role, is played by a handsome boy named Michael Sarrazin, who looks eerily like an additional Kennedy. The tone of the picture slides around uncomfortably from idyll to slapstick; if the director had had more sense of humor, he could have leaned on the good old primitive jokes and resisted whimsey. George Scott's comic driving scenes are practically Neanderthal, but they are still very funny. Muttering cheerful com-

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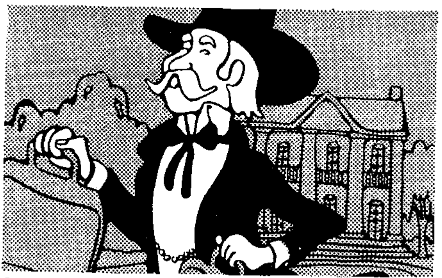
ments and exuding the excited mastery that is peculiar to the truly rotten driver, he peers alertly through a windshield that has been smashed entirely because of his appalling misplaced confidence. There is also a pleasurable moment when he causes a police car to come an almighty cropper through a closed gate into a field.

Luis Buñuel's "The Exterminating Angel," from a story by him and Luis Alcoriza, is clumsily acted—his films often are—but I find it hallucinatorily funny and very much his own. A dinner party for twenty is about to begin. In the kitchen, servants putting glasses on trays and shovelling caviar onto a swan of solid ice start to sniff trouble, and quit the place with the instinct of rats on a ship about to draw away from the quay. The party nevertheless proceeds on its mummified way, with little clicks of cutlery and meaningless pleasantries that sometimes warm up into exhilarated savagery. Something is happening that hasn't anything to do with the strapless satin dresses and the party faces, which look like the heads of suckling pigs glazed in aspic. Men talk secretly about an overdressed woman who has cancer, and say that it won't be long before she's completely bald. There is a concert—"I beg of you, something from Scarlatti"—and then people speak of getting their coats, but no one actually manages to leave. In the end, they bed down for the night. They are inexplicably trapped in the room as if it were surrounded by fire. "This is the hour of maximum depression," says someone at dawn; the lamps are still on, and the milkman doesn't call. The hostess, managing on her one last cylinder of a butler, gathers together a semblance of coping and calls for cold cuts. Soon the guests are hacking at a water pipe with an axe to find something to drink; more satin, bare feet, a woman with hair clips stuck into the top of her strapless dress; and the butler eating a plate of paper frills to fill his stomach—a trick that the undoubtedly metaphor-minded Buñuel makes him describe as having been learned from the Jesuits at school. A hypochondriacal woman flights off into a fantasy of going to Lourdes; a man complains sharply to a lady that she smells like a hyena; and the civilized start looking like bundles of laundry on the floor. "Hell is other people." Well, yes; Hell is a *lot* of other people—people who won't go. These people start to repeat some of the things that they said when the party was still apparently normal, des-



My old Kentucky home

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perately attempting to get back to the point where they went wrong. "I beg of you, something from Scarlatti," the same woman says again, sounding quite wild. A man has been quietly shaving his legs with an electric razor; an occult woman plays games with chicken claws that she keeps in her evening bag; beyond the gates, a priest with a nose for the newsy carts along a tour of children to see the hermetic house. Sealed off by what? Superstition? Conventionality? The habits of pretense with which the human personality can wall itself up and finally suffocate? Buñuel's prefatory note in the film declines in advance to spell anything out. Back at the purgatorial party, the guests are now walking round and round in their mysterious confinement, like attempted suicides being forced to move in order to keep alive. Next door, a brown bear skids up a column. A small flock of sheep skelter up the handsome staircase. The occult woman has been doing battle with a disembodied hand, trying to stub it out as if it were a wasp. One of Buñuel's oddly shoddy props, it looks like something off a cheap-jack window dummy.

"The Exterminating Angel" hasn't the weight or the care of "Viridiana." Where it fails, it is mostly because of the acting; if ever a film needed filling with a thousand ferociously accurate details of manners collapsing under stress, this one does. The framework seems made to contain more observations of ludicrous hauteur than it actually produces. The rather wooden actors, to whom the exiled Buñuel seems doomed, visibly bring no sophistication of their own to his screenplay. It is because of this, I think, that the surreal references sometimes look more autonomous than the filmmaker perhaps intended—as if the baaing sheep had drifted in from elsewhere, and the lopped hand had come to grip the throat of the film from some other movie.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

If Syracuse should be hit by a nuclear bomb, you still could communicate with your relatives in Chicago as well as Aunt Minnie next door, thanks to an "underground city" beneath a Tully cow pasture.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Aunt Minnie isn't speaking to us.

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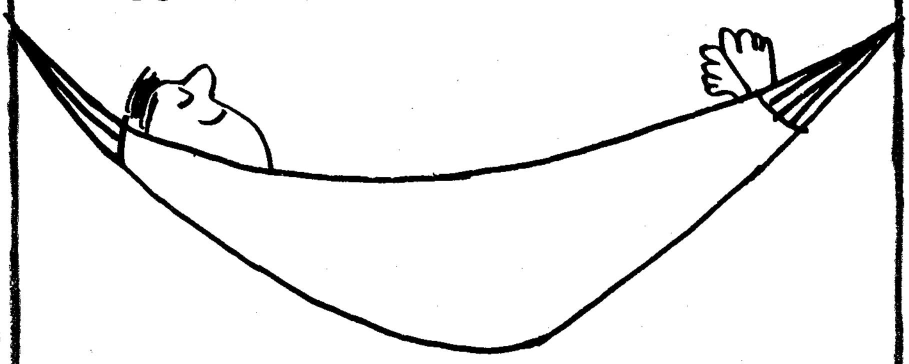

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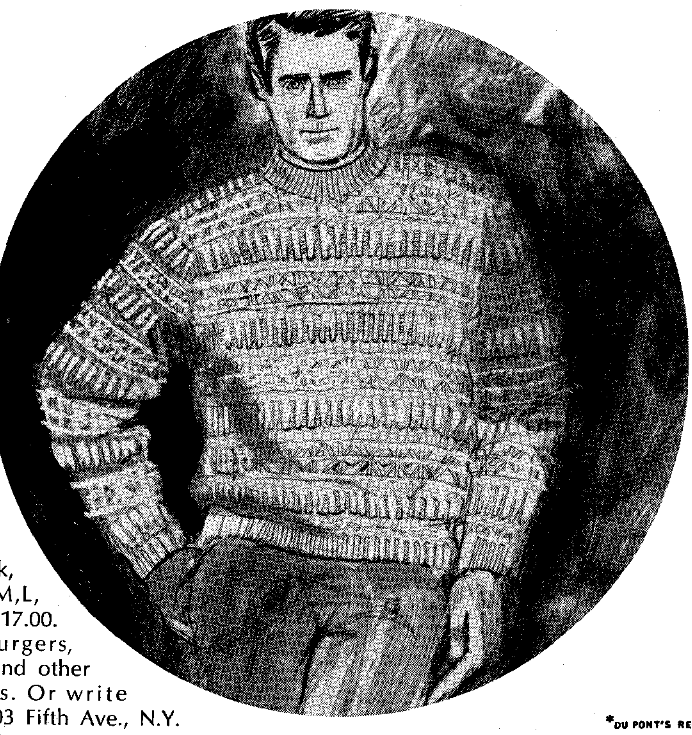

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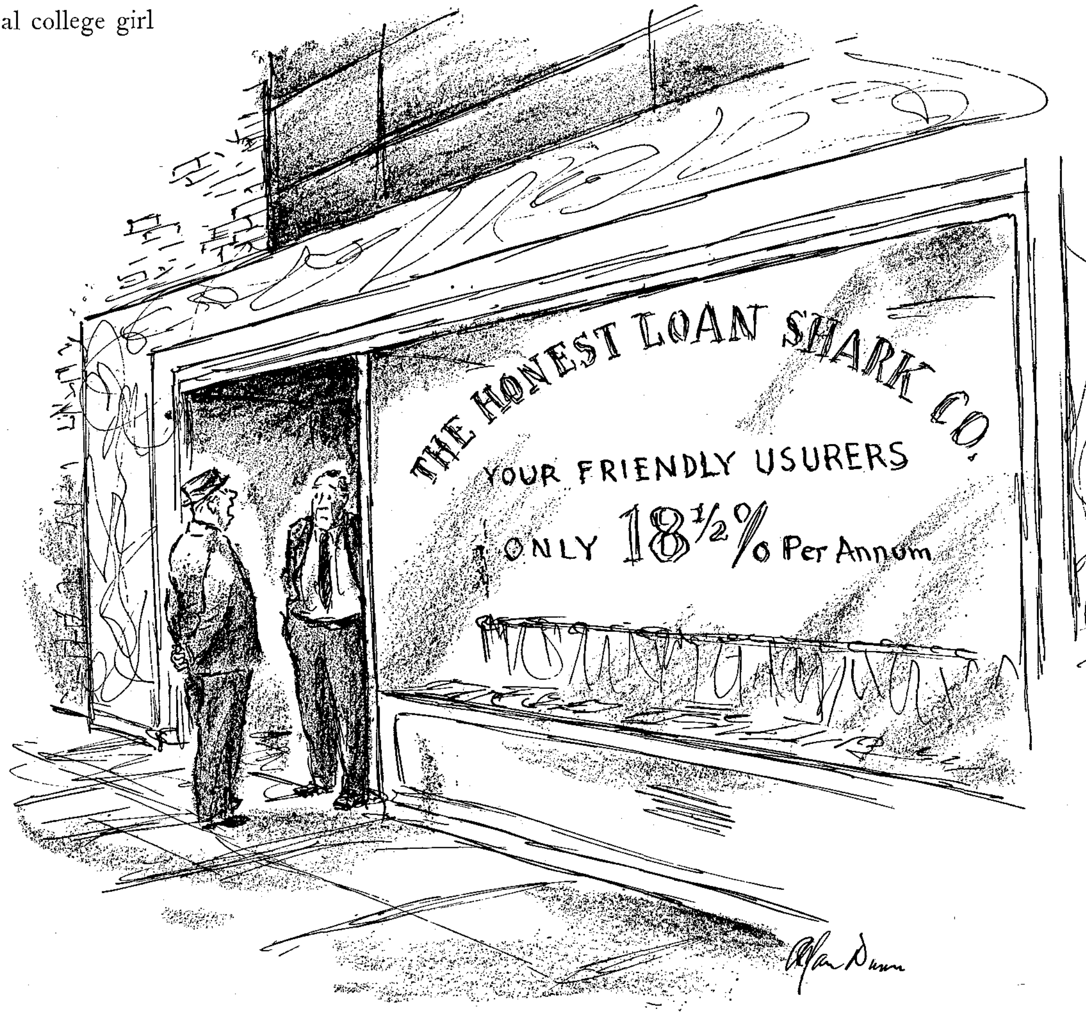
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

YOU never know *where* the designers will go next in search of what they think is inspiration. Thus it was that, following a crew of them the other afternoon in their ransacking of Thailand for ideas, I had to ford the River Kwai on foot (someone blew up the bridge). The thing was that I was making my way back to New York for the annual exploration of what everyone likes to call the college shops. As I splashed across the Kwai, an idea came to *me:* dressed as I was for the occasion—my sandals and my battered carryall slung carefreely across my shoulders, my unpressed skirt wrapped high against the tide, a kerchief floating over my head in the breeze to ward off the assaults of the burraburra birds—I was accoutred a great deal more like a real college girl than anyone I had seen in those same college shops a year ago. Why don't I, I thought, set myself up as a designer, if I know so much? And then, when I got back home, I found that I was too late; the shops had already come to at least one of their senses, and the clothes I saw in them were much better behaved than the ones I had witnessed the season before. Sometimes more useful and practical, too, in spite of the touches of prankishness, such as a noticeable predilection for hardware—giant zippers, galosh clasps, knobs, bridle bits, keys, and enough other metal to make one think that everyone is going to major in popular mechanics this semester. For practicality, let us consider the stadium coats set forth in Lord & Taylor's college sector. The ones of cocoa poplin repel water, though never young men, and with their attached hoods and their detachable linings (these of ersatz curly white lamb) they provide for a lot of sturdy bundling up. Matching but unlined jeans of the poplin go with them. The tap: $50 and $15, respectively. Hoodless stadium coats, of fireman's-red poplin and with funnel collars, have built-in linings of quilted white nylon, and the same things are also done in malt-hued canvas that bears a latticework of tan calfskin; they run up to $125. Practical as well are the jackets, or shirt jackets—some in canary leather with trousers of beige corduroy; some double-breasted ones, of navy chinchilla cloth, running up to $115, a price that includes matching trousers; some of olive-and-white Glen-plaid wool with big olive leather patches at the elbows. Among the pranks that go under them are Skirmudas, which happen to be Bermuda shorts with button-down-the-front overskirts (that Glen plaid again), and Maxi sweaters (these are to be seen all over town), which are sleeveless pullovers with high or collarless necks and are constructed of brown ribbed wool knit, so long that only four inches of the matching miniskirts are visible below.

BONWIT TELLER scatters its college goods through the store, but most of the ensuing items nest on the seventh floor. Many of the raincoats shed water like a duck, because that is the fabric they're made of. The hue is either teakwood, in which case there are gold-metal discs in the pleats in back and more of the discs at the double-breasted closing up front, or bright yellow, in which case there are fly fronts. Orange capes are also on hand. The giant zippers I was discussing show up on capes of camel Melton cloth, and there are separates, fresh and pretty, such as shirts of crinkled strawberry cotton, Shetland sweaters, kilts of a strawberry-



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plum-and-pink tweed, and A-line skirts of strawberry-and-beige checked tweed. Too late, I fear, for this year's round of strawberry festivals. Chinchilla cloth turns up here, too, to make red double-breasted suits with vests of a hound's-tooth check; $100.

YOUNG ELITE is the name of the Saks Fifth Avenue floor for our student body, and here that body can be quickly encased in a safari suit of chamois-hued suède, with hip pockets big enough for a baby kangaroo. The common bond this season among the shops is chinchilla cloth, which Saks uses for coats (the complexion is plaid in a parrot-feather mélange) that go over sheaths of orange wool knit; $125, and presumably for girls whose fathers are willing to make allowances, and of some size. Chinchilla cloth, now purple-blue with a green-and-chartreuse over-plaid, is the makings of waist-length jackets that keep company with A-line dresses whose skirts are of the plaid and whose tops, square-necked and sleeveless, are of chartreuse wool knit. Practically any allowance could encompass the décolleté evening slip dresses of black rayon velvet that are upheld by two strands of rhinestones, for $40 is the price. The party mood is likewise catered to by tailored frocks of a shiny black synthetic like jersey, adorned with cuffs and collars of white satin and broad self sashes, as well as by frocks of black rayon velvet that look like coat dresses and are topped off by bold Peter Pan collars and vast bow ties, all of black-and-white striped satin.

ALTMAN'S Young Colony College Shops are dealing, under a small barrage of jukebox music, in separates by the milliard, most of them in an antic state of mind. The stuff is checked wool whose ingredients are orange, green, yellow, beige, and cream; the display includes riding coats, Norfolk jackets, shirt dresses, waistcoats, gored miniskirts, culottes, trousers, and even fedoras with cocky feather brushes; the costs are medium. For me, though, the prize is a skirt of wool in a tobacco-navy-and-white Glen plaid, slung low on chain suspenders of fake tortoiseshell and glossed over with a turtleneck sweater of tobacco wool (Altman must have chain smokers in mind) that has two breast pockets. Even dirndl skirts have gone mini now; I saw them here in orange knit, along with V-neck mini sweaters. And there's a set of Instant Minis—shifts ending in double ruffles that can be adjusted upward by a zipper arrangement to make them short enough for the teeniest of boppers. Wool in a black-and-white check, hopsacking wool in coffee color with white lace at the hem, black hopsacking wool with touches of black lace—none of them are much above $20.

COLLEGE SHOP ON COSMO 7 is what Best calls its students' dress-in, which is up on the seventh floor. Among the notable participants are shift dresses that can pass as raincoats, of raspberry canvas with half belts that fasten in front by galosh clasps, or of orange-and-purple canvas fastening by a zipper from one shoulder to the opposite hem. Other things are more predictable, such as skirts and jumper dresses (navy flannel does for both), though the huge silver-metal loops that decorate them are not. With them can go sweaters, not to mention shifts that end in shorts (these of knit in navy and Shocking-pink horizontal stripes). Not quite so predictable are trumpet-skirted princesse dresses of green velveteen. Flashes of ivory crêpe with pleated edges appear at the wrists and the throat. Nothing here is expensive, by the way.

THE Back to School Shops at Ohrbach's have brought up reinforcements from England, France, and Italy. Among the newcomers are step-in shirt coats of blanket cloth whose devices are narrow and wide plum stripes on a field of olive. There are separates, too, such as long jackets, stovepipe hip-hugger trousers, very full shorts, and box-pleated skirts that hook up with bridle bits of silver metal. In all cases, the material is gray flannel. The Irish fisherman's sweater is in abundance, but with *short* sleeves—maybe because it's made in Italy. The English bobby's cape shows up in a Stewart tartan, which I hope doesn't make the bobby a turncoat. The mothers of invention have been at work elsewhere, too; as evidence, take the short wool-and-cotton Thing (I guess you have to call it) that can triple as a robe, a dress, and a coat, wearing a diamond pattern in ice blue and lilac. For a Dietrich evening, a boa of make-believe feathers is added; lilac-and-wine mohair yarn is the secret recipe. Accessories? Yes, indeed—floppy, brimmed felt hats with vast zippers at the bottom of their round and high or square crowns, so that the crowns can be detached and tilted forward to become

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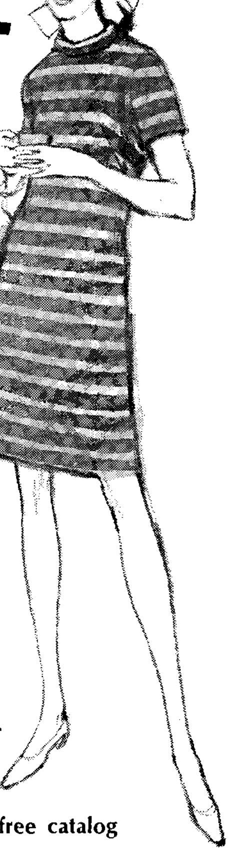
fezzes, tilted back to become pillboxes or halos (the hues are endless); square-toed, one-eyelet suède oxfords, in black, brown, or navy, with contrasting laces; low-heeled, and more formal, pumps that come high over the instep and sport gunmetal balls on the vamp (suède that is half-and-half pomegranate and taupe, or rust and mustard, or navy and lavender, or whatever); attaché cases of brown fictitious patent leather, and provided with shoulder straps and short handles.

PECK & PECK still sticks to its knitting, which involves such things as superb cashmere sweaters in Wedgwood blue (button-down collars, and buttons all the way down the front, just as though they were Brooks Brothers shirts, and beautiful, beautiful). They are to be tucked inside the waistbands of skirts of wool with a blue-and-gray check. The sweaters are $35, the short skirts are $25, and the long ones, which bear contrasting grosgrain sashes tied in bows, are $35. Wherever-you-may-roam sweater dresses of navy or red cashmere knit are finished off with high, ribbed collars and with cuffs at the wrists; similar jobs of wheat knit are nipped in at the waist and bare at the throat and the armholes. Tent and jumper dresses (no surprise, surprise!) of knit that is natural or bleached have welt seaming down the sides. These start at $60 and stop at $70.

THE big thing over at the Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch is the spate of classic separates by John Weitz, for they will be wearable long after college is Ancient History 401. To be specific: lively long, straight double-breasted jackets of brown-and-beige checked wool or of tan whipcord, all warmly lined with red flannel; straight, waistbandless trousers, sitting snugly on the hipbones and made of wide-wale white cotton corduroy, buttered-rum narrow-wale cotton corduroy, or gray flannel; similarly low-slung skirts of gray flannel or tan whipcord; shirts with action backs, done in red-and-white Glen plaid or in most noticeable color combinations and patterns, all on cotton. The jackets are $80, the trousers and skirts $30 to $35, the shirts $15.

YOUNG BENDEL is the place at Old Henri Bendel, and the bag of treats is thoroughly mixed: coat dresses of poison-green chinchilla cloth that is heavy enough for cool nights; urbane, and urban, three-piece deals (waist-length jackets of red Melton cloth, dirndl skirts of black twill that are encircled

The Talbots



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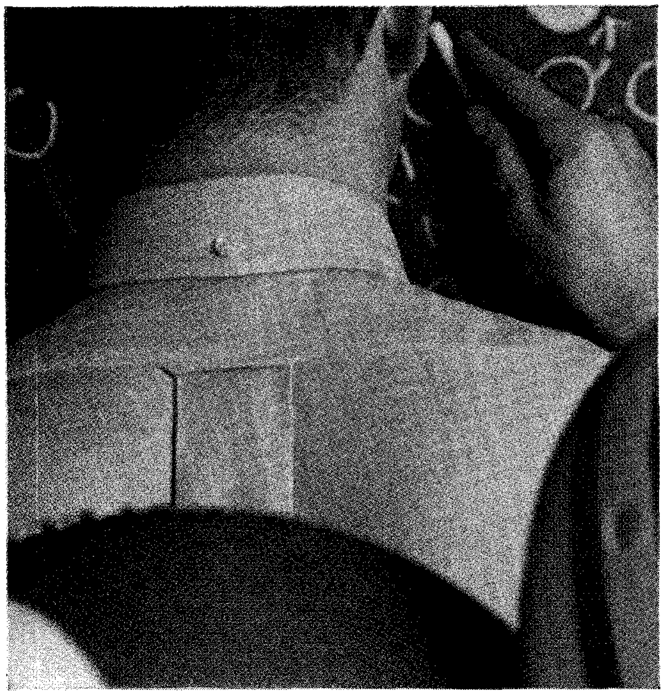

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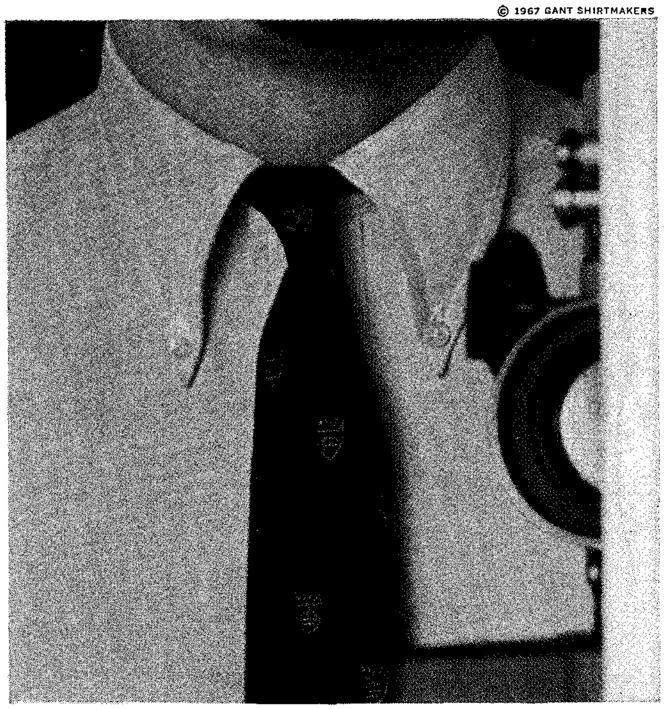

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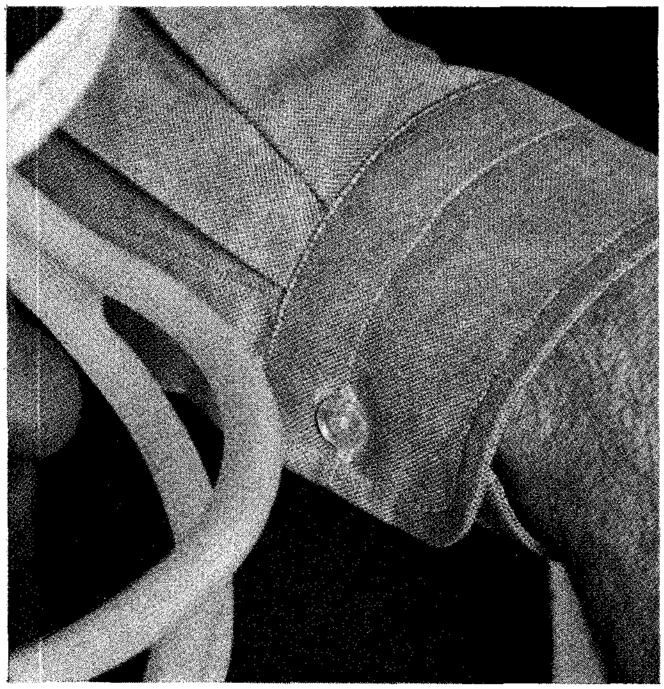

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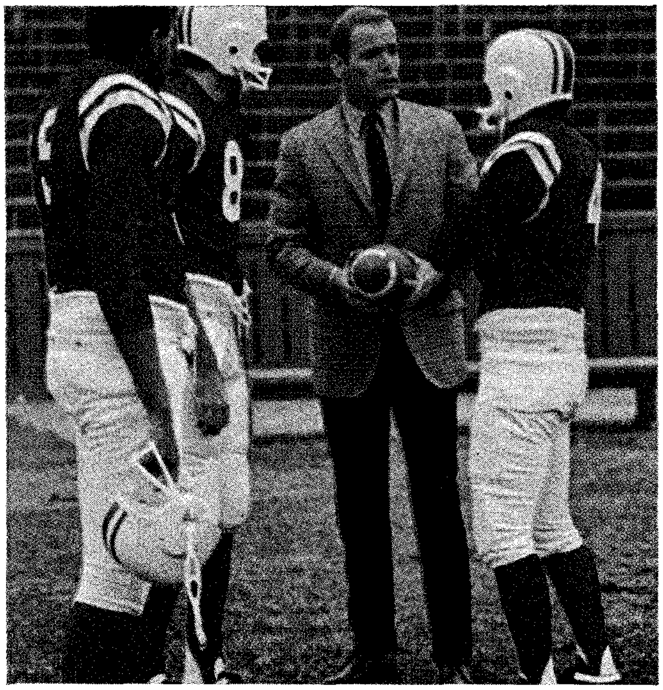

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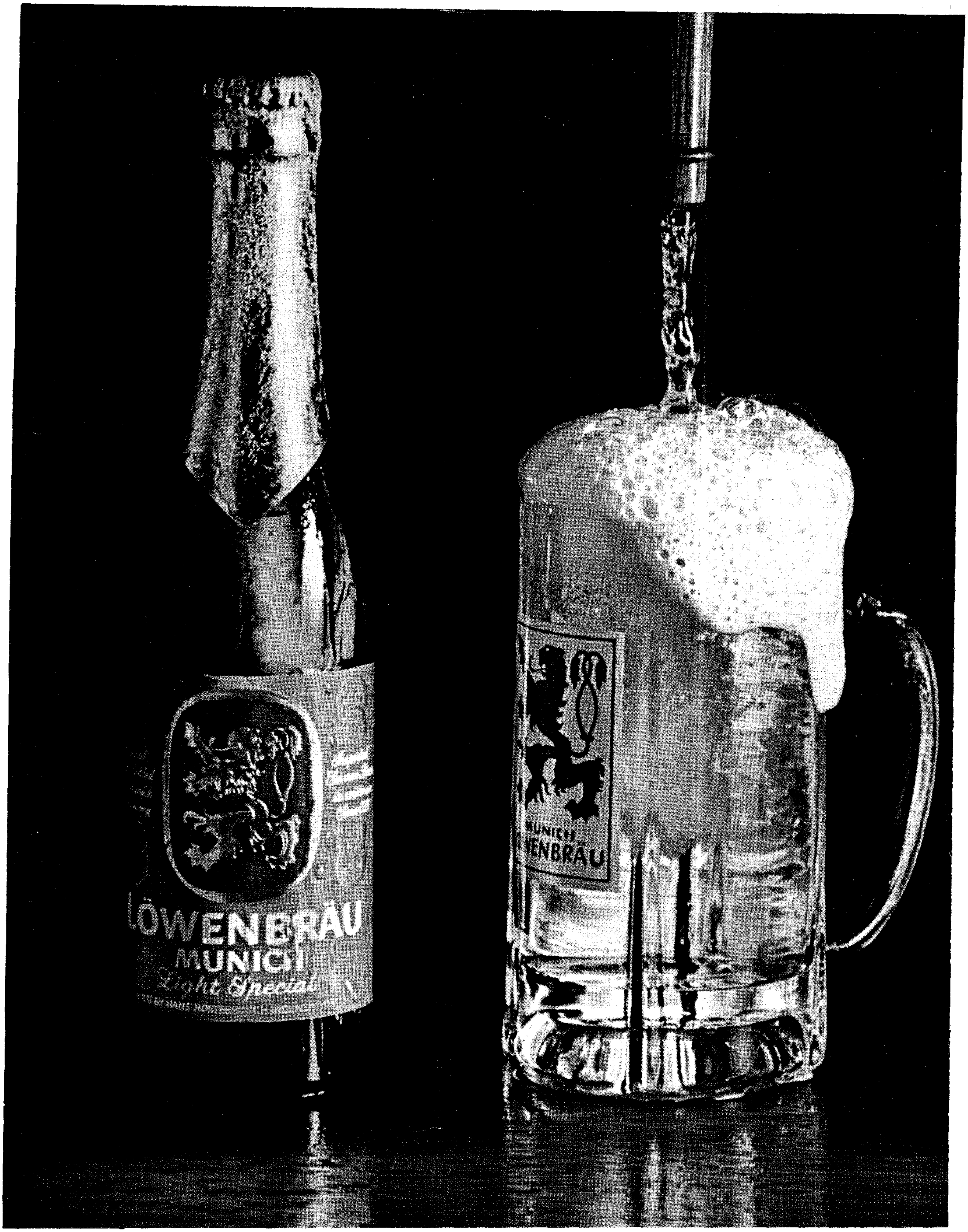
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•

THIS AFTERNOON

The
White bird
Circles over me
Wearing a crown. He
Must have escaped
From a country where
Chinaberries dangled
From the green trees
Against yellow
Skies, where ebony spleenworts
And branches
Were dazzled by the wind
And where
His great crown
Was made. O bird! I exhale
And inhale your secrets—my
Heart beats now like
Yours
As I lead you home alive.
I am quiet
As I move through
The twigs as if they were
Clouds—I am what
I always was—a child
Leading
Birds out of the sun.
The weeds are quiet now. I
Listen to imaginary
Woods and grasses—gullies,
Trees, ponds—
None are as real
As your white pearl feathers
As we fly
Through the parables of
Trees while I call to you "Bird! Bird!"
Crying again
To be so young.

—Sandra Hochman

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THE RACE TRACK

Twenty-two Lengths

As everyone expected him to, Damascus won the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. My favorite chart caller, Don Fair, made his margin twenty-two lengths. What with intermittent rain, a sloppy track, and Damascus overshadowing the three other three-year-olds in the race, it seemed likely to be as dull as a success story, but actually it wasn't. Cordero, the leading rider at the meeting, on Gala Performance, and Baeza, on Tumiga, a sprinter, went hammer and tongs from the start, running the first quarter in 0:22$\frac{3}{5}$ and the half mile in 0:45$\frac{4}{5}$. At one stage, they were so far ahead of Damascus that I'm sure some watchers wondered if he could ever close the gap. In full stride on the turn for home, he passed the leaders, who had raced themselves dizzy, and Shoemaker was easing him up before he reached the winning post. Reason to Hail, who is nearly always in the picture, took second money. Because of the fast early pace, the time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01$\frac{3}{5}$, which equalled the track record. It was the ninth victory in twelve starts this season for Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft's colt, and his share of the purse ($52,065) raised his earnings in 1967 to $584,161—top of the list.

What might have happened if a virus hadn't kept Dr. Fager out of the Travers? Your guess is as good as mine—maybe better. I must say, though, that Johnny Nerud has done a superlative job handling the colt. Right now, Dr. Fager is training smartly for the New Hampshire Sweepstakes at Rockingham on September 2nd.

Seldom in years has this fussbudgety department done much cheering for jumping races. They're not as good as they used to be. But I'm cutting loose with three loud huzzas and waving a small flag for the performance of Quick Pitch in the Lovely Night Hurdle Handicap at Saratoga last week. He not only won by eighteen lengths, covering the course—two miles and a sixteenth, with eleven fences—in 3:38$\frac{2}{5}$, nearly three seconds faster than the old record, but carried 170 pounds. (What do you suppose those bleeding hearts who insist that 136 pounds is too much on a horse going a mile and a quarter think of that?) Roublet, winner of the Saratoga National Hurdles a week before, to whom he gave twenty pounds, was second, and Lumiere, to whom he gave thirty-four, was third, twenty-five lengths behind Roublet. He also gave forty pounds each to two of the other starters. Old Diogenes Checkpoints, who has been thumbing through a lot of charts, says that no horse carrying 170 pounds had ever won a hurdle race in this country before. Owned by Fortune P. Ryan and trained by E. Barry Ryan, Quick Pitch, a seven-year-old chestnut gelding by Charlevoix out of The Ghizeh, did all right on the flat, too. You may remember his winning the Bernard Baruch Handicap at Saratoga in 1965. His best effort last year was in the Fair Play Handicap at Fort Erie, in which he beat Victorian Era, Canada's Horse of the Year in 1966. Last autumn, Barry Ryan, who is no green hand with a horse, put Quick Pitch to jumping. This was reversing customary procedure, for it is common practice to make hurdlers out of horses who aren't good enough for the ninth race. Anyway, it clicked. Since finishing third in his first start this season, Quick Pitch has won five straight. May I suggest that the Ryans send him to England for the Champion Hurdle Cup at Cheltenham next winter?

Last week, a two-year-old filly with the wonderful name of Wildwook started things off at the Spa by winning the Adirondack Stakes at 50–1. Then there was the Saratoga Special, the prelude to the Hopeful Stakes and the Futurity. Its sixty-fifth renewal, on Wednesday, went to Vitriolic, by Bold Ruler, who beat Exclusive Native and Pappa Steve in a dramatic photo finish. Exclusive Native, who had won all of his three other starts, including the Sanford Stakes, in which he beat Vitriolic by four lengths, led to the stretch, but Vitriolic, who had an eight-pound advantage in the weights, wore him down. No doubt they'll meet again this weekend in the Hopeful, which will wind up the meeting. I have no selections.

Out in Chicago, Handsome Boy beat Pretense, Bold Tactics, and seven others in the Washington Park Handicap last Saturday. It was his third victory in a six-figure event. His next try will be the Aqueduct Handicap on Labor Day. —Audax Minor

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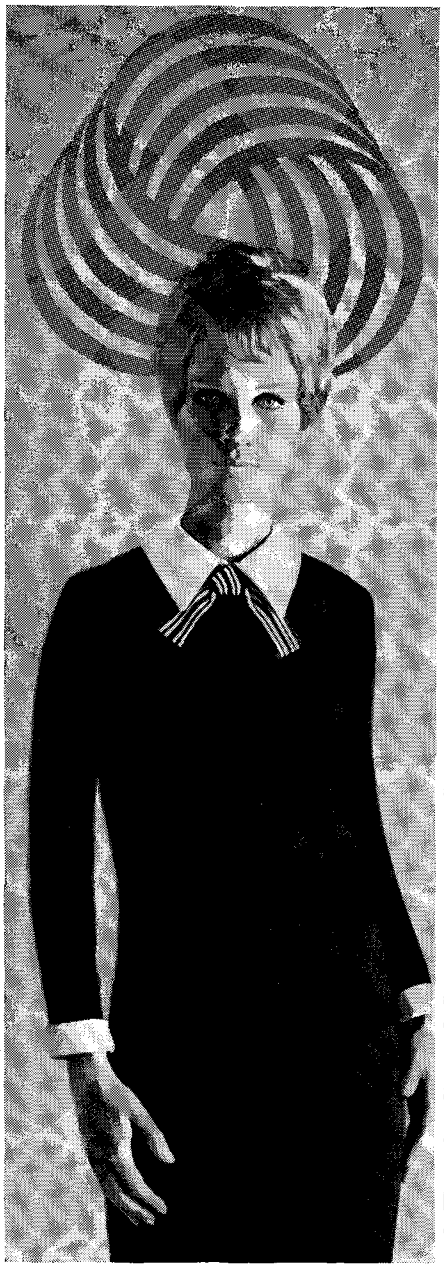

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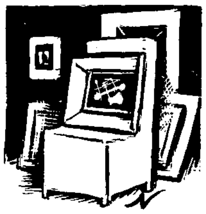
THE ART WORLD

Big

DESPITE their size, the canvases in the "Large Scale American Paintings" exhibition at the Jewish Museum are not murals but, like the seventeenth-century tapestry in the Museum entrance hall, transportable pictures suitable for *any* wall large enough to accommodate them. They are essentially easel paintings—particularly today, when the "easel" is more likely to be the studio wall or floor than a piece of furniture especially designed to support a canvas. Even the largest painting in the exhibition, the mammoth "environmental" barricade by Al Held, can be dismantled and relocated with no more difficulty than a stage set. Since these works were not made to fit a given architectural frame, why are they so large? And why, too, not only the twenty-three paintings at the Jewish Museum but dozens of others parading through American painting of the past fifteen years, from Jackson Pollock's "Blue Poles" of 1953 through giants by Franz Kline, Barnett Newman, Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, Elaine de Kooning, Larry Rivers, Robert Motherwell, down to those by Larry Poons and Allan D'Arcangelo of the past season? By itself, bigness can produce certain psychological effects—for example, awe and the sense of being encompassed. Monumental buildings, statues, paintings convey an emotion akin to that aroused by gorges, waterfalls, mountains. Panoramic canvases by nineteenth-century Americans, such as "Niagara," by Frederick Edwin Church, and "Thunderstorm in the Rocky Mountains," by Albert Bierstadt, attempted to translate the sublimity of size directly from nature. A similar romanticism has tempted present-day observers to declare that largeness in painting is an American trait; wall-size paintings seem to go with skyscrapers and three-thousand-mile turnpikes. "The scale of recent American painting," wrote a biographer of Pollock, "shows in some degree an . . . urge to attack the vastness of the land mass as well as to echo it." In a recent version of his perennial retelling of the origins of Abstract Expressionism, Motherwell credited American artists with introducing bigness into twentieth-century painting. "I think," said he, "that one of the major American contributions to modern art is sheer size." In the heat of recollection, Mr. Motherwell appears to have forgotten that such ample works by Europeans as Monet's "Nymphéas" series, Matisse's "The Dance," Léger's "Le Grand Déjeuner," Beckmann's "Departure," Picasso's "Guernica" got there first. It may be, however, that Motherwell meant to accent the word "sheer" and to suggest that American artists have brought into painting bigness for its own sake. This, with its implication of intellectual and emotional vacancy, is a thought worth pursuing.



Size in painting (the physical measurements of the canvas) is, among artists and critics, commonly contrasted with scale (the space generated by form, color, rhythm, and other structural factors). The contrast is analogous to the contrast in drama between the actual time it takes to perform a play and the time compressed into the action of the plot (twenty-four hours, an eternity). The problem of the artist, Klee wrote, is "how to enlarge space;" that is, how to augment the scale of the work in relation to the size of the surface. Obviously, the larger the dimensions of the canvas the greater the difficulty in creating a proportionate increase of scale. Thus, to undertake a big painting has had the character of a grand risk, like a poet's decision to write an epic. In the European paintings I have mentioned, the scale of each picture has been made to interact with its size by means of the artist's idea: Monet's notion of creating in his "Water Lilies" an "illusion of an endless whole, of water without horizon or bank;" Picasso's outcry in "Guernica" against Franco's rape of Spain. Something comparable to the metaphysical intentions of Monet and Beckmann is present in the large drip paintings of Pollock; as I indicated in this column last May, they were spurred by a ritualistic motive and the wish to produce an image with, to cite Pollock, "no beginning and no end." In "Blue Poles" and "Lavender Mist," size and scale are brought into a single focus by Pollock's evoking of the transcendental creative event. The big picture has for him the role of an absolute statement the meaning of which flows out over his lesser works. Bigness also represents finality of conception in such a painting as Newman's "Cathedra" or Gottlieb's "Coalescence," which, like "Blue

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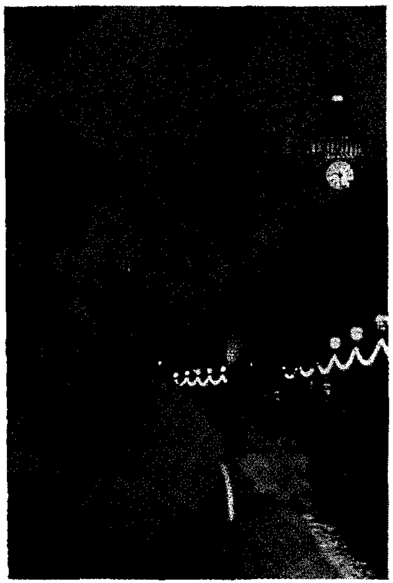

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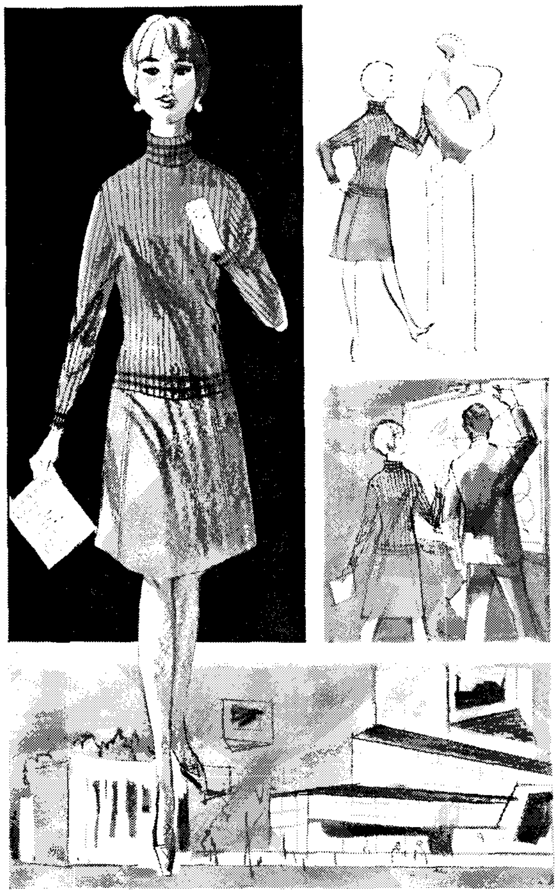
Poles,” provides the point of view from which to appreciate the artist’s other works. Still and Rothko, on the other hand, presuppose an absolute statement in each canvas, so that bigness becomes an attribute of their subject matter and, as with painters of the Hudson River School, is present as a matter of course.

The notion of “sheer size” is distinct from the traditional concept of the big painting in that it eliminates the counter-concept of scale and, with it, the need to balance great expanse with an overriding idea or theme. Such a conception of size belongs, in my opinion, to an attitude in art more recent than the generation of Motherwell. It is a view in which the painting is no longer thought of as an image but has become a material object defined by its shape, dimensions, and hues. It is, one might say, nothing but itself; it has been relieved of the tension, inherited from the mind, between physical and subjective space. Such a painting is like a play whose only time dimension is the number of minutes it takes to perform it and which thus is indistinguishable from a real event—in a word, not a play but a Happening. Make the painting big enough or the Happening (or the plotless movie equivalent to a Happening) long enough and it becomes the large non-statement, an anti-“Guernica” or anti-“Water Lilies.” In the aesthetics of size, the artist’s (or the spectator’s) ability to maintain the psychic intensity of the creative insight is no longer relevant, and an area whose dimensions the artist may have chosen for any reason whatever (the largest wall in his studio, or the gallery where the picture will be exhibited) becomes the frame for the display of his picture-making process, be it accident, industrial craft, or some aesthetic system. The yardage of a “combine” by Rauschenberg is filled up by found objects and silk-screen reproductions, that of a composition by Warhol by printed serial images imitating the frames of motion-picture film, that of modular sculptures by sets of prefabricated units. The reduction of painting and sculpture to quantitative decisions—how big? how many?—achieves its visual essence in a bland or neutral space, a kind of bulletin board on which any marking or appendage finds itself at home. In painting, one of the first to practice art as indeterminate jotting, similar to the scrawls on a schoolyard fence or on the menu of a Bowery beanery, was Larry Rivers. At the Jewish Museum, the conception of space as a blackboard is



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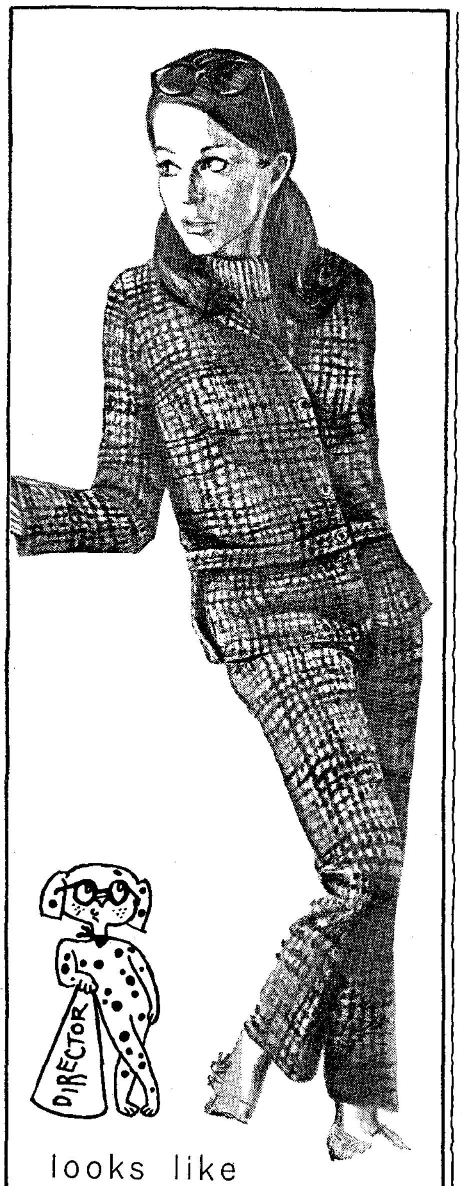

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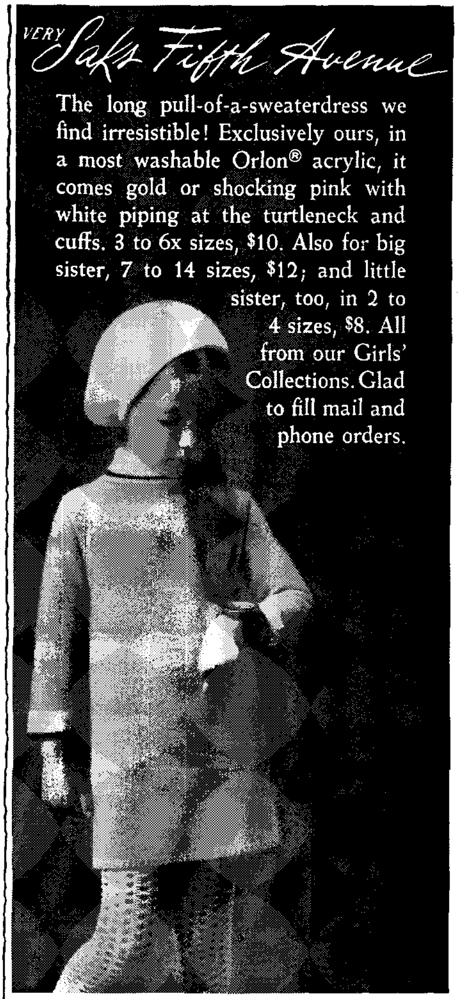
With space desensitized, the difference between realistic and formal emphases in art disappears: "object" art (for example, an uncomposed presentation of a kitchen table and its random contents) becomes aesthetically identical with an art of measured areas of color or of reiterated geometrical shapes. The total effect is an ultra-naturalism in which a necktie, a plastic cube, and a sequence of parallel lines are equally "things," and which rejects as "illusionistic" even those structural aspects of painting (or drama) that represent the categories of space and time indispensable to cognition. Art and thought have never before got so far apart—by the application of reason, of course. The deletion from each of the arts of its human core of scale makes it possible to produce "mixed-media" works in which quantities of images, sounds, words, and the motions of bodies are blended into "real-life" spectaculars; in them the form of the news event has superseded all inherited forms. In speaking of sheer size, Motherwell appears to have hit on the principle of qualityless extension, which the new "environmental" art, with its various sub-classifications, from shaped canvases to process ("systemic") painting and minimal sculpture, has derived from the Abstract Expressionist background. Whether or not this art is an "American contribution" is difficult to determine, unless one is prepared to interpret sheer size in art as the accompaniment of the idolization in American political economy of the Gross National Product.

ONLY a fraction of the paintings at the Jewish Museum are "environmental" in the stylistic sense. In fact, the exhibition, which falls far short of covering the field of big paintings and seems to be a summer show put together from what was handy, is distinguished by an unusual independence, in that it goes outside the art modes fashionable this year to include figure painters and emblem- and symbol-makers, as well as second-generation Abstract Expressionists. The majority of the canvases are tableaux belonging to the pictorial order of the "Moses and Aaron Before Pharaoh" tapestry in the entrance hall. From Fairfield Porter's "Iced Coffee," served on the porch, one may pass through Alex Katz's "Lawn Party" to Paul Georges's "Three Graces IV," who have thrown off their clothes to dance in the field. Strictly speaking, these are not big pictures but bigger pictures; their size is not in-



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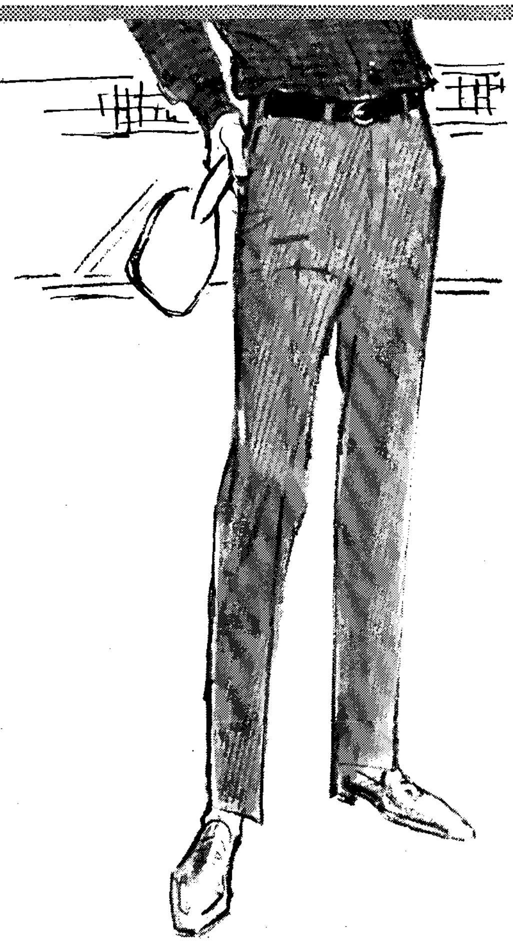
spired by a large conception but results from the need for room into which to fit the chosen subject. By current standards, the canvases of Giorgio Cavallon (six by seven feet) and James Bishop (six and a half by six and a half) cannot even be considered large. In the abstract compositions of Raymond Parker and Jack Youngerman, the size of the whole is proportionate to the dimensions of the shapes constituting the pattern, to the same degree that the canvases of Porter and Katz are proportionate to the human figures depicted in them; none of these paintings would lose by being reduced or gain through enlargement.

The most interesting of the abstract tableaux are those of Robert Goodnough, Joan Mitchell, and Norman Bluhm. The sharp-edged, colliding shapes of Goodnough's "Vietnam III" establish a direct visual reference to Picasso's "Guernica"—a rare example of a painting that makes a political statement exclusively through the means of art. In contrast, Mitchell's triptych "Chicago" provides no visible clue to its title; it is actually three related paintings in the manner that this artist has succeeded in keeping fresh. The most satisfactory pictorial handling of size in the exhibition, and in my opinion the best painting in it, is Norman Bluhm's "Santa Fe," a composition consisting of two movements—a wide, overhead curved stroke of cherry red and a nether swing of black—confronting each other in an explosion of Action Painting splatters. The tension of this inward-circling image is sufficient to compress the nine-foot height and eighteen-foot length of the canvas into a painting that is visually much more compact. Like the large Pollocks, Newmans, and Gottliebs, "Santa Fe" represents a creative synthesis of the artist's concepts that engenders new feelings about his other paintings.

Distinct from the tableau is another type of big painting, especially familiar since the nineteenth century—the panoramic segment of landscape that, lacking a compositional center, gives the impression that it could be extended indefinitely in any direction; the Rocky Mountain and Niagara Falls canvases I have mentioned fall into this classification, which Monet raised to the level of philosophy. In twentieth-century abstract art, nature as the visible scene has been transformed into nature as energy typified by the activity of the artist. Instead of the broken horizon of the Rockies, the up-and-down movement of the paint strokes forms the panorama of an inscribed



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landscape. The flow in Pollock's "Blue Poles" is that of writing, largely from left to right, with the poles themselves generally taking this direction, but in vertically inclined shoots that serve to "polarize" the continuous scribble of the dripped paint. Below the line of the horizon the compositions of Church and Bierstadt "read" similarly from left to right. At the Jewish Museum, panoramic abstraction is represented by Lee Krasner, Pollock's widow, by Milton Resnick, and, in a restricted sense, by the pencil-marked canvas of Cy Twombly referred to earlier. One of Resnick's most aspiring efforts, "Swan," almost ten feet high and twenty-three feet long, swims among Monet's measureless water lilies. The movement is entirely horizontal, without a form or counter-thrust to impede it; lacking the check of the foreground tree trunks in Monet's panorama or the poles in Pollock's, "Swan" is formally closer to the Hudson River School. What makes it a painting of our time is that, following Pollock, Resnick was able to release himself from the observation of an actual outdoors in order to arrive at a continuous activity modelled on Monet's gesture.

The replacement of action by activity, or process, also manifest in Miss Krasner's "Combat," marks the passage from Action Painting to "environmental" art. Ernest Briggs has made the transition the subject of his "Hommage." Within an expanse of vaguely toned, soaked-in color he has composed an insert of Abstract Expressionist fragments featuring shapes derived from de Kooning's "Pink Angels" period. Another semi-environmental painting, in the sense of exploiting the quantitative idea of the one-color area but without committing itself to it, is Dzubas's "Firebird," a narrow, twenty-foot-long streamer of red with a detailed vignette at its left end. Also approaching an "environment," but refusing to move in, is the painting of Knox Martin, who for years has followed the strategy of never getting on a bandwagon but running alongside it. The true "spatialists" in the show include Gene Davis (ten-foot-high colored stripes of even width forming a stockade just short of nineteen feet in length), Ellsworth Kelly (three sixty-five-inch-square panels, one red, one yellow, one blue), and David Budd (a seven-by-fourteen-foot black painting bisected by a white curving line that near one end breaks into dots and dashes of color).

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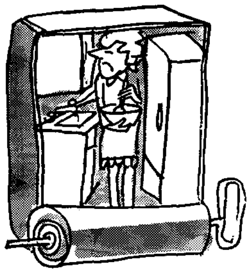

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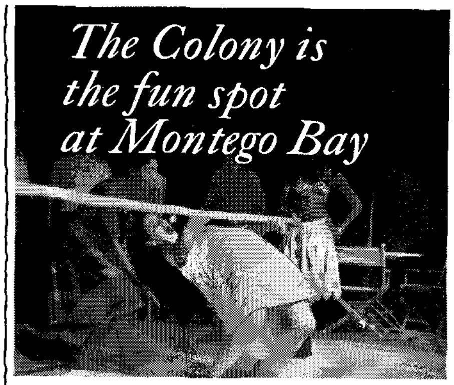
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Jules Olitski and Al Held. Olitski's "Magic Number" (despite its coolness, quantitative thinking tends to be hospitable to magic) is a wide yellow curtain whose single hue descends to a thin edge of blue and orange and a corner of white, as if the yellow concealed an outdoors. Perhaps "Magic Number" intends to represent a quantity that excludes the disorder of the daylight world. Thomas Hess has remarked that the light of this painting comes from the inside, like the light of TV, instead of from a point behind the spectator, as in Renaissance paintings. In calling his colossus (twelve by fifty-six feet) "Greek Garden," Held may have wished to associate the classics with Madison Square Garden in a side wink at Pop; certainly there is nothing vegetational about his painting. More likely, though, the Greek reference pertains to the basic geometrical forms that constitute the layout of "Greek Garden": a circle, a square, and a triangle. Held's rudimentary shapes appear to constitute a rebuttal of the primary colors of Ellsworth Kelly; as against the latter's red, yellow, and blue, the color in "Greek Garden" is purposely dampened into disagreeable combinations of brown on brown, white on black, yellow on green, in order to deprive the huge surface of any effect but that of size. In this painting, the dimensional aesthetic reaches its strictest statement. Unlike color-field painting, which drowns the consciousness in rainbow translucences, "Greek Garden" forces the mind to work by making emptiness unpleasant. Held seems to have realized that the exaltation induced by sheer size does not last; the vast paintings of the vast spaces of America became fashionable as quickly as a new tourist site and for about as long. In the United States, there is a correlation between the gigantic and the transitory. People stand with their backs to the Grand Canyon and take to reading magazines in airplanes above the clouds. Held's circle, square, and triangle assert that in the midst of magnitude the most elementary forms of the intellect take over. This may prove to be the major discovery of "environmental" art about the American environment.

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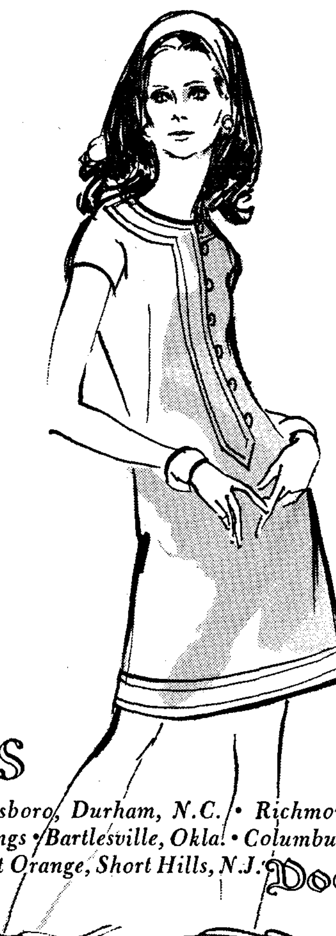

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BOOKS

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FICTION

A SECOND-HAND LIFE, by Charles Jackson (Macmillan). Mr. Jackson should confine himself to what he understands. His present work—an account of the career of a rich girl afflicted with nymphomania—is unpleasant reading mainly because the writing teeters painfully between artificial naïveté and artificial knowingness, and is further hampered by the author's obvious determination to see this thing through to the end at all costs. All the cost is to the reader. Mr. Jackson has done a lot of typing, but his one attempt at characterization (Winifred Grainger, the rich girl) is only a riffling through the file of girls, girls, girls, in all the different places—hotel rooms, automobiles, gardens, beaches, and so on—where it is possible to manage a quick sexual encounter with a stranger. The unfortunate Winifred, whose aura—at least on the printed page—is oddly masculine, is a member of a prominent New York State family, and her father is a banker.

THE MAN WHO HAD POWER OVER WOMEN, by Gordon M. Williams (Stein & Day). In his irritation-colored dream world, Peter Reaney, a press agent, entertains himself with thoughts of sex, and the calibre of his thoughts seems to indicate that for Mr. Reaney thoughts of sex are quite enough. The scene is England. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

THE PAPERS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT: 1837-61, edited by John Y. Simon (Southern Illinois University Press). The first volume of a projected fifteen-volume work in which Grant's entire career, as reflected in some thirty thousand documents, will be recorded in his own words. This is an enterprise of archival importance, of course, but if the first book is any indication of what is to come, it will have a more lively interest. Grant, who was a bad speller and no master of grammar, was nevertheless a good writer; he dispensed with rhetoric, ordered his thoughts in a clear array, and expressed them to the point. These early letters deal with the life of a cadet at West Point and then chronicle Grant's service in the Mexican War, his years of exile in

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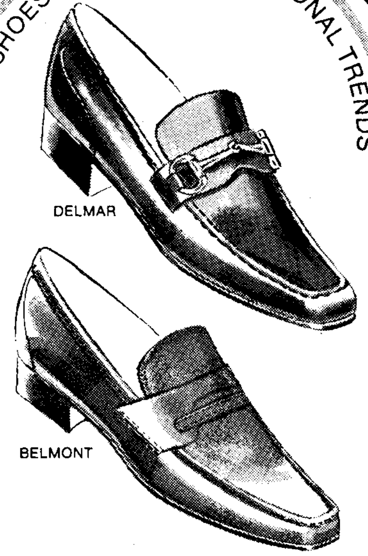

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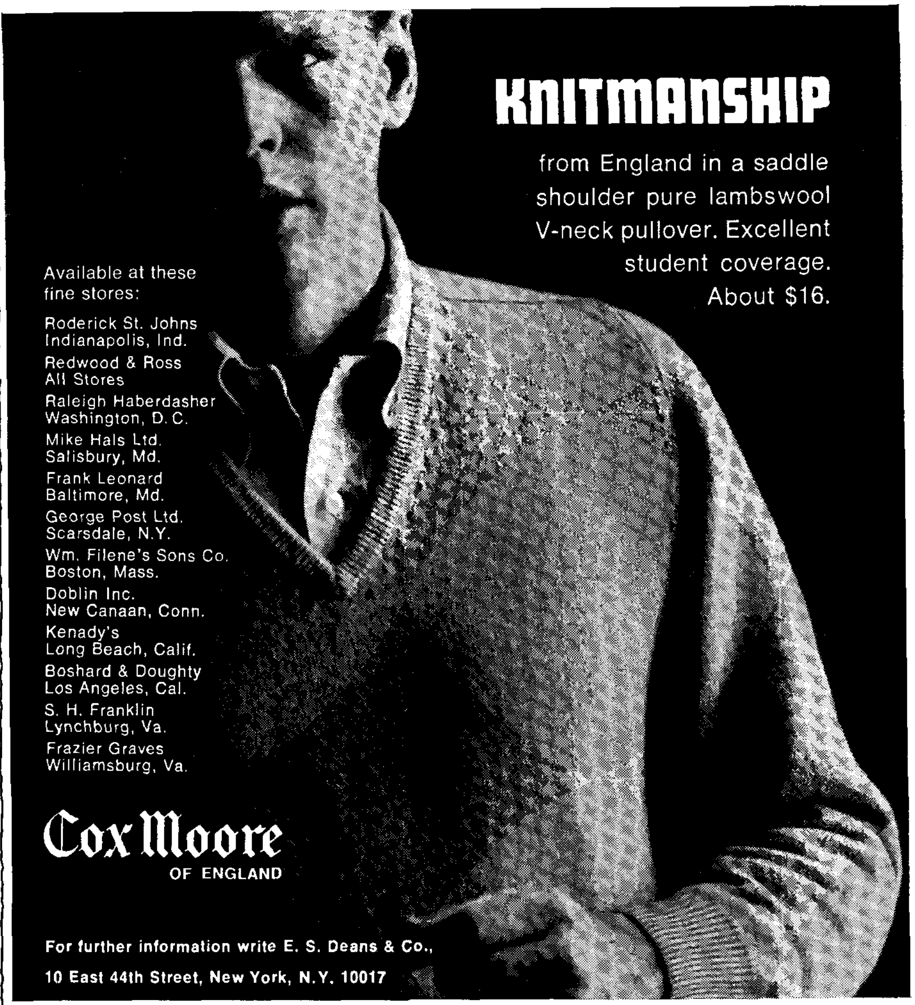
far-off Army posts, and the six years of humiliating civilian failure that preceded the Civil War and his entrance, at the age of forty, upon the historical scene. A hundred and nine letters are to Julia Dent Grant, his fiancée for four long years, and through them we perceive a rather different person from the taciturn and colorless figure of many histories, for here, speaking for himself, is a man of quick feelings and perceptions, very much alive to what went on about him, and a man, dogged by what would seem heartbreaking bad luck, who never let a phrase of self-pity escape him. The illustrations include an early portrait and a series of romantic but quite ably executed drawings made by Grant at West Point. Fifteen dollars.

CENTRAL PARK: A HISTORY AND A GUIDE, by Henry Hope Reed and Sophia Duckworth, with an introduction by Thomas P. F. Hoving (Potter). An excellent and heartfelt portrait of the often threatened but still surviving eight-hundred-and-forty-acre "lungs of the city." The authors (Mr. Reed is, of course, the recently appointed first curator of Central Park) describe the evolution of the Park through the exertions of William Cullen Bryant and A. J. Downing (who agitated for a large city park), Mayor Fernando Wood (who saved it from immediate diminishment), Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux (who transformed it from a squatters' slum into a model of the picturesque landscape style), and Ignaz Anton Pilat (who supervised the planting of almost five million trees of more than five hundred different species). They then take up the physical decline of the Park after 1911; the numerous rejected "improvements" (an airport, a stadium, an apartment complex), the many accepted "improvements" (the Heckscher Playground, the Sophie Loeb Memorial, the Metropolitan Museum, the Wollman Skating Rink), and the misconception of the Park's intended function that makes such notions possible; and the nature of crime in the Park ("Actually, the best crime deterrent in the Park is first-class maintenance"). And they close with two nicely detailed guided tours that encompass the best the Park has to offer. Appendices (covering such things as scheduled Park events, flowering plants, sighted bird species, and monuments), photographs, drawings, and maps. It should be



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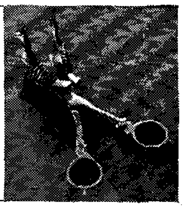

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added that the book is handsomely mounted and that the level of the writing is high. The only lack—a serious one—is an index.

Man—The Reluctant Brother, by Matthew Ies Spetter (Fieldston). A book about good and evil whose burden—although it touches on many subjects and probes into many subtleties—is simple: I wish, the author says, to expose the mutilation of the human person, and I wish to arouse my generation against the paralyzing trends that make pawns out of people. Dr. Spetter, who is a specialist in mental health and active in the Society for Ethical Culture, was born in Holland, was a member of the Resistance during the war, and is a survivor of both Auschwitz and Buchenwald. He stands against all political and religious abstractions, all rationalizations of power, and all intoxications, from the chic absurdities of anti-art and the literature of despair right on down to the John Birch Society. He sees reason for hope but not for optimism in the present human condition, and his book is a clear statement of the credo of liberalism, delivered without any apology whatever.

Dublin: A Portrait, by V. S. Pritchett, with photographs by Evelyn Hofer (Harper & Row). The text gives Dublin's history—with particular attention to literature and revolution—and natural history, based in part on Mr. Pritchett's own observations (Yeats tossing tea leaves out the window into Merrion Square). It combines the most brilliant insights ("There are a lot of big faces with shrunken or small faces set in the middle of them—the double face, one containing the outer, the other the inner life, is very general") with the flip ("Snobbery has replaced sex as a natural force") and the careless (Brian Merriman becomes "Berryman"). The photographs, sixteen of them in color, are so magnificent that they have to be seen to be believed; the way Irish mist softens colors has been perfectly captured at last. Fifteen dollars.

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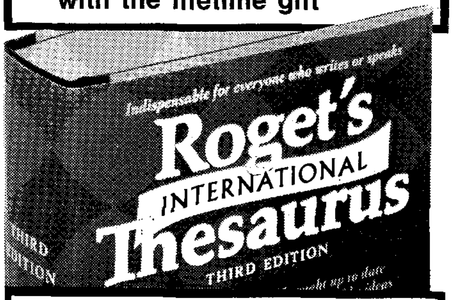

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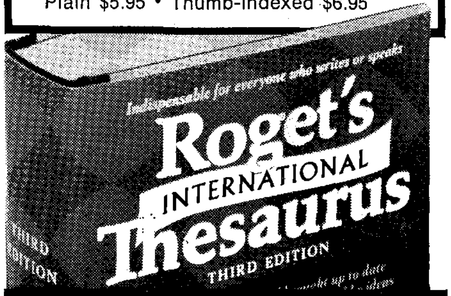

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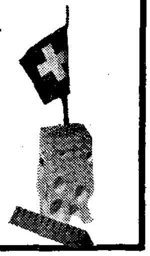

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